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THE NEW AMERICAN CHILDREN'S ANNUAL

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Grand-Mother

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HOLD ON TIGHT.

THE NEW

AMERICAN CHILDREN'S ANNUAL

THE WONDERS OF CREATION, SCIENCE, AND ART;
LITTLE THINGS—THEIR IMPORTANCE;
ENTERTAINING STORIES OF ANIMALS—THEIR LANGUAGE AND HABITS;
QUEER FISHES;
A CHAMBER OF MARVELS, BALLADS, POETRY AND FICTION;
EXAMPLES OF SUCCESSFUL MEN;
WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO WRITE, ETC.

...By...
JOHN FRASER, A. M.

Handsomely Illustrated

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W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,
Publishers

FRANK AND HIS PETS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE rapid increase of the evils that result from the reading of pernicious literature has suggested the composition and publication of this book. Every hour, the havoc wrought by the perusal of immoral fiction by our school-boys is assuming graver aspects. Almost daily we read of bands of youthful desperadoes, just entering their teens, being broken up by the police, and nearly always it is found that the organizations so broken up were directly suggested by dime novels, and founded with the express object of robbery and terrorism—in some cases even murder.

A PROMINENT PUBLIC MAN

recently said that he could rid the jails of two-thirds of the boy criminals in the next year if he could banish bad plays from the boards of the variety theaters, and put bad books out of print. Now, it will not do to take fascinating bad literature out of boys' hands, and give them in its place the sentimental dribblings of those writers who think that any "goody-goody" talk will do for children. If one will only take time to think, he will easily perceive that it is sheer cruelty to try to feed the mind of a healthy juvenile with the insipid nonsense that so many people would place in the hands of our youth. We must give them good, strong, interesting

reading, with the blood and sinew of real life in it—heartsome, pleasant reading, that will waken them to a closer observation of the best things about them. It is right and natural for a boy to want to see the world. It is right and natural for him to wish to read books that, according to his light, show him what the world is.

THE EVIL IS THE IMPRESSION GIVEN

to young minds that seeing the world means seeing the badness of the world. Let a boy understand that to see the world in a fair, manly way, one must see also its good side, its nobleness and true progress, and you at once put his soul in the way of a wholesome growth. Vile writers and worse publishers are fattening on this tendency of boys, and the culpable carelessness of parents in not helping them to satisfy it properly. Good writers and honest publishers are offering the means of remedying the great evil, and are showing the boys of this country how they may see the world, and yet remain pure and true.

Now the express object of this book is to counteract the evil influence of this vicious literature, and to furnish youth with reading that will be as exciting as any novel, and at the same time instructive, wholesome, manly, and fresh. Nor will it be of the "goody-goody" order, to which so much of our Sunday-school literature belongs. In this world of ours, the good boy does *not* get all the plums; honesty is *not* always the best policy,

FROM A MERELY WORLDLY POINT OF VIEW;

and to teach that it *is* the best, is to impress youth with the demoralizing idea that they should be honest from policy, and from policy only.

One great trouble, in a new and feverish civilization like ours, is that parents have seldom the time, and often not the education, necessary for directing the home studies of their children. The father, engrossed in business, too often confines his reading to the daily papers, and in a society where so many poor and ill-educated people suddenly acquire wealth, the pro-

portion of parents who are unable to direct their children's reading is exceptionally large. What the publishers of this book propose to do, is to help parents in this all-important matter, not only by incidentally suggesting to them what *are* the best books for youth, but by providing a large and varied collection of interesting and instructive reading,—in order to show that, to be exciting, a book need not be vicious, and that the lives of great men furnish material which, while suggesting profound moral lessons, and holding up to youth noble ideals of conduct, is yet as romantic and, in the best sense, sensational, as any furnished by the careers of

TEN-FINGERED JACKS AND JESSE JAMESES.

From the histories of these great men will there be deduced such practical lessons and advice as will be of service to all boys and girls who wish to get on in the world, after which, the way being thus prepared, the family circle will be invaded, and attention drawn to the importance of home-training, and the blessings of loving mothers, careful housewives, and clean, cosy comfortable homes. Advice will also be given as to what and how to eat and drink; how to get strong and keep strong; and the young reader will be instructed as to the structure and uses of the more important parts and members of the body, and their functions. Thus fortified by the training and associations of home, and some knowledge of physiology, and the laws that regulate health, we shall be the better enabled to face the responsibilities and temptations of outside daily life. The reader will accordingly be taken out of doors, and introduced to

THE MYSTERIES AND WONDERS OF NATURE,

science and art. He will be told many entertaining stories of dogs, horses, elephants, lions, panthers, serpents, birds and what not; with stirring hunting stories and adventures. The great wonders of physical nature will then be explored, so that, having glanced at the works of God, the reader will be prepared the better to admire the productions of the Great Architect's highest achievement on this earth—Man. This done, there

will remain some subjects not to be classified under any particular head. They will deal with things marvelous and quaint; having disposed of which, the author will be the better able to bid his readers good-bye.

In this way "The American Children's Annual" will contain a round of sight-seeing and instruction so far as it is possible to provide within the compass of one volume, and having in view

THE IMMEDIATE AIMS OF THE PUBLISHERS.

Finally, and though last this is by no means the least important feature of the work, the book has been so arranged that each chapter is complete in itself, so that the volume can be opened at random, and read with interest at almost any page.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON IN HIS YOUTH.

After the painting by C. W. Peale, and the engraving of J. W. Paradise.

CHAPTER I.

THE IDEAL BOY'S BOOK—POETRY FOR THE YOUNG.

IT is a mistake to think that books for children should be childish; books for boys, boyish; and far too many modern writers make precisely this mistake, as did also such old-time friends as Mrs. Barbauld and Peter Parley. The ideal boy's book is one that is neither too scientific, too crammed with facts, nor too goody-goodyish; but one that can be read with equal delight and relish by old and young, learned and ignorant. Of such are most of the world's greatest books; as, for instance, the Bible, the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid, Pilgrim's Progress, Don Quixote, the Arabian Nights, and so forth. Facts are, of course, important and, to a large extent, necessary, but there are facts and facts, and teachers or writers of

THE GRADGRIND SCHOOL,

of whom Dickens has left so vivid a portrait in "Hard Times," are never either successful or popular. As I have said, there are facts and facts; facts of a generative and suggestive kind, and facts that are barren and comparatively useless. All early English histories dealt exclusively with facts of the latter kind; with dates and figures, the births and deaths of princes, the occurrence of great battles, with the numbers killed and wounded. Hume, Froude, Macaulay, Carlyle, Prescott, Bancroft, and Green have changed all that. We are beginning to

realize that it is more important to know how a man lived than when; that the publication of the "Fairy Queen" or of "Hamlet" was a greater event than the battle of Marengo or Austerlitz; that Luther was an infinitely greater man, and a more potent factor in civilization, than Edward VI., or Henry VIII., or Cardinal Mazarin.

And this suggests one reason why the study of the best poetry and fiction is so beneficial and important. They strip life of its vulgarities and common-place details, they lift us into a purer atmosphere, far above the smell of stockyards, and the roar of the stock exchange; they hold up to us lofty ideas of conduct and character; and they furnish us with noble incentives to labor and to wait, to suffer and be strong. How many a boy has been inspired by reading

"A PSALM OF LIFE"

or an "Excelsior;" how many a workman encouraged and ennobled by repeating to himself:

"What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey an' a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

* * * * * *

A Prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke an' a' that,
But an honest man's abune his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!"

and so on.

And, then, think of how much pleasure you can afford your friends at little domestic gatherings by reciting some pleasing poem or telling some interesting tale. Even the youngest child might surely understand and be interested by the following lines by Emerson, while the oldest could hardly fail to be impressed. It is the little poem already alluded to, about

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

Perhaps you know it already; but good poems like good stories are often better when twice told. Listen:

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

"The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter, 'Little Prig!'
Bun replied,
'You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere:
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry;
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ, all is well and wisely put,
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.'"

And how full of earnest piety and sweetness and love are the following verses by Mrs. Miller:

LITTLE MAY.

Have you heard the waters singing,
Little May,
Where the willows green are bending
O'er their way?
Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day.

Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one,
When the rosy dawn is breaking,—
When 'tis done?
Have you heard the wooing breeze,
In the blossomed orchard trees,
And the drowsy hum of bees
In the sun?

All the earth is full of music,
Little May,—
Bird, and bee, and water singing
On its way.
Let their silver voices fall
On thy heart with happy call:
"Praise the Lord, who loveth all,"
Night and day,
Little May.

And here I might drop this subject, were it not that I should like to show you how poetry addressed to all but the very youngest child, may be full of suggestive lessons for the old, gray-headed man. The poem is taken from a charming collection entitled "POSIES FOR CHILDREN," and I commend it to your earnest study. From the title to the close, in language, sentiment and idea, it is full of simplicity, sweetness and love.

A, B, C.

"By Alpine lake, 'neath shady rock,
The herd-boy knelt beside his flock;
And softly told, with pious air,
His alphabet as evening prayer.
Unseen, his pastor lingered near:
'My child, what means this sound I hear?'
The little fellow raised his head,
'It is my evening prayer!' he said.
'My child, a prayer yours can not be;
You 've only said your A, B, C.'
'I have no better way to pray,—
All that I know to God I say:
'I tell the letters on my knees;
He makes the words himself to please.'"

CHAPTER II.

"THE STORY OF FLORÉNT"—WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF AN OLD WOMAN AND A GALLANT KNIGHT.

AND now, before we pass from poetry to another subject close akin to it—Fairy Tales, allow me to introduce to you a very old friend of mine, Mr. John Gower. He lived long, long ago,—as far back as the fourteenth century—and was called the "Moral Gower," because the work by which he is chiefly remembered consists of a great number of stories strung together, after the fashion of the "Arabian Nights," and each one having for its object the pointing of some particular moral. Gower was a contemporary of Geoffrey Chaucer, the "Father of English Literature," as he has been called, because he was the first great poet to write in English; and his greatest work is called the "Canterbury Tales." I should like to tell you one or two of Chaucer's stories, and only refrain from doing so because they are so much better known than Gower's, and you can easily procure them for yourselves. But Gower's you cannot, and so I select one of his tales, that you may judge from it what sort of poetry he wrote, and have impressed on your minds the great lesson—that the first and chief test of a gentleman is that he stands by his word.

I ought perhaps to say that this story is taken from a very

long poem called "Confessio Amantis," or "The Confession of a Lover," and as it was written nearly five hundred years ago, the language of the original is very antiquated, or old-fashioned,—so much so that if I gave it as written by Gower you would be unable to understand it. So I have modernized it somewhat, and old Gower being a little tedious, I have taken the further liberty of greatly shortening his story, so as to bring it as nearly as possible within the limits of one chapter. This is a very long introduction, so long it might almost have been written by Gower himself, but perhaps the goodness of the story will make up for the length of the preface.

THE STORY OF FLORÉNT.

Long, long ago—in days of old—
There lived a knight, as men have told—
A nephew he unto the King,
And chief of all his courtly ring,
Wifeless he was; Florént his name,
A man of giant strength and fame;
And, that he might world-famous be,
And strange adventures seek, did he
Ride forth, the marches all about;
And fell a time, as he was out,
And riding through a certain pass,
By enemies he taken was;
For, as it chanced, himself had slain
Branchus, who to the Capitain
Was son and heir; whereof were wroth
The father and the mother both.
And fain they on Florént had ta'en
Revenge, for he had Branchus slain;
But he being cousin to the King,
They feared upon themselves to bring
The royal wrath, so durst not slay.
Thus in perplexity were they
Among themselves, what course was best.

There was a lady, than the rest
More cunning far—as all men said—
(The grandame—she, to Branchus dead),

"THEN," SHE CRIED, "I CHOOSE BOTH NIGHT AND DAY."—

Who told them she would bring Florént
To death, and by his own consent,
Withouten blame to any wight.
And so she sent for this same Knight,
Accused him of her grandson's death,
And, after, thus to him she saith:
"Florént, we shall revenge forego
For that thou Branchus slew, if so
One question thou wilt answer fair,
And solemnly wilt also swear
That if thou of the truth do fail,
There shall none other thing avail,
But thou shalt die; and so, next year,
Twelve months this day, thou must appear
And answer give, for such the task,
To this one question which I ask."

The knight then prays that she reveal,
And have it written under seal,
The question, as the grandame saith,
He answer must or suffer death.
To which quoth she: "On love alone
My question hangs, as will be shown;
What is 't all women most desire,
Of what do women wish empire?"

Florént agrees, with feelings mixed;
The day was set, the time was fixed;
Under his seal he wrote his oath
In such a wise, and forth he go'th
Home to his uncle's court again;
To whom the whole adventure plain
He tells, of what did him befall;
Whereon the Emperor summons all
The wisest in the land that be;
But natheless can they not agree.
One sayeth that, another this,
Till for Florént no help there is;
Nor any hope in all the land,
But he must by his cov'nant stand.
For he, true knight, had rather die
Than break his plighted word, and lie

When time had come, he went his way,
But first he doth his uncle pray
That he should not be over-wroth,
For that a point was of his oath
That none for him should vengeance take,
Or do of violence for his sake.
Then went he forth, adventurous knight,
And as he rode there came in sight,
Nigh to the place where he would be,
A woman, underneath a tree,
That, for to speak of flesh and bone,
So foul yet saw he never none.

The knight she quickly did espy,
And, as he would have ridden by,
She called on him, and bade abide;
So, knightly like, he turned aside
To learn, if that he might, her tale—
And she began him to bewail,
And said: "Unless thou counsel take
Of me, thou must thy life forsake."

Florént then counsel of her prayed,
And she again thus to him said:
"Florént, if I for thee so shape,
That thou through me thy death escape,
And take great worship of thy deed,
What shall I have me to my need?"
"Whate'er thou wilt!" straight answered he;
"Then give a solemn pledge," quoth she,
"That I shall have thy troth on hand,
That thou wilt be my own husband."
"Nay," said Florént, "that may not be!"
"Then, ride thou forth thy way," quoth she,
"But if thou unadvised depart,
Thou certainly a dead man art."

Florént her promised good enow
Of land, of rent, of park, of plow;
But all that counteth she as naught;
Then fell this knight in anxious thought,
Now forth—now back, he takes his way;
He knows not what is best to say;

Or to accept, or to refuse,
He knows not which of them to choose;
Or for to take her for his wife,
Or, failing that, to lose his life.

One thought his trouble did assuage,
That she was of so great an age,
That she might live but little while;
And thought to put her on an isle,
Where by no man she might be known
Till she by death were overthrown.

And thus this young and lusty knight
Unto this old and loathly wight
Then said: "If that none other chance
May make for me deliverance,
But only this particular speech,
Which, as thou sayest, thou shalt teach,
Have here mine hand, then; I have said."
And thus he plights his troth to wed.

"Now, hearken," quoth she, "what I say,
For 'scape thou canst none other way;
Make answer: 'Every woman still
Would most desire to have her will;'
Thus shalt thou bring their wiles to naught,
And when thou hast thy purpose wrought,
Come here again; thou shalt me find;
And let no thing out of thy mind."

And as, with heavy heart, Florént
Upon his perilous journey went—
He knows not how to joy attain,
For if he die, he hath a pain:
And if he live, he must him bind
To one who is of every kind
Of women the unseemliest;
Thus knoweth he not what is the best—
But, be he willing or be he loth,
Unto the castle straight he go'th,
His final answer there to give,
Or for to die, or for to live.

And when he entered the castle gate
They asked him to give answer straight.

Florént then every answer gave
His friends could think of, him to save;
But all in vain, until at last—
The time to answer all but past—
He spake right out: "A woman still
Doth most desire to have her will."
And so the answer being right,
Escapèd thus this worthy knight.

But then began his sorrow new:
For he must go, or be untrue
To her who had has troth; and so,
The shame all dreading, he doth go;
And finds her waiting for him where
He had her left before; for there
She him awaited, that old wight
Which was, indeed, the loathliest sight,
That ever met a mortal eye;
With nose so low, and brow so high.

She offers herself unto this knight,
And bids him her at once requite;
And by the bridle she him seizeth,
But God knows whether she him pleaseth
He sorrows much he can not flee,
Unless he would untruthful be.

As sick men, who'd have health anon,
Take medicine mixed with cinnamon,
And with the myrrh, the sugar sweet,
So now, that joy and sorrow meet,
Florént must even take them both,
And wed the hag, albeit so loth—
He would always be loyal found,
As every knight thereto is bound,
What hap soever him befall.

So he, though foulest she of all,
Did her from very knightliness
As fairest lady then address.

ALFRED TENNYSON
SOMERSBY RECTORY
KING ARTHUR
BECKET
LAUNCELOT
GUINEVERE
FARRINGFORD
ENOCH ARDEN
IN MEMORIAM
THE PRINCESS
IDYLLS OF THE KING

In rags all torn, and tatter'd sore,
He set her on his horse before,
And forth his way he softly takes—
No wonder though in sighs he breaks!
But, as an owl that flies by night,
Out of all other creature's sight,
Right so this knight in daylight broad
Kept closely hidden, and shaped his road,
All in the night-time,—so to roam
Until that he had reached his home—
Then secretly, without a sound,
He brings his loathly burden round
Unto his castle, in such wise
That not a man her shape espies,
Till she is in the room, where he
His privy counsel mighten see,—
The men whom he the most could trust;
And them he told how need he must,
This loathly creature take to wife,
Else he had surely lost his life.
The privy-women then off-draw
Her rags, and as was then the law,
She had a bath, and she had rest,
And was arrayed in royal best.
But with no craft of combs might they
Make smooth her locks so hoar and grey;
Nor would she let herself be shorn,
But did her women's counsel scorn;
And so perforce she was excused,
And in such dress as then was used
She was attired; but when arrayed,
And her attire all full displayed,
Then was she fouler far to see!
But yet it may none other be,
And they were wedded in the night.
So wo-begone was never wight!

And here I must take leave of worthy Mr. Gower, and tell the rest of the story in prose. The unfortunate knight kept tossing about in a woful plight, refusing to look at his ugly partner, until at last, remembering how great a service she had

done him, he made up his mind to try and requite it. So he turned suddenly to kiss her, and lo! instead of the ugly old hag he had thought her to be, there was a beautiful—O, such a beautiful girl of eighteen! And wasn't the knight surprised? But not more surprised than puzzled, when she turned to him and, kissing him softly, said, "So you see, I am not so very bad looking after all. The pity is you can't have me nice looking both night and day. Now, which will you choose? Have me nice-looking by night and ugly by day, or nice looking by day and ugly by night?" Florént looked into her beautiful, dark-blue, loving eyes, and answered: "Choose for me, dearest; I rely on your love." "Then," she cried, "I choose both night and day." And so it was. She was beautiful always; and it is in this way that fidelity to one's word is rewarded, and in this way that love makes beautiful the meanest object in life.

CHAPTER III.

THOMAS HOOD—HIS LETTERS TO CHILDREN—OTHER LETTERS.

OF course you have heard of Thomas Hood—who has not?—the great, good, genial-hearted man of genius who wrote the "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Song of the Shirt." I should dearly like to tell you of his self-denying life, which was one long battle against misfortune and sickness and pain, in which, however, the sufferer never once lost heart, or grew morose, or slackened his faith in humanity and in God. Like a nightingale singing from out the stormy dark, this brave heart—this Mark Tapley of literature—kept pouring forth his streams of pleasantry and song from the midst of pain and disease—aye, even in the deepening shadows of inevitable death. Like our own Longfellow, he was indeed the poet of the fireside, of children; never so much at home as when in the nursery; never happier than when, after writing hard all day and night, and far into early morning, he stole on tiptoe into his children's bedroom to lay on their pillows some comical pen-and-ink sketch or funny verse to make glad their little hearts when they awakened.

I had meant only to give his letters to the children of his friend Dr. Elliott, but the temptation to make you acquainted with some of his verses relating to youth is too strong to resist.

THOMAS HOOD.

When I get on the subject either of Tom Hood or of Robert Burns I never know when to stop. Both men were so eminently manly and lovable and tender, though in very different ways, I never weary of speaking about them. While Hood was a lad his little sister, Anne, died, and he wrote the following verses in her memory. To my mind they are among the most touching in the language; full of the fine tenderness and sweet simplicity and pathos which later years developed into such rare perfection; a tenderness and pathos and sympathy with all that was suffering and poor and bruised, that were constantly gushing over into rhythmical expression — now, at the sight of a wretched needle-woman,

"Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud, as well as a shirt,"

and then at that of a drowned Magdalen — homeless, friendless, alone, in the center of teeming millions. But if I do not stop here I shall probably go on like Lord Tennyson's brook, forever, or nearly as long; so I think, if only to avert such a catastrophe, I better give you the poem now.

A DEATH-BED.

'We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

"So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears, our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed; she had
Another morn than ours."

FERGUSON'S MECHANICS AND ASTRONOMY, AND PASCAL'S MATHEMATICS. Page 88.

This is pure pathos, and pathos only; but in Hood's poems, I mean his better poems, there is usually a delicate intermingling of airy humor and pathos, as in the following:

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER."

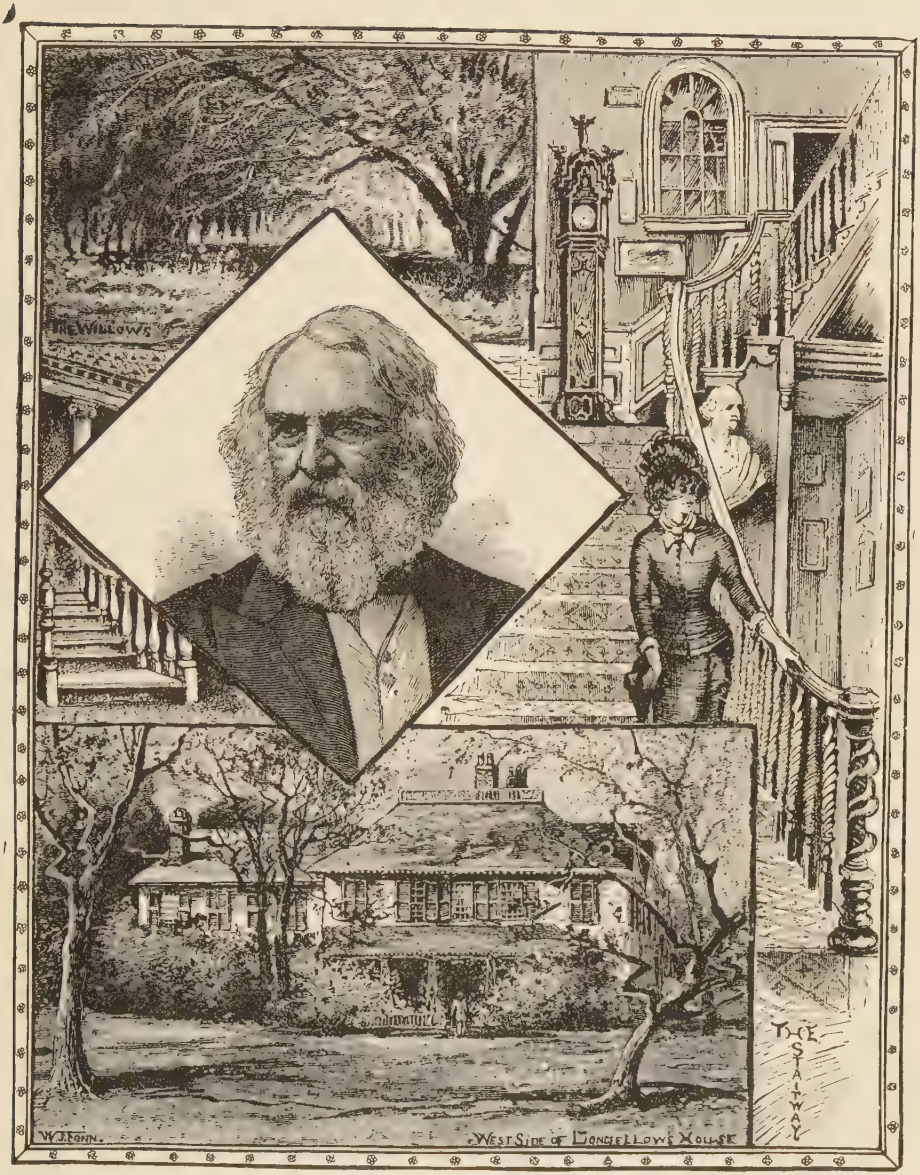
"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now—I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

"I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day—
The tree is living yet.

"I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

And now for the last stanza, with the marvelously fine fancy with which it closes:

"I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But *now* 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

But all this time we are keeping the postman waiting, and I must hurry up and deliver those letters.

My Dear May:

I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it, for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down hill with. What fun it was! Only so prickly, I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket and a hedgehog in the other! The next time, before we kiss the earth, we will have its face shaved. I get no *rolling* at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like *roll* and butter; and, as for Mrs. Hood, she is for

ROLLING IN MONEY.

Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony, and caught—a cold; and tell Jeannie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. I hope we shall have a merry Christmas. I mean to come in my most ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine; Tom's mouth is to have a *hole* holiday, and Mrs. Hood *is to sit up to supper*. There will be such doings, and such things to eat! But pray, pray, pray—mind they don't boil the baby by mistake for a *plump* pudding.

The next quotations are from letters written to the little Elliotts at the sea-side:

My Dear Jeannie:

So you are at Sandgate! If you should catch a big crab, with long claws, and like experiments, you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and see whether he will break it with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of sea-calves' feet, and no sherry. There were star-fish, also, but they did not shine till they were stinking. I hope you like the sea; I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up and sell it for ginger pop. When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet oil out of the cruet *all* over it, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth—much smoother than a dressed salad. Some time ago *exactly*, there used to be large white birds, with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them "gulls," but they didn't mind it.

Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time, and I often wish I was two or three children; and wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees; and oh, how I should climb up the downs and roll down the ups on my three backs and stomachs.

But it is in the letter to the youngest that we have the finest flashes of airy, imaginative humor:

MY DEAR MAY:

How do *you* like the sea? Not much, perhaps; it's so "big." But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean that you could put into a pan? Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps full of water? Have you been bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was, the first time, and, dear me, how I kicked and screamed! or, at least, meant to scream, but the sea—ships and all—began to run into my mouth, and so I shut up. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl if he can't walk, and if I was his mamma I would, too. Bless him! But I must not write on him any more—he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens. And now, good-bye! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and, I am afraid, took them all to Miss H——, or somebody that it shouldn't.

So much for Hood's letters, and, now, to bring the subject to a fitting close, let me add a few words on the endings of some letters by famous men.

That the end crowns the work is a true saying, and nowhere is its truth more apparent than in the matter of ending a letter. The most bald, disjointed epistle is sometimes raised from the low level of the commonplace by a felicitous and smooth-flowing termination, while, on the other hand, a really admirable piece of epistolary composition may be mulcted in half its effect if the writer ends up with a "I must now conclude, as the post is going out."

Apropos of this particular termination, I may remark that I myself should be disposed to warn my readers against ever saying anything about "now concluding."

In all letters of form or courtesy, they should strive so to frame their communications that their signatures should constitute the closing words of the final sentence, and this final sentence be intimately connected with the body of the letter.

The following instances, taken at random from some of the

best letters extant in the English language, will exemplify my meaning.

Samuel Johnson, in that famous letter to Lord Chesterfield in which he so indignantly denies that he is under any obligation to the noble lord, ends thus:

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it—if less be possible—with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Walter Savage Landor, in an irate letter to Lord Normandy, concludes thus:

We are both of us old men, my lord, and are verging on decrepitude and imbecility, else my note might be more energetic. I am not unobservant of distinctions. You, by the favour of a minister, are Marquis of Normandy; I, by the grace of God, am WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Then again, Pope, writing to Mrs. Arabella Fermor about his poem the "Rape of the Lock," winds up thus:

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortunes be what it will, mine is happy enough to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

Turn also to that remarkable specimen of irony, the letter sent to Oliver Cromwell by the author of "Killing no Murder." The whole of this curious epistle is devoted to pointing out the various benefits which will accrue to the nation on Cromwell's death, and it closes thus:

That your Highness may be speedily in this security is the universal wish of your grateful country; this is the desire and prayer of the good and of the bad, and, it may be, is the only thing wherein all sects and factions do agree in their devotion, and it is our only common prayer. But among all that put in their request and supplication for your Highness's speedy deliverance from all earthly troubles, none is more assiduous nor more fer-

vent than he that, with the rest of the nation, hath the honour to be (may it please your Highness) your Highness's present slave and vassal,

THE AUTHOR OF "KILLING NO MURDER."

In every one of the above instances the letter runs on naturally to its conclusion, and the impression is given that the writer has finished saying all that he wants to say.

Now, in writing to strangers, whether in the spirit of friendliness or of anger, this is just the sort of impression we wish to convey. In letters, therefore, to persons with whom we are not intimate, we should aim at endings of this sort. When, however, we are writing to near friends, and our letter may be one of an interminable series, we can be far more careless about the way in which we end it. We may break off as abruptly as we please, passing from the most stirring narrative of public events to a simple good-bye, good-night, farewell, etc. This is what Horace Walpole constantly does in his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann:

Old Marlborough (Sarah, Dowager Duchess) is dying—but who can tell? Last year she had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physician said, "She must be blistered or she will die." She called out, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die!" If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will. Adieu, my dear child; I have but room to say, yours ever,

HORACE WALPOLE.

It will be seen that I have drawn the above instances from the correspondence of a past age, but I have done so because it is among bygone generations that we look for the greatest excellence in the art of epistolary composition. At the same time, I must caution my readers against a slavish imitation of such models. For instance, it is now extremely old-fashioned to sign yourself, in an ordinary letter, "Yours obediently," or "Your obedient servant." When you are addressing strangers, even though they be superior to yourself in social position, "Yours faithfully" is the correct thing to put; while, should you be corresponding with some one with whom you are slightly acquainted, "Yours sincerely" or "Yours truly" will be best.

WILFRED CUMBERMEDE AND THE PENDULUM.
(From "Wilfred Cumbermede," by George Macdonald. Page 214.)

CHAPTER IV.

A NOBLE KNIGHT—A MODEL LETTER TO A MODEL SON.

HAVE you ever read of Sir Philip Sidney? I am quite sure you must have heard of him, for the brief chapter that narrates the story of his life is one of the most glorious in history. He was called the English "Bayard"; shall I tell you why? "Bayard" was the name of the noblest, bravest, purest and grandest knight who ever bore lance in the days of chivalry, and Sir Philip Sidney, because of his extraordinary attainments, his nobility of character, his princely generosity, his handsome bearing, his purity and general high character, was named the English Bayard. He was not only an accomplished knight, a profound scholar, a patron of the arts, and an encourager of all that was good and noble, and of all who were oppressed and struggling and poor, but he wrote some of the finest sonnets in our language, besides a long prose romance entitled "Arcadia," and a splendid "Defense of Poesie," also in prose.

But what has most endeared him to posterity was the manner of his death at the early age of thirty-one. The story has been made the theme, over and over again, of poem, painting, sculpture, oratory and even music, so that I need not enter into details. In order to recall it to your minds, for I know you have at least been told of it, sometime or other, I need only say that Sidney

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

was the hero who fell in the battle of Zutphen mortally wounded, in the times of the great Queen Elizabeth, and as they were bearing him off the field, suffering excruciating agony and parched with thirst, he asked for a drink. With great difficulty a cup of water was procured; eagerly he clutched it and raised it to his fevered lips; when, just at that moment a dying soldier was carried past, who, seeing the water, turned to it with such yearning eyes that Sidney quietly moving the cup his way, said, "NAY, GIVE IT TO HIM, his necessity is greater than mine."

This, then, was the brave knight to whom—then a boy of twelve—his father, Sir Henry, sent the following beautiful letter. Note, by the way, that it is in answer to two letters by Philip, one in Latin and one in French, and this when he was a mere child.

"I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life that you were born to live in. And since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be empty of all advice, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this tender age. Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking

OF HIM TO WHOM YOU PRAY,

and of the matter for which you pray. And use this at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time.

"Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly: and the time, I know, he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue

with words and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you.

"Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy.

USE EXERCISE OF BODY,

but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise, loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do anything when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given by the sword.

"Be you rather a hearer, and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect to the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shame-facedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampered up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins or

bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you that for a time the hearers take it for a truth, for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar.

"Study and endeavor yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such a habit of well-doing in you that you shall not know how to do ill, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, on your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*,

ONE OF THE GREATEST CURSES

that can happen to man. Well, my little Philippe, this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But, if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish anything the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food.

"Your loving father so long as you live in the fear of God,

"H. SYDNEY."

Do you wonder that a boy thus trained grew up to be a brave, gallant, God-fearing gentleman?

J.G. Brown R.A.
1880

CHAPTER V.

LITTLE THINGS—LIFE MADE UP OF LITTLE THINGS—THEIR IMPORTANCE.

SOMETIMES, as I sit in my easy chair and run over in my mind the events of the day, I feel half-disposed to exclaim, "There are no things that can be called absolutely little!" Little and great, weak and strong, short and tall, and so forth, are merely relative terms; and may mean almost anything according to the objects compared. To American girls and boys, accustomed to the sight of our vast inland seas, our Missouri and Mississippi, our Niagara Falls, the Rhine and the Rhone and the Clyde seem merely streams; Loch Lomond, the lakes of Killarney and those of Switzerland little more, so far as extent goes, than respectable millponds; and the Falls of Foyers or Lodore, like the fizzing and foam of a bottle of ginger-pop. And this, indeed, is to a large extent the moral of the great and unhappy Dean Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." Jonathan Swift, you must know, was a very proud, haughty, bitter, unhappy man, who regarded his fellows with a feeling of contempt, which found significant expression even after his death, for he left his money to found a mad-house for Irishmen. It was, therefore, his constant aim to belittle man as much as possible, and this fact will give such of my readers

as are familiar with the story, a key to the underlying meaning of much of "Gulliver's Travels." You may remember that when Mr. Gulliver stumbled upon the Lilliputians, a race of people so small he could carry a whole country-side of them in his overcoat pockets, he thought himself a mighty big sort of fellow; just as many a boy, before he has gone to school or college to measure his strength with other boys, thinks a great deal more of himself than he does afterward. But when sometime later Mr. Gulliver waked up one fine morning amid a field of corn, every stalk of which seemed as tall and stout as the mast of a ship, and found himself

PICKED UP BY A MIGHTY GIANT

of the race of Brobdingnagians, just as one of us might pick up a periwinkle or a daisy, he suddenly realized that he wasn't such a very big fellow after all. I mention this to illustrate the assertion with which I started out, that greatness and smallness, bigness and littleness, are merely relative terms, being in themselves incapable of measurement.

And if we stop to think of it, we shall be compelled to confess that life—your life and mine—is made up of so-called "little things." For what, after all, constitutes the sum of human existence? Is it not just those little joys and sorrows, anxieties and troubles; those little duties which must be performed; those apparently trifling details which must be attended to, that go to make up the vast aggregate? Nor must you think that because we call them little things they are really in themselves little. It is not always the mortal disease that gives the most pain;

THE GREATEST CALAMITY

or loss that stings us most. If a near and dear friend suddenly die; if, all in a moment, some unforeseen event strip us of fortune and home: we brace ourselves to bear the shock like men; and after the first, wild outburst of grief is over we make up our minds—that is, if we have minds to make up—to bear the inevitable with Christian resignation and fortitude. But with

respect to what are called small evils, little pains, they seem so much beneath our notice that we don't think it worth our while to summon up our powers of fortitude and will; and, rather than take the trouble to shoulder them off from us with one manly effort, we allow them to sting and sting. I have known men who could bear, and did bear, with heroic fortitude, to have an arm cut off,—aye, and refused to go under the influence of anæsthetics,—and who yet would be driven nearly mad by the toothache or the gout. One venerable, old gentleman in particular, whose equable temper and amiability were proverbial, rises before my mind's eye. He was known all over the place as Uncle Dan, and everybody loved him. From one year's end to the other an angry frown or wrinkle was never seen on his face, or an angry word heard to proceed from his mouth; and yet have I seen Uncle Dan thrown into a really savage and distinctly unchristian frame of mind by the sudden discovery, as he was dressing in haste to catch his morning train, that his collar stud had vanished.

Talking of collar studs, I wonder if any of my youthful readers ever lost theirs, and tried to make a pin do service for it.

Of course the girls are all right. It is their supreme privilege to be able deftly and skillfully to manipulate those little articles of toilet called pins. But I am now speaking more particularly to boys, and I have never yet met either boy or man who could

USE A PIN WITH ANY DEGREE OF DEXTERITY

worth mentioning. And so, I repeat my question, have any of you ever lost *your* collar stud and tried to make a pin do in its stead? Say, it was a cold, raw, winter's morning, with the thermometer registering from twenty to thirty degrees below zero; and the fire had gone out or had not been kindled, or the furnace was low; and you had only ten minutes left in which to take your breakfast and get to school, or to the store,—what, I ask you, were your feelings in these circumstances? After an infinite amount of neck-twisting and collar-pulling, and shirt-wrenching, until you had twisted and pulled and wrenched yourself blue in the

face and threatened to go off in a fit of apoplexy; and after having pricked yourself several times, and given utterance to various ejaculations of a kind hardly suited to the sanctity of the pulpit;—after all this, I say, let us suppose you finally succeeded in inserting the pin, and uniting collar and shirt, with a savage smile of triumph you rushed off, swallowed a hasty breakfast, and made a dash for your destination. You thought you had triumphed? Miserable youth, you know not what awaited you. From that hour forward, all day long, you were kept in a state of intermittent pain and constant irritation. Your teacher called on you to recite, and you rose, book in hand. You began to read, when, all of a sudden, just at the very worst time possible, that little pin reminds you of its presence. You stammered—you stuttered—you turned

AS RED IN THE FACE AS A TURKEY-COCK,

and your teacher, as he told you to sit down, had serious thoughts of sending for a doctor. Or suppose you are in the street. A certain acquaintance, possibly a lady with whom, for special reasons, you desire to keep on particularly good terms, approaches. Straightening yourself up, you prepare your most captivating smile; you raise your hat; you bow—when, just as you should be looking your sweetest, your lady-friend is startled to see an expression of agony distort your face. That wretched little pin has taken advantage of your sudden bowing, to insert its point into your neck, and your friend, restraining the extreme affability of manner with which she had meant to greet you, bows stiffly, and as she passes, mutters

"WHAT A FOOL

that young Smith is getting to be; he used to be almost nice-looking!"

And as it is the little things that make up life, so it is what are commonly regarded as little men—that is, multitudes of small and unknown men and women—who urge on civilization, and contribute most to national prosperity and success. Though the names of the generals only may be remembered in the his-

tory of a great campaign, it has been in a large measure through the individual valor and heroism of the privates, that victories have been won. And life, too, is "a soldier's battle"—men in the ranks having in all times been among the greatest of workers. Don't be discouraged, my boy, because your name may never flourish in history, or be immortalized in song. Many are the lives of men and women unwritten, which have for all that, influenced civilization as powerfully as the seemingly more fortunate great whose names are recorded in biography. There is no man so humble, so poor, that he does not exercise some influence. Even the obscurest person, who sets before his fellows an example of industry, sobriety, and upright honesty of purpose in life, exerts a present, which will pass into a future influence, on the well-being of his country; for his life and character pass unconsciously into the lives of others, and propagate good examples for all time to come.

How often, again, do we hear people say, "Oh, it's only ten minutes, or twenty minutes till dinner time, there's no use doing anything," or use other expressions to a like effect! Why, it is just these little spare bits of time, these odd moments, that ought most preciously to be utilized. Is there no moral in an advertisement like this:

"LOST! YESTERDAY,

somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes, the gift of a kind Father!" By carefully working up his odd moments, Daguesseau, the great French chancellor, wrote a bulky and able book in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner, and Madame de Genlis composed several of her charming volumes while waiting for the princess, to whom she gave daily lessons. Elihu Burritt attributed his success in self-improvement, not to genius, but to having carefully utilized his "odd moments." While working as a blacksmith, he mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. What says Solomon on the subject? "He that despiseth little things, shall perish by little

THE SILENT WOMAN—SHE CAN SCARCELY BE MADE SPEAK AT ALL.

and little,—words that have been paraphrased by a popular English writer into—neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split. Human life, as I have already said, consists of a succession of small events, each comparatively unimportant in itself, and yet the happiness and success of every man depend on the manner in which he deals with these small events. Character is built up on little things—little things well and honorably transacted; little household duties well performed, little words of kindness spoken,

LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS

done, at an opportune moment. The happiness of a household largely depends on the attention given to little things, the doing or leaving undone of which makes all the difference—and how wide that difference is!—between a clean, cosy, comfortable home, and a disorderly, dirty, ill-regulated house, which can never be a home. And so, too, the success of a man in business depends very largely on his attention to little things; and in the same way only can good government of any kind be accomplished—by well-regulated provisions for the doing of little things. Accumulations of knowledge and experience of the most valuable kind, are the result of little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up. Those who learn nothing, or accumulate nothing, in life, are set down as failures, because they have neglected little things. They may themselves consider that the world has gone against them; but, in fact, they have been their own enemies.

As already remarked, a pin is a very little thing in an article of dress, but the way in which it is put into the dress often reveals to you the character of the wearer. A shrewd fellow was once

LOOKING OUT FOR A WIFE,

and was on a visit to a family of daughters with this object. The fair one, whom he half sort of loved, entered the room in which he was seated, with her dress partially unpinned and her hair untidy; he never went back. Such a fellow, you may say,

was not "worth a pin"; but he was, and afterward made a good husband. So, girls, as well as boys, but girls particularly, don't neglect little things.

M. Say, the French political economist, has related the following illustration of the neglect of little things: Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate inclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch.

THE EXPENDITURE OF A PENNY

or two, and a few minutes' time, would have made all right. It was on the swing every time a person went out, and not being in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost. One day a fine young porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook and milkmaid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and, in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, got a sprain that kept him to his bed for a fortnight. The cook, on her return to the farm-house, found the linen burned that she had hung up before the fire to dry; and the milkmaid having forgotten, in her haste, to tie up the cattle in the cow-house, one of the loose cows had

BROKEN THE LEG OF A COLT

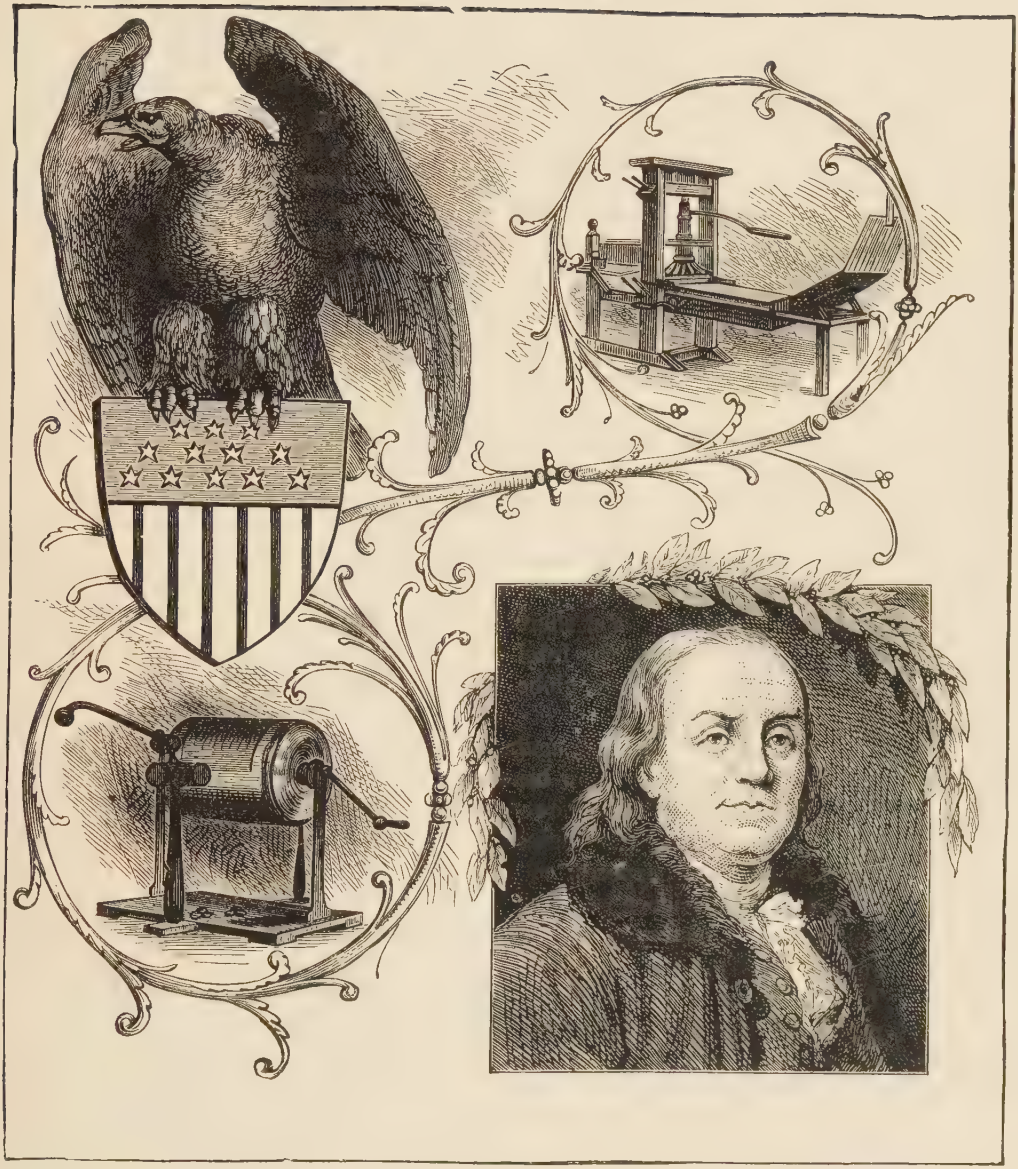
that happened to be kept in the same shed. The linen burned and the gardener's work lost, were worth full twenty-five dollars, and the colt worth nearly double that money: So that here was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch, which might have been supplied for a few half-pence.

Life is full of illustrations of a similar kind. When small things are habitually neglected, ruin is not far off. It is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich; and the diligent man or woman is attentive to small things as well as great. The things may appear very little and insignificant, yet attention to them is as necessary as to matters of greater moment.

CHAPTER VI.

GREAT RESULTS FROM LITTLE THINGS—SOME FAMOUS INVENTIONS.

SOME boys and girls may be surprised to learn that little things have been the moving springs in most of the great crises which have shaken nations and influenced the fortunes of humanity. An apple led to the fall of man, and all his subsequent misfortunes and woes; and it was the fall of an apple that suggested to Sir Isaac Newton the great law of gravitation, by which the innumerable planets and suns and worlds that wheel around us in space are kept each in its separate place. A fair face and a winsome smile led to the ten years' siege of Troy, and inspired Homer to write his great epic. The theft once of a diamond necklace from a French queen convulsed Europe, and a petty neglect of some official etiquette precipitated the Franco-Prussian war. And so, too, with regard to great discoveries and inventions. These are generally the result of long and minute observation of little things; the careful and persistent accumulation of innumerable facts, each trivial in itself, but in the aggregate forming a mass of evidence from which a Darwin extracts his law of evolution, and Linnæus constructs the science of botany. Have any of my readers ever thought of what a wonderful thing it is how the navigator can steer his ship with unerring certainty through seas hitherto



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

untraversed, and by shores to which he was an entire stranger? And yet the foundations of this science, as also the basis of astronomy, were laid twenty centuries ago, when Apollonius Pergæus discovered what is known as the conic sections. When Benjamin Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, it was sneered at. A great many learned men in Europe shrugged their shoulders and laughed, and some very wise people asked, "Of what use is it?" to which Franklin quietly replied, "What is the use of a child? It may become a man." And if electricity, as applied to practical uses, can not yet be said to have arrived at maturity, few will deny that it is, at any rate,

A SINGULARLY ROBUST AND BRILLIANT BOY.

Little over three quarters of a century has fled since Franklin's implied prophecy, and to-day whole cities are lit by electricity. When Galvani discovered that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, it could scarcely have been imagined that so seemingly insignificant a fact could have led to important results. Yet therein lay the germ of the electric telegraph, which binds the intelligence of continents together, and is fast converting the globe into one vast whispering gallery.

You have all, doubtless, again and again admired the steam-engine. How graceful, how beautiful! the very personification of combined swiftness and power. But I am quite sure you do not all know how far back dates the germ of the application of steam to practical purposes; so I am going to tell you. Long, long ago, when science was in its cradle, an English nobleman, well known in history as the Marquis of Worcester, was imprisoned in the Tower of London, as was the fashion of the times. This nobleman was of a very inquiring and scientific turn of mind, and one day, seeing the tight cover of a vessel of hot water

BLOWN OFF BEFORE HIS EYES,

he at once began to meditate on the power of steam. The result

of his observations he published in a book called "Century of Inventions," which formed a sort of text-book on the powers of steam, until subsequently scientific men brought the steam-engine to the state in which Watt found it when called on to repair a model of an engine by a celebrated inventor called Newcomen, which belonged to the University of Glasgow. The opportunity thus afforded, Watt was swift to profit by; and his life afterwards was devoted to bringing the steam-engine to perfection.

A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of colors. An eminent foreign *savant—savant* is French for a man who devotes himself to the study of science, what some careless writers improperly call a scientist—once called on Dr. Wollaston, and asked to be shown over those laboratories of his in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and, pointing to an old tea tray on the table, on which stood a few watch glasses, test papers, a small balance and a blow-pipe, said:

"THERE IS MY LABORATORY!"

Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; a burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas; Bewick first practiced drawing on cottage walls with rough chalk; Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail; Ferguson, stretched on his back in the fields at night in a blanket, mapped the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it stretched between his eye and the stars; Franklin first robbed the thunder cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made of two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief; Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old syringe, used to infect the arteries previous to dissection; Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress" on the untwisted paper which was used to cork the bottle of

milk brought him for his meals; Gifford worked his first problems in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, on small scraps of leather, beaten smooth; and Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow handle.

Again, the attention of Dr. Priestly, the discoverer of so many gases, was accidentally drawn to the subject of chemistry through his living near a brewery. One day when visiting the place he noticed the peculiar appearances attending the extinction of lighted chips in the gas floating over the fermented liquor. Although forty years old at the time, he knew nothing of chemistry. So he consulted books to ascertain the cause, but books could tell him nothing, for as yet nothing was known on the subject. Compelled, therefore, to rely on himself, he constructed a rude apparatus of his own and began a series of experiments, which resulted in the establishment of what is known as pneumatic chemistry. So, too, Sir Humphrey Davy, the inventor of the miner's safety lamp which bears his name, made his first experiment, when an apothecary's apprentice, with kitchen pots and pans; and his no less distinguished successor, Professor Faraday, performed his first experiment in electricity by means of an old bottle while he was still a working bookbinder. Then there was Joshua Heilmann,

WHO INVENTED THE COTTON SPINNER

and the wool-spinner. For years and years he had striven to master the problem, and brought himself and family to the verge of destitution. The idea took complete possession of him, and the idea was this. Of course I shall not bother you with mechanical details which you might not readily understand. But, broadly speaking, Heilmann wanted to contrive a machine for combing long-stapled cotton, the ordinary carding machine having been found ineffective in preparing the raw material for spinning, especially the finer sorts of yarn, besides causing considerable waste. Well, as I was saying, poor Heilmann struggled manfully to overcome the difficulty, but all in vain, until one evening while sitting in his ruined home he found himself

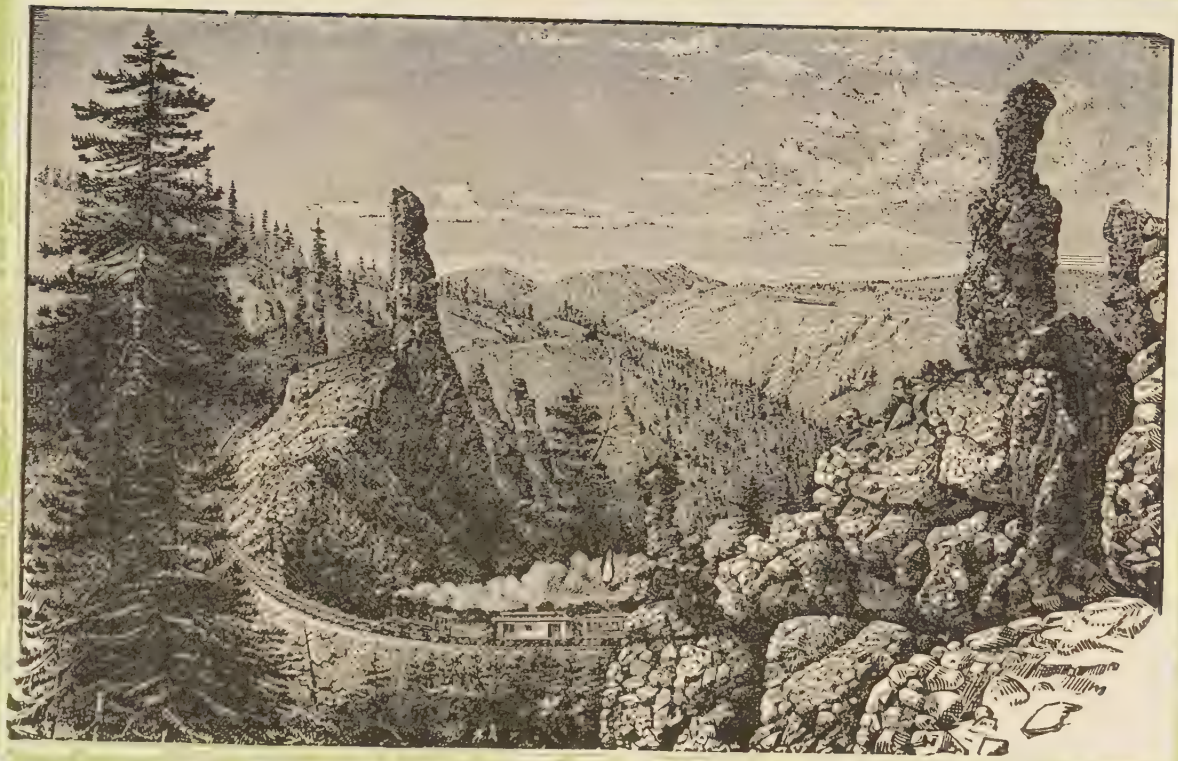
JOHN BUNYAN.

watching his daughters combing their long hair and drawing it out at full length between their fingers. Like a flash the thought struck him that if he could successfully imitate in a machine the process of combing out the longest hair and forcing back the short by reversing the action of the comb, it might serve to get him out of his difficulty. On this hint he proceeded, and after great labor succeeded in perfecting the invention, the beauty and utility of which were at once appreciated by the English cotton-spinners. Six firms combining purchased the patent for cotton spinning for England for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the wool-spinners paid the same sum for the privilege of applying the process to wool; and another firm one hundred thousand dollars for that of using it in the manufacture of flax.

According to a French authority, the war between England and France in 1777 was the consequence of a simple mercantile speculation. Several of our ministers (says a writer in high position at that period) have made among themselves an act of copartnership, in the commerce of America. The first expeditions

PROVED VERY PROFITABLE;

but as they have a considerable outstanding fund, they will not dissolve their partnership before they are reimbursed for their advances and receive the profits which are to arise, according to the calculations they have made. Peace would overturn all their speculations, and ruin the lenders of the various funds. The expenses, etc., of the establishment amount to an enormous sum. First of all must be paid their directors; their bookkeepers; their under clerks;—then follow the mistresses of the ministers, their sons or daughters, brothers, cousins, and even their grandchildren;—then those who lend their name to this speculation, courtiers and protectors. When this world of dependents is paid, ministers are to personally gain, notwithstanding all, cent per cent. Then calculate the inferior profits which must be made before the net balance. Several of the



ministers' *protégés*, who were known to have had at first only a salary of six thousand livres, afterward enjoyed, by these commercial operations priced with blood, an income of one hundred thousand, and became lords of two or three manors. One of the chief clerks of a French mercantile house was heard to remark, in November, 1777: "If peace took place at this moment,

MY PRINCIPAL WOULD BE RUINED,

and I too. We have all our fortune in America, and we wait for it with impatience. This is the reason for which the king has not yet declared for the Americans; he will only do this when the ships we expect are safely arrived."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE MEN WHO HAVE BECOME GREAT.—BLUNDERING "LORD" TIMOTHY, THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

BUT the subject of little things is not nearly exhausted; I doubt indeed if it could be exhausted, and I shall now tell you something about great or successful men, who sprang from small beginnings; so that lads who are struggling under discouragements and poverty, may be inspired with fresh energy and hope. Our own country being new, naturally furnishes a very large number of men, who, from humble beginnings, climbed to fame and fortune. Thus, John Adams, second president, was the son of a farmer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education. Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was raised in the pine woods for which that State is famous. James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards clerk in a country store. Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his house was a very humble one. His business was that of a clothier. James Buchanan was born in a small town among the Allegheny mountains. His father cut the logs and built his own house in what was then a wilderness. Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor Kentucky farmer, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years of age. Andrew Johnson

was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and "picked up" all the education he ever got. General Grant lived the life of a common boy in a common house on the banks of the Ohio river until he was seventeen years old. James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on a canal. So much for our presidents, and now let me give you a few instances of successful commercial men. The names of men like Peabody, Peter Cooper, A. T. Stewart, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, Gould, Field, Palmer, Pullman and others, are too familiar to need more than the simplest mention. Let me rather go back some years and give the brief outlines of the careers of great American merchants who rose to prominence early in the present, or at the close of, last century.

Among these, perhaps, no name was better known in mercantile circles, early in this century, than that of Mr. Fish, the celebrated New York merchant, better known by his soubriquet of "preserved Fish," though why "preserved," it is impossible now to say. Born of obscure parents, in Rhode Island, July 3, 1766, he commenced life as an apprentice to a blacksmith, and his next situation was that of a seaman on board a whaling ship. From being a hand before the mast, he rose to be a mate, and finally commander, and in this hazardous pursuit amassed the foundation of his great fortune. Under the firms of Fish, Cairns & Crary, and Fish, Alley & Lawrence, he established immense businesses both in this country and Europe. In 1829 he was elected President of the Tradesmen's Bank, and amassed an immense fortune.

Saul Alley, when a small boy, was bound as an apprentice to a coachmaker, during which apprenticeship his father died, leaving him totally dependent upon his own exertions, so that the very clothes he wore, he was obliged to earn by toiling extra hours, after the regular time of leaving off work had passed; the

foundation of his fortune he acquired by the exercise of frugality and prudence while a journeyman mechanic.

THE GREAT NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE,

Cornelius W. Lawrence, was a farmer's boy, and worked many a long day in rain and sunshine on Long Island. There were few lads, within twenty miles of him, that could mow a wider swath, or turn a better furrow.

Benjamin Bussey was for a long period known as one of the old school merchants of Boston, hardly one of whom now remains as representative of that highly honored and most worthy class. In the early part of his life he was engaged in the occupation of a silversmith, and on going into business on his own account he had only a very small amount of paper money, which his father had given him, accompanied with the characteristic advice of that day, to be always diligent—to spend less than he earned—and never to deceive or disappoint any one. From his grandfather he also obtained, at this time, the additional sum of fifty dollars in silver money. Having purchased the necessary tools, he had only ten dollars left as his whole capital, and owed fifty dollars borrowed money. But he possessed an iron constitution, principles of strict integrity, and a spirit of perseverance which nothing could subdue or tire. In one year he made himself acquainted with all the details of a silversmith's art; he had by his good business management acquired some capital, and his success had been equal to his anticipations.

ARTICLES OF GOLD AND SILVER,

wrought by his own hand—and well wrought, too—may still be met with all around Boston. In two years he purchased the real estate on which his store stood. Subsequently he engaged in trade in Dedham, and afterwards in Boston, soon attaining a high position as a merchant. His business rapidly increased. He became deeply interested in commerce, dealt largely with England, France and Holland, owned several large vessels, and was engaged in heavy and distant mercantile adventures—though all of them were legitimate business transactions, for he

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

never speculated. He seldom gave or took credit. The immense fortune which he left, went, by his will, to Harvard University.

John McDonogh was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1779. All we know of his youth is that he was a clerk in a mercantile store in an inland town of Maryland; and even then was noted for his eccentricities, and for an excess of imagination, which led to the apprehension that he was not of sound mind. Still his energy and intelligence secured him employment and the confidence of his employers. About the year 1800 he was sent to New Orleans, by a house in Baltimore, with a letter of credit and considerable resources. He then engaged largely in business, but soon renounced his position as agent, and, starting on his own account, became a leading and prosperous merchant. In a few years he accumulated a large fortune, say, at least three hundred thousand dollars. He was one of the nabobs of the city, and his style of living and his habits conformed to his position and resources. His mansion was one of the most showy and luxurious in the city. He kept his carriages and horses, his cellar of costly wines, and entertained on a scale of great extravagance and sumptuousness. He was in fact the center of

FASHION, FRIVOLITY, SOCIABILITY,

and of all the fashionable dissipations of the day. His person, which even in extreme old age was remarkable for dignity, erectness and courtliness, was at this period conspicuous for all the graces of manhood. Owing to some peculiar experiences of a private nature, Mr. McDonogh eventually became secluded and morose, though prosecuting his acquisition of property with augmented vigor, his peculiar passion being that of accumulating countless acres of waste and suburban land. All his views regarded the distant future. The present value and productiveness of land were but little regarded by him. His only recreation and pleasure were in estimating the value of his swamp and waste land fifty, a hundred, and even a thousand

years to come. This passion at last gained such an ascendancy over him, that he seemed to court and luxuriate in waste and desolation. He would buy cultivated places and let them go to ruin. He would build on his lots in the city,

MISERABLE SHANTIES AND ROOKERIES,

which would absolutely taint the neighborhood, and thus enable him to buy out his neighbors at low rates. He could not be induced by any offer or consideration, to alienate any of the property he had once acquired. Abstemious to a fault, and withholding himself from all the enjoyments and associations of the world, he devoted his time to the care of his large estate, to the suits in which such acquisitions constantly involved him, working for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, the greater part of which labor consisted in writing the necessary documents relating to his titles; and in corresponding with his lawyers, and his overseers. For the fifty years of his residence in New Orleans, he never left the State, and rarely, if ever, passed beyond the limits of the corporation. He was not a usurer, a money lender, or a speculator. He acquired by legitimate purchases by entries on public lands. He dealt altogether in land. Stocks, merchandise and other personal securities, were eschewed by him. The wonder is, how, with a comparatively small revenue, his property not being productive, and his favorite policy being to render his lands wild and unsuited for cultivation, he was able to go on every year expanding the area of his vast possessions.

Another eccentric genius was Timothy Dexter, known in his own day as

THE ECCENTRIC "LORD" TIMOTHY,

and whose blunders usually proved more successful than other men's carefully laid plans. He was born in Malden, Massachusetts, January 22, 1747. After serving as an apprentice to a leather-dresser, he commenced business in Newburyport, where he also married a widow, who owned a house and a small piece of land; part of which, soon after the nuptials, was converted by him into a shop and tan-yard for his own use.

By application to business, his property increased, and the purchase of a large tract of land near Penobscot, bought in the Ohio Company's purchase, afforded him eventually so much profit as to induce him to buy up public securities at forty cents for the pound, which securities soon after became worth twenty shillings on the pound. By these and other fortunate business transactions, he prospered so greatly, that property was now no longer the sole object of his pursuit; he exchanged this god of idolatry for that of *popularity*. He was charitable to the poor, gave liberal donations to religious societies, and handsomely rewarded those who wrote in his praise. About this time, his "lordship"—

A SELF-CONFERRED TITLE—

acquired his peculiar taste for style and splendor, set up an elegant equipage, and, at great cost, adorned the front of his mansion with numerous figures of illustrious personages.

Some of his "lordship's" speculations in trade have become quite as celebrated for their oddity as those of Rothschild for their unscrupulous cunning. He once anxiously inquired of some merchants whom he knew, how he should dispose of a few hundred dollars. Wishing to hoax him, they answered, "Why, buy a cargo of warming pans and send them to the West Indies, to be sure." Not suspecting the trick, he at once bought all the warming pans he could find, and sent them to a climate where—there was every reason to suppose—ice perhaps would be more acceptable. But

"PROVIDENCE SOMETIMES SHOWS HIS CONTEMPT

of wealth by giving it to fools." The warming pans met with a ready sale—the tops being used for strainers, and the lower parts for dippers, in the manufacture of molasses. With the proceeds of his cargo of warming pans, Dexter built a fine vessel, and being informed by the carpenter that *wales* were wanting, he called on an acquaintance and said, "My head workman sends me word that he wants 'wales' for the vessel. What does he mean?" "Why, whalebones, to be sure,"

ECCENTRIC "LORD" TIMOTHY.—See page 79.

answered the man, who, like everybody else, was tempted to improve the opportunity of imposing upon Dexter's stupidity. Whalebones were accordingly bought, but finding that Boston could not furnish enough, he emptied New York and Philadelphia. The ship carpenter, of course, had a hearty laugh at his expense; but by a singular turn of fortune, this blunder was also the means of increasing his wealth. It soon after became fashionable for ladies to wear stays completely lined with whalebone, and as none was to be found in the country on account of his having thus so completely swept the market, it brought a golden price. Thus his coffers were a second time filled by his odd transactions.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT—THE INTREPID CAPTAIN—THE GREAT MILLIONAIRE.

WHO has not heard of the great commodore—of Cornelius Vanderbilt—founder of the house of that name? His, and for many reasons I am sorry to say it, is a name to swear by among American boys and American men. Take the present Mr. Vanderbilt, and I don't suppose there is another person in the world as wealthy. He is the undoubted possessor of $40,000,000 in government bonds; the probable holder of over $150,000,000 in railway stock and other securities, and the owner of the fastest trotting horse in the world—Maud S.! Who would not be such a man? And yet, my dear young reader, I may be able to show you before I have done with this section of "Youth's Golden Cycle," that your great millionaires are not generally to be envied; that there are infinitely nobler ambitions in life than the accumulation of money; that wealth alone never brings happiness; and in calling attention to the loveless life of poor, rich Girard—to the terrible scene that ensued on the reading of his will; in showing you John Jacob Astor, in his day beyond dispute the wealthiest man in the United States, as—no longer the possessor of riches but possessed by them—old, hopeless, godless, heartless, he was suckled like a child and tossed gently in a blanket for exercise: I shall

attempt to point one of the many lessons I would deduce from the careers of some whom the world calls its most successful men. Meanwhile we have to do with Commodore Vanderbilt, and if you read the fascinating story of his life aright you will be able, in spite of his many faults, to see much in him of domestic virtue, honesty, perseverance, manliness, self-reliance and pluck, to imitate and admire. The story may be relied on as true, having been told by the Commodore himself, and repeated, with additional facts supplied by other members of Mr. Vanderbilt's family, in a New York weekly, in 1865.

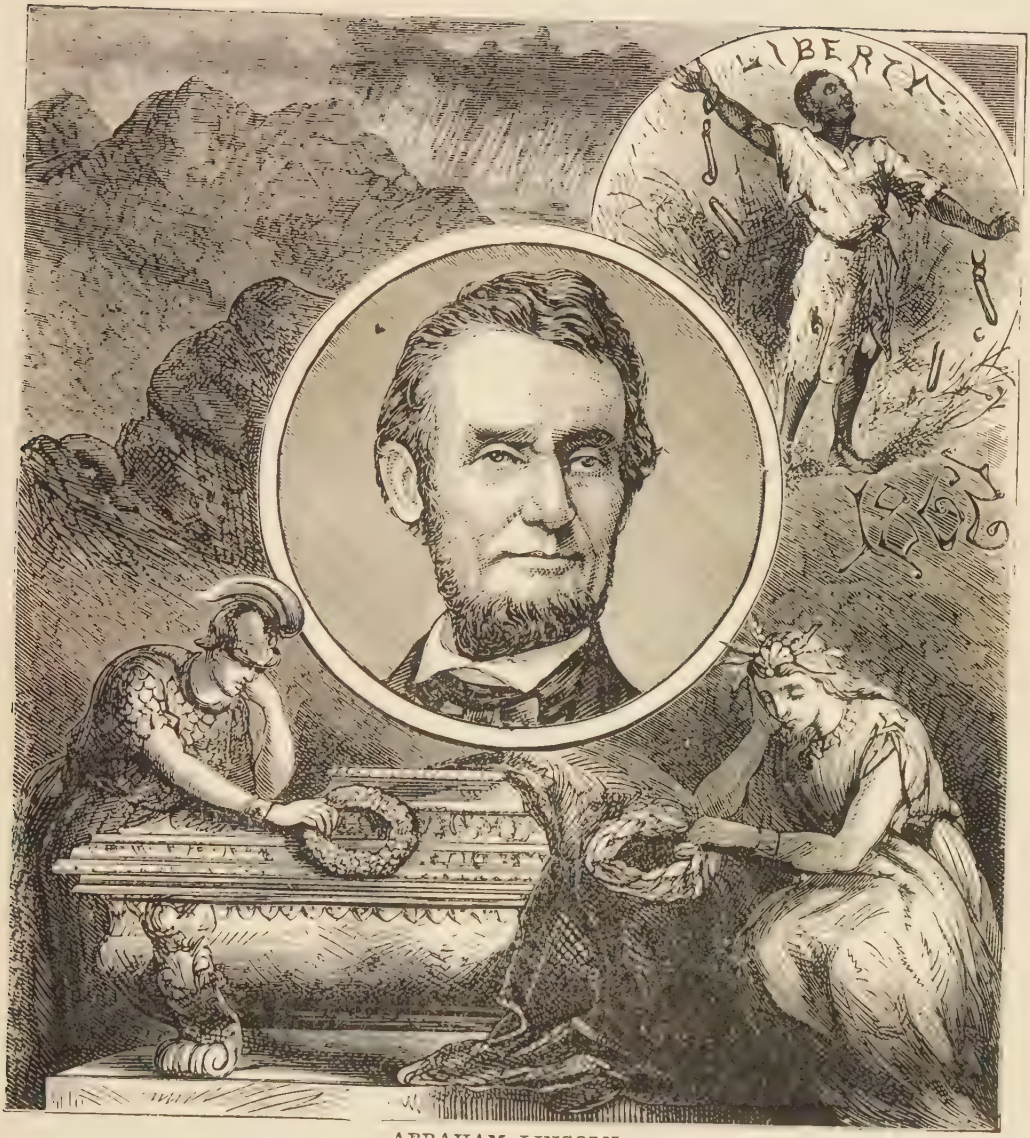
Cornelius, the eldest of nine children, was born on his father's farm on Staten Island, May 27, 1794.

A VIGOROUS, HEALTHY BOY,

fond of the open air and sports, he ill brooked the confinement of the school-house, and learned little more than to write, read, and cipher, and these imperfectly. The only books he remembered having used at school were the spelling-book and the New Testament. His real education was gained in working on his father's farm, helping to sail his father's boat, driving his father's horses, swimming, riding, rowing, and sporting with his young friends. When Cornelius was twelve years old, his father contracted to get the cargo out of a vessel stranded near Sandy Hook, and transport it to New York in lighters. It was necessary to carry the cargo in wagons across a sandy spit. Cornelius, with

A LITTLE FLEET OF LIGHTERS,

three wagons, their horses and drivers, started from home, he having the sole charge of this, for a young man, difficult affair. After loading the lighters and starting them for the city, he had to conduct his wagons home by land—a long distance, over Jersey sands. Leaving the beach with only six dollars, he reached South Amboy penniless, with six horses and three men, all hungry, still far from home, and separated from Staten Island by an arm of the sea half a mile wide, that could be crossed only by paying the ferryman six dollars. This was a puzzling pre-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

dicament for a boy of twelve, and he pondered long how he could get out of it. At length he went boldly to the only innkeeper in the place, and addressed him thus:

"I have here three teams that I want to get over to Staten Island. If you will put us across, I'll leave with you one of my horses in pawn, and if I don't send you back the six dollars within forty-eight hours you may keep the horse."

The innkeeper looked into the bright, honest eyes of the boy for a moment, and said:

"I'll do it." And he did it. The horse in pawn was left with the ferryman on the island, and was redeemed in time.

Before he was sixteen he made up his mind to earn his livelihood by navigation, and occasionally alarmed his mother by threatening to run away and go to sea. His preference, however, was to become a boatman of New York harbor. On the first of May, 1810—an important day in his history—he made known his wishes to his mother, and asked her to advance him $100 for the purchase of a boat. She replied:

"My son, on the twenty-seventh of this month you will be sixteen years old. If, by then, you will plough, harrow, and plant with corn that lot," pointing to a certain field, "I will advance you the money."

The field was one of eight acres, very rough, tough and stony. To say that the work was done in time, and done thoroughly, is only another way of stating that it was undertaken and conducted by Cornelius Vanderbilt.

HE WAS A BORN CONQUEROR.

On his birthday he claimed the fulfillment of his mother's promise. Reluctantly she gave him the money, considering his prospect only less wild than that of running away to sea. He hurried off to a neighboring village, bought his boat, hoisted sail, and started for home, one of the happiest youths in the world. Almost from the outset his success was speedy and great. He made a thousand dollars during each of the next three summers. Often he worked all night, but he was never

absent from his post by day, and he soon had the cream of the boating business of the port. At that day parents claimed the services and the earnings of their children till they were twenty-one. In other words, families made common cause against the common enemy, want. The arrangement between this young boatman and his parents was that he should give them all his day earnings and half his night earnings. He fulfilled his engagement faithfully until his parents released him from it; and with his own half of his earnings by night he bought all his clothes. The war of 1812 suspended the commerce of the port, but gave a great impulse to boating, of which young Vanderbilt made the most. About this time he asked his mother's consent to marry one Sophia Johnson,

A NEIGHBOR'S LOVELY DAUGHTER,

and to his having henceforth the disposal of his own earnings. She consented. During the rest of that season he worked with new energy, saved five hundred dollars, and, in December, 1813, when he laid up his boat for the winter, became the happy husband of the best of wives.

In the following spring a great alarm seized all the seaboard cities of America. Rumors were abroad of that great expedition which, at the close of the year, attacked New Orleans; but, in the spring and summer, no one knew upon which port the blow would fall. The militia of New York were called out for three months,

UNDER A PENALTY OF NINETY-SIX DOLLARS

to whomever should fail to appear at the rendezvous. The boatmen, in the midst of a flourishing business, and especially our young husband, were reluctant to lose the profits of a season's labor, which were equivalent, in their peculiar case, to the income of a whole year. An advertisement appeared one day in the papers which gave them a faint prospect of escaping this disaster. It was issued from the office of the commissary-general, Matthew L. Davis, inviting bids from the boatmen for the contract of conveying provisions to the posts round

about New York during the three months; the contractor to be exempt from military duty. The boatmen caught at this, as a drowning man at a straw, and put in bids at rates preposterously low,—all except Cornelius Vanderbilt.

"Why don't you send in a bid?" asked his father.

"Of what use?" replied the son. "They are offering to do the work at half price. It can't be done at such rates."

"Well," added the father, "it can do no harm to try for it."

So, to please his father, but without any hope of success, he sent in his application, offering to transport the provisions at a price which would enable him to do it with the requisite certainty and promptitude. His offer was simply fair, to both parties.

On the day named for the awarding of the contract, all the boatmen but him assembled in the commissary's office. He remained at the boat-stand, not considering that he had any interest in the matter. One after another, his comrades returned with long faces, sufficiently indicative of their disappointment; until, at length, all of them had come in, but no one bringing the prize. Puzzled at this, Cornelius strolled to the office, and asked the commissary if the contract had been given.

"O, yes," said Davis; "that business is settled. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the man."

HE WAS THUNDERSTRUCK.

"What!" said the commissary, observing his astonishment, "is it you?" "My name is Cornelius Vanderbilt." "Well," said Davis, "don't you know why we have given the contract to you?" "No." "Why, it is because we want this business *done*, and we know you'll do it."

From the gains of that summer Cornelius built a superb little schooner, the Dread; and, the year following, the joyful year of peace, he and his brother-in-law, Captain De Forrest, launched the Charlotte, a vessel large enough for coasting service, and the pride of the harbor for model and speed. During the three years succeeding the peace of 1815, he saved three

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

thousand dollars a year; so that, in 1818, he possessed two or three of the nicest little craft in the harbor, and a cash capital of nine thousand dollars.

The next step of Captain Vanderbilt astonished both his rivals and his friends. He deliberately abandoned his flourishing business, to accept the post of captain of a small steamboat, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year. By slow degrees, against the opposition of the boatmen, and the terrors of the public, steamboats had made their way; until, in 1817, ten years after Fulton's experimental trip, the long head of Captain Vanderbilt clearly comprehended that the supremacy of sails was gone forever, and he resolved to ally himself to the new power before being overcome by it.

At that day, passengers to Philadelphia were conveyed by steamboat from New York to New Brunswick, where they remained all night, and the next morning took the stage at Trenton, whence they were carried to Philadelphia by steamboat. The proprietor of part of this line was the once celebrated Thomas Gibbons, a man of enterprise and capital. It was in his service that Captain Vanderbilt spent the next twelve years of his life, commanding the steamer plying between New York and New Brunswick. With so much energy and judgment did he conduct the line, that in a few years it yielded an annual profit of forty thousand dollars. Gibbons offered to raise his salary to five thousand dollars a year, but the captain declined the offer, 'Because,' he said, 'the other captains had but one thousand dollars, and they were already jealous enough of him. Besides, he never cared for money. All he ever did care for was to *carry his point.*'

In 1829, after twelve years of service as captain of a steamboat, being then thirty-five years old, and having saved thirty thousand dollars, he announced to his employer his intention to set up for himself. Mr. Gibbons was aghast. He declared that he could not carry on the line without his aid, and finding him

resolute, said: "There, Vanderbilt, take all this property, and pay me for it as you make the money."

This splendid offer he thankfully but firmly declined. He did so chiefly because he knew the men with whom he would have to co-operate, and foresaw that he and they could never work comfortably together. He wanted a free field. The little Caroline, seventy feet long, that afterwards plunged over Niagara Falls, was the first steamboat ever built by him. For some years his progress as a steamboat owner was not rapid. The business was in the hands of powerful companies and wealthy individuals, and he, the new-comer, running a few small boats on short routes, labored under serious disadvantages. Formidable attempts were made to run him off the river; but, prompt to retaliate, he made vigorous inroads into the enemy's domain, and kept up an opposition so keen as to compel a compromise in every instance. There was a time, during his famous contest with the Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, when he had spent every dollar he possessed, and when a few days more of opposition would have compelled him to give up the strife. Nothing saved him but the belief, on the part of his antagonists, that Gibbons was backing him. It was not the case; he had no backer. But this error, in the very nick of time, induced his opponents to treat for a compromise, and he was saved. Gradually he made his way to the control of the steamboat interest, until he owned, in whole or part, over a hundred steamboats, and compelled the various opposition lines to permanently reduce their fares one half. Superintending himself the construction of every boat, having a perfect,

PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE BUSINESS

in its every detail, selecting his captains well and paying them justly, he never lost a vessel by fire, explosion, or wreck. He possessed in a remarkable degree, the talent of selecting the right man for a place, and inspiring him with zeal. Every man who served him *knew* that he would be sustained against all

intrigue and all opposition, and that he had nothing to fear so long as he did his duty.

The later events in his career are still so fresh in the public mind as not to require capitulation. My older readers will still remember, and my younger ones may have heard of, his magnificent cruise in the North Star, and how, on returning to New York harbor, his first salute was to the cottage of his venerable mother on the Staten Island shore. To her, also, on landing, he first paid his respects; an incident that forcibly reminds us of our murdered president, General Garfield, who, on being elected Chief Magistrate, and taking formal possession of the White House, proceeded first of all to kiss his gray-haired mother.

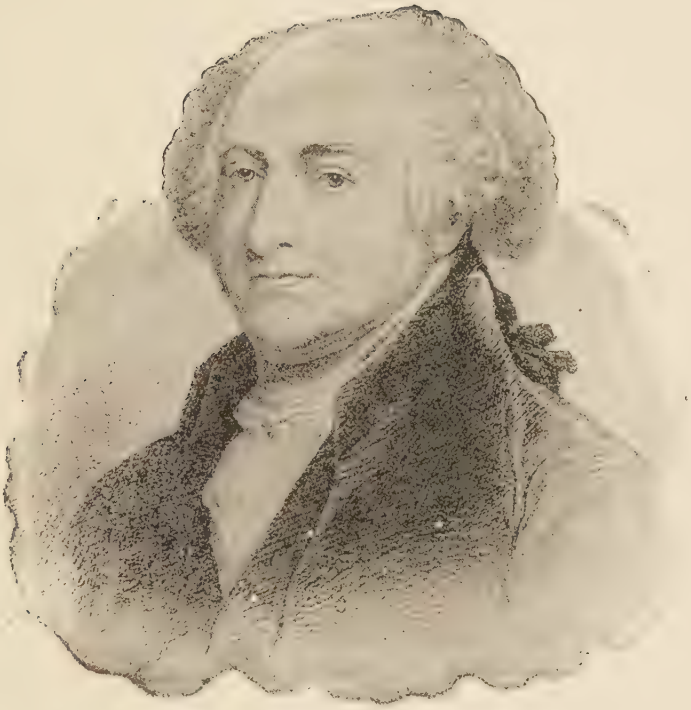
HONOR YOUR PARENTS,

boys and girls; no man or woman was ever really great who did not love and respect—mother. Every one, too, knows, or at least ought to know, that Vanderbilt presented to the government the steamer that bore his name, at a time when it was earning him two thousand dollars a day. But he gave to the war something more precious than a ship: his youngest son, Captain Vanderbilt, one of the finest and most athletic youths that ever graduated at West Point. His friends tell us that, on his twenty-second birthday, he lifted nine hundred and eight pounds. But his giant strength did not save him. The fatigues and miasmas of the Corinth campaign planted in his magnificent frame the seeds of death, and he died in 1864, after a long struggle with disease, to the inexpressible grief of his family.

Finally, after taking the cream of the steamboat business for a quarter of a century, Commodore Vanderbilt became the largest holder of railroad stock in the country. The picture given of his daily life at this time is extremely interesting and instructive, as showing with what ease

BUSINESS GIANTS

conduct their vast and complicated affairs. "At ten or eleven in the morning," writes a friend, "the Commodore rides from



John Adams

his mansion in Washington Place in a light wagon, drawn by one of his favorite horses, to his office in Bowling Green, where, in two hours, aided by a single clerk, he transacts the business of the day, returning early in the afternoon to take his drive on the road. He despises show and ostentation in every form. No lackey attends him; he holds the reins himself. With an estate of forty millions to manage, nearly all actively employed in iron works and railroads, he keeps scarcely any books, but carries all his affairs in his head, and manages them without the least anxiety or apparent effort." This was written in 1864, and when the Commodore died some sixteen years later, the forty millions here spoken of had swelled to an amount that seems almost incredible, and which it is impossible to realize.

CHAPTER IX.

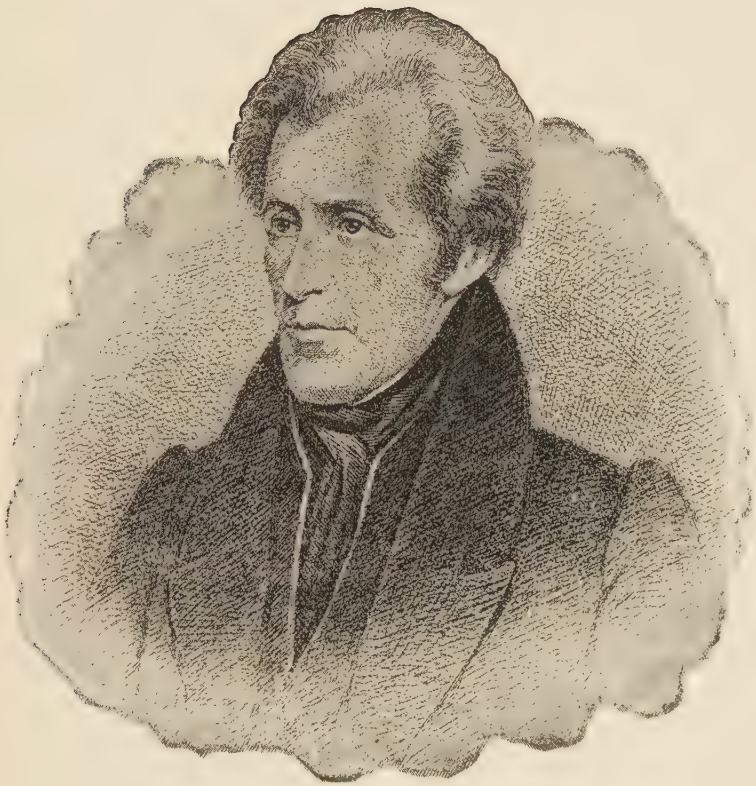
STEPHEN GIRARD—JOHN JACOB ASTOR—JACOB BARKER.

HOW often boys are tempted, just as Cornelius Vanderbilt was, to run away to sea! The late Lord Lytton at one time had everything ready for such a step, but on second thoughts made up his mind to stay. And in ninety cases out of a hundred it is much better to stay at home. There is no place like it. But sometimes what is called "home" is very far from being a home indeed; in which case we can sympathize with the poor runaway, and it was from such a "home" that Stephen Girard ran away when yet little more than a child. Perhaps you have never heard of Girard? Yet in his own day he was a very great man, and his name will be remembered for centuries in connection with Girard College, Philadelphia, for the establishment of which he left six million dollars. But to begin my story. Stephen Girard was born near Bordeaux, France, in 1750. His parents were very poor, and being ill-treated at home Stephen ran away to sea, when only eleven years of age, and engaged as cabin boy in a vessel bound for the West Indies. Soon after he came to New York, as cabin boy and apprentice in the employment of Captain J. Randall. While with the latter, his deportment was distinguished by such fidelity, industry and temperance, as to win the attachment and con-

fidence of his master, who generally bestowed upon him the appellation of "my Stephen;" and when he gave up business, he promoted Girard from the situation of mate to the command of a small vessel, in which he made several voyages to New Orleans, always applying himself with great soberness and diligence to the accomplishment of his ends. Girard was self-taught, and the world was his school. His intuitive quickness of perception and his powers of combination were such as would cause a very little instruction to go a great way. It was a favorite theme with him, when he afterwards grew rich, to relate that he commenced life with a sixpence, and to insist that the best capital a man can have is his personal industry.

THE WATER-WITCH,

or at least, the captain of the Water-Witch, was always fortunate, and he soon became part owner. Such was his confidence in his "lucky star," as almost to amount to a superstition. He first visited Philadelphia in 1769. There he soon established himself in business, and within a year was reputed a thriving man. In 1771, in partnership with Isaac Hazelhurst, he purchased two brigs, to trade to St. Domingo. Of one of them he took command himself. Both were captured and sent to Jamaica. For once his "lucky star" forsook him. All professions and all occupations, which afforded a just reward for labor, were alike honorable in his estimation. He never was too proud to work, even when he was the richest millionaire in the land. During the Revolutionary war, he bottled and sold cider and claret. In 1780, he was engaged in trade to St. Domingo and New Orleans. In 1790, on the dissolution of a partnership which had for some time existed between himself and his brother, John Girard, he was found by their mutual umpire to be worth thirty thousand dollars. At the time of the insurrection of the blacks in St. Domingo, he had a brig and schooner in port, in which many of the inhabitants deposited their most valuable goods, but were prevented by a violent death from returning to claim them. It is, however, not supposed that he received in this



Andrew Jackson

manner more than fifty thousand dollars. At the time of the fever, in 1793, when consternation had seized the whole population of the city, Girard, then an opulent merchant, offered his services as nurse in the hospital; his offer was accepted, and in the performance of the most loathsome duties, he walked unharmed in the midst of the pestilence. He used to say to his friends, "When you are sick, or anything ails you, do not go to the doctor, but come to me; I will cure you."

The terms of a bargain were to him a law, which he never violated; but in his breast there was no chancery jurisdiction for the decision of causes in equity. The misfortunes of a bankrupt, in his view, were follies, which excited no commiseration.

Having been successful in his commercial speculations, and by that means made immense additions to his property, in 1811, in expectation of the renewal of the charter of the old Bank of the United States, he purchased a large amount of the stock of that institution. The charter was not renewed, and the banking house coming into his hands by purchase, at a reduced price, the Bank of the United States became Stephen Girard's bank. It was eminently convenient to the public at the time it was established, and during the war was particularly useful to the government, supplying, in fact, the want of a national institution, at a time when it was especially needed. On the establishment of the last national bank, Mr. Girard, just at the close of the subscription, took the balance of the stock, namely, three million one hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Girard did much to ornament the city of Philadelphia, and his ambition, during his long and untiring business career, seems to have been to die

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE COUNTRY,

and be remembered as the patron of learning and the benefactor of the poor. He died December 26, 1831, in the eighty-second year of his age, the Girard college and the City of Philadelphia being his principal legatees.

And now, while on the subject of American merchants, let me give you one or two anecdotes which were told me many

years ago, and which are true. The celebrated New York millionaire, founder of the family of Astor, was compelled at one time to repair to Paris, where he could avail himself, for a physical infirmity, of the skillful assistance of Baron Dupuytren. The latter thoroughly restored him, and advised him to ride out every day. This he accordingly did, the Baron often accompanying him on his rides. One day, Astor appeared by no means disposed to converse; not a word could be got out of him; and at length Dupuytren declared that his patient must be suffering from some *secret pain* or trouble, when he would not speak. So he pressed him, and worried him, until finally Astor loosed his tongue:

"Look ye, Baron!" said Astor; "how frightful this is. I have here, in the hands of my banker, at Paris, about two million francs, and cannot manage, without great effort, to get more than two and one half per cent *per annum* on it. Now, this morning I have received a letter from my son, in New York, informing me that *there* the best acceptances are at from one half to two per cent *per month*. Is it not enough to enrage a man?" This revelation of course relieved the Baron's apprehension of any secret pain or trouble of a *physical* nature.

The following story is so like Jacob Barker,

"OLD JACOB," OF NEW ORLEANS,

that it might safely have been imagined of him as having taken place, even if it had never been narrated of him. It has been often told in days past, but will bear to be told again: Mr. Barker was a large ship-owner. He had many ships at sea, and, as was the custom in those days, as well as at present, some of them would be lost. One of Mr. B's ships had been a long time out of port. Fears were entertained for its safety. Sharing the general anxiety, Mr. B. called at a general insurance office, and expressed his desire to effect a fresh insurance on the vessel. The office demanded a high rate of premium. Mr. B. offered a lower figure. Without coming to any understanding, Mr. B. left the office. That night a swift messenger from New

England brought him news of the total loss of the vessel. He said simply, "Very well." Next morning, as he drove down to his counting-house, he stopped at the insurance office. He did not get out of his carriage, but calling the secretary from his seat, observed to him quietly:

"Friend, thee need not make out that policy; *I've heard of the ship.*"

"Oh, sir!—but, sir—Mr. Barker," stammered the cunning secretary, dashing back into the office and reappearing again in a moment, "we've made out the policy, and you can't back out of it!"

"How so, my friend?" asked the old quaker very demurely.

"When you left last evening we agreed to your proposal, and the policy was made out at once. The office became liable, and you must take it.

SEE HERE IT IS!"

and a clerk at that moment brought out ths policy, with the signatures hardly dry.

"Well, friend," said old Jacob, plainly, "if thee will have it, I suppose I must take it." And he put the policy in his pocket and drove to his office. Before that evening the insurance company and all the world had heard of the loss of the ship, and of the round sum with which the company stood self-mulcted.

OLD JACOB BARKER'S SHIP.—See page 100.

CHAPTER X.

THE ORIGIN AND RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

I AM quite sure there are very few, if any, readers of this book, who have not said to themselves, sometime or other, "Oh, I should so like to be rich!" By and by I propose to say something regarding this universal desire for wealth; but meanwhile shall only remark that riches in itself is not a bad thing. It is not money, but the love of money for the money's sake, and its sake only, that is the root of all evil. So that the ambition to acquire wealth is a laudable one, and it is by studying the lives of such men as Vanderbilt, and Astor, and Rothschild that boys can most readily see how they too can become rich. Not that these men are the best examples by any means by which to shape our lives, as I shall presently take good care to show. But in their business relations and methods they deserve to be studied, and that carefully.

I need hardly remind you that all the world over the house of Rothschild is the impersonation of that money power which governs the world. For nearly half a century their influence has been continually on the increase; and to them, more than to any monarch or minister of state, however potential, Europe is indebted for the preservation of peace between the great powers. To give even an outline of the immense and successful operations which have placed a German Jew, his sons, and

grandsons, at the head of the moneyed interests of the world, it would be necessary to embrace the history of European finance since the year 1812.

Mayer Anselm Rothschild was the founder of this house, about the year 1740; he was a money-changer and exchange broker, a man of fair character, and in easy circumstances. After the battle of Jena, October, 1806, Napoleon decreed the forfeiture of their states by the sovereigns of Brunswick and Hesse-Cassel, and a French army was put in march to enforce the decree. Too feeble to resist, the landgrave prepared for flight. But in the vaults of his palace he had twelve million florins—

ABOUT FIVE MILLION DOLLARS—IN SILVER.

To save this great and bulky amount of money from the hands of the French was a matter of extreme difficulty, as it could not be carried away, and the landgrave had so little confidence in his subjects that he could not bring himself to confide his case to their keeping, especially as the French would inflict severe punishment on him or them who might undertake the trust. In his utmost need the landgrave bethought himself of Mayer Anselm Rothschild, sent for him to Cassel, and entreated him to

TAKE CHARGE OF THE MONEY,

and by way of compensation for the dangers to which Mr. Rothschild exposed himself, the landgrave offered him the free use of the entire sum without interest. On these terms, Mr. Rothschild undertook the trust, and by the assistance of some friends, Jewish bankers at Cassel, the money was so carefully stowed away, that when the French, after a hurried march, arrived in the city, they found the old landgrave gone, and his treasure vanished. At the time this money was placed in M. A. Rothschild's hands, he had five sons, of whom three, Anselm, Nathan and Solomon, had arrived at man's estate. These he associated with himself. By their skillful management, the large sum of ready money at their disposal increased and multi-

plied with wonderful rapidity. The fall of Napoleon enabled the old landgrave to return to Cassel, and he gave the Rothschilds notice that he would withdraw the money confided to them; but before the notice expired, Napoleon's return from the Isle of Elba so greatly alarmed the landgrave that he urged the Rothschilds to keep the money at the low rate of two per cent per annum, which they did until his death, in 1823, when the Rothschilds refused to keep it any longer. At the time of Mayer Anselm Rothschild's death, which occurred very unexpectedly, he saw his five sons placed respectively at the head of five immense establishments, at Frankfort, London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, all united in a copartnership which is universally allowed to be the wealthiest and most extensive the world has ever seen. And, whatever exceptions may be taken to the manner in which the business of these houses has been conducted, in some operations which have marked their career, it must be admitted that rarely does a family furnish so many members who are competent, individually, to be intrusted with such vast financial concerns.

Although Mr. Rothschild was commonly termed a merchant, his most important transactions were in connection with stocks, loans, etc. It was here that his great decision, his skillful combinations, and his unequaled energy made him remarkable. At a time when the funds were constantly varying, the temptation was too great for a capitalist like Mr. Rothschild to withstand. His operations soon attracted notice; and when by the deaths of Sir Francis Baring and Abraham Goldschmid the money-market was left without an acknowledged head—for the affairs of the latter were wound up, and the successors of the former did not then aim at the autocracy of the money-market—the name of Nathan Mayer Rothschild was in the mouths of all financial dealers as

A PRODIGY OF SUCCESS.

Cautiously, however, did the great banker proceed, until he had made a fortune as large as his future reputation. He revived

FEEJEE ISLANDERS.

all the arts of an older period. He employed bankers to depress or raise the market for his benefit, and is said to have purchased in one day to the extent of twenty million dollars. His transactions soon covered the entire globe. The old and the new world alike bore witness to his skill; and with the profits on a single loan he purchased an estate which cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Minor capitalists, like parasitical plants, freely risked their money in speculations at his bidding. Nothing seemed too gigantic for his grasp—nothing too minute for his notice. His mind was as capable of contracting a loan for tens of millions, as of calculating the lowest possible amount on which a clerk could exist. Like too many great merchants and bankers, whose profits are counted by thousands and millions, he paid his assistants the smallest amount for which he could procure them.

Rothschild in London knew the result of the battle of Waterloo eight hours before the British Government, and the value of his knowledge was no less than

ONE MILLION DOLLARS, GAINED IN ONE FORENOON.

No bad loan was ever taken in hand by the Rothschilds; no good loan ever fell into other hands. Any financial operation on which they frowned, was sure to fail; and so conscious were they of their influence, that after the July revolution in 1830, Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, declared, and the declaration was made to sound in imperial ears, "The house of Austria desires war, but the house of Rothschild requires peace." In addition to their five principal establishments, they have agencies of their own in several of the large cities, both of the old world and the new. As dealers in money and bills, they may be said to have no rivals, and as the magnitude of their operations enables them to regulate the course of exchange throughout the world, their profits are great, while their risks are comparatively small, owing to the perfection of their business management. Indeed, the only heavy loss they may be said to have experienced as yet—that is, heavy for *them*—was through

the February revolution of 1848, when it is said that owing to the sudden depreciation of all funded and railroad property throughout Europe, their losses from March till December of that year reached the enormous figure of forty million dollars. But great as these losses were, they did not affect the credit of the Rothschilds, or in any degree impair their financial standing or means. The affairs of this firm in the United States have for a long time been under the direction of Mr. August Belmont, of New York, by whom they have been managed with distinguished success.

While on this subject, I may as well tell a story of an amusing adventure which is said to have happened to the Bank of England, through their having committed the great mistake of refusing to discount a bill of a large amount, drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The bank had haughtily replied that "they discounted only their own bills, and not those of private persons. But they had to do with one

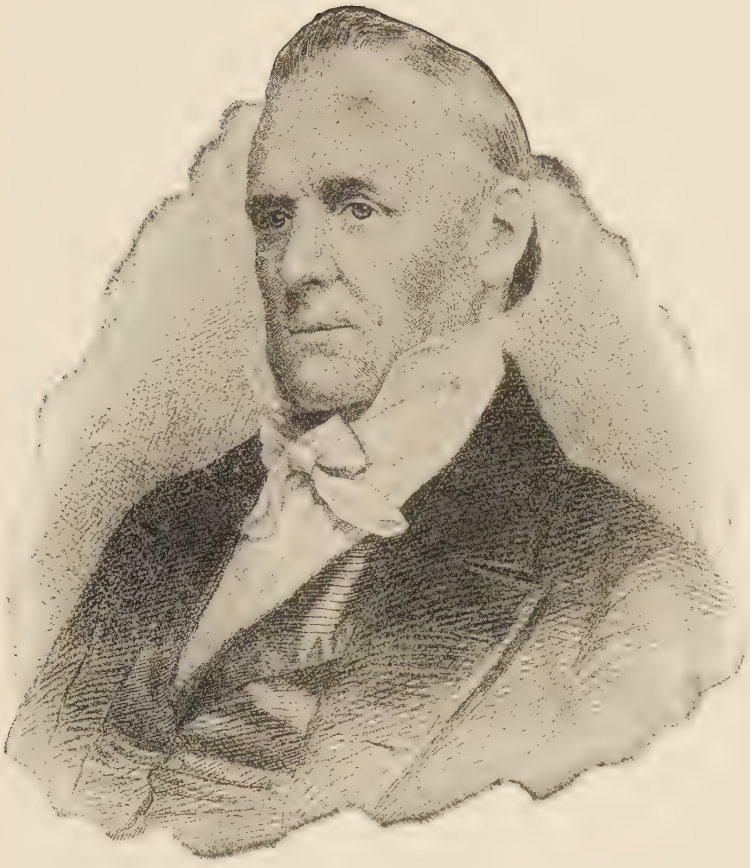
STRONGER THAN THE BANK.

"Private persons!" exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when the fact was reported to him; "private persons! I will make these gentlemen see what sort of private persons we are!" Three weeks afterwards, Nathan Rothschild—who had employed the interval in collecting all the five-pound notes he could procure in England and on the continent—presented himself at the bank on the opening of the office. He drew from his pocket-book a five-pound note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The baron examined the coins one by one, and having put them into a little canvas bag, proceeded to draw out another note, then a third, a tenth, a hundredth and so forth. He never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and in some instances trying them in the balance, as, he said, "the law gave him the right to do." The first pocket-book being

emptied and the first bag full, he passed them to his clerk, and received a second, and thus continued till the close of the bank. The baron had employed seven hours to change twenty-one thousand pounds. But as he had also nine employes of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn one million and fifty thousand dollars in gold from the bank, and that he had so occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note. Anything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. The bank, therefore, the first day was very much amused at this little display of pique. They, however, laughed less when they saw Rothschild return next day at the opening of the bank,

FLANKED BY HIS NINE CLERKS,

and followed this time by many drays, destined to carry away the specie. They laughed no longer, when the king of bankers said with ironical simplicity: "These gentlemen refuse to pay my bills; I have sworn not to keep theirs. They can pay at their leisure; only I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months!" For two months! Fifty-five million dollars in gold drawn from the Bank of England which they had never possessed! The bank took alarm. Something had to be done, and so, next morning, notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills as well as its own.



James Buchanan

CHAPTER XI.

THE ROMANCE OF POTTERY—ENAMELING EARTHENWARE INVENTED BY PALISSY.

BUT greater than the achievements of merchants, princes, warriors and even statesmen, are those of the great thinkers whose "thoughts do shake mankind"; of the great physicians who devote their lifetime to the cure of disease and the alleviation of suffering; of the great discoverers who call new worlds into activity and life; of the great inventors who, in the teeth of discouragements innumerable, and difficulties apparently insurmountable, have succeeded in wresting from nature some of her most precious secrets, and conferred untold benefits on mankind. Among the last class must ever be remembered with honor the names of Bernard Palissy and John Bottgher, a brief account of whose singularly interesting and romantic lives I now propose to give.

Bernard Palissy was born in the south of France in 1510. His parents were too poor to give him any school education. "I had no other books," said he afterwards, "than heaven and earth, which are open to all." He learnt, however, the art of glass-painting, to which he added that of drawing, and afterwards, reading and writing. When eighteen years old, the glass trade becoming decayed, Palissy left his father's house with his wallet on his back, and went out into the world to seek his fortune. For ten years he traveled over Europe, until he married,

which put an end to his wanderings; and he settled down to practice glass-painting and land-measuring in the small town of Saintes. Three children were born to him; and not only his responsibilities, but his expenses increased, while, do what he could, his earnings remained too small for his needs. It was therefore necessary for him to bestir himself.

Though only a glass-painter, he had an artistic soul, and the sight of an elegant cup of Italian manufacture directed his mind to the art of the enameling of earthenware. The sight of this cup disturbed his whole existence; and from that moment the determination to discover the enamel with which it was glazed possessed him like a passion. Had he been a single man he might have traveled into Italy in search of the secret; but he was bound to his wife and children, and could not leave them; so he remained by their side, groping in the dark, in the hope of finding out the process of making an enamel for earthenware. At first, he was utterly ignorant of pottery. He could merely guess the materials of which the enamel was composed, and he proceeded to try

ALL MANNER OF EXPERIMENTS

to ascertain what these really were. He pounded all the substances which he thought likely to produce it. Then he bought common earthen pots, broke them into pieces, and spreading his compounds over them, subjected them to the heat of a furnace which he erected for the purpose of baking them. His experiments failed; and the results were broken pots and a waste of fuel, drugs, time and labor, not to speak of the opposition of his wife and friends who began to think him mad.

For many successive months and years Palissy pursued his experiments. The first furnace having proved a failure, he proceeded to erect another, out of doors. There he burnt more wood, spoiled more drugs and pots, lost more time, until poverty stared him and his family in the face. In the intervals of his experiments, he occasionally worked at his former callings—painting on glass, drawing portraits, and measuring land; but

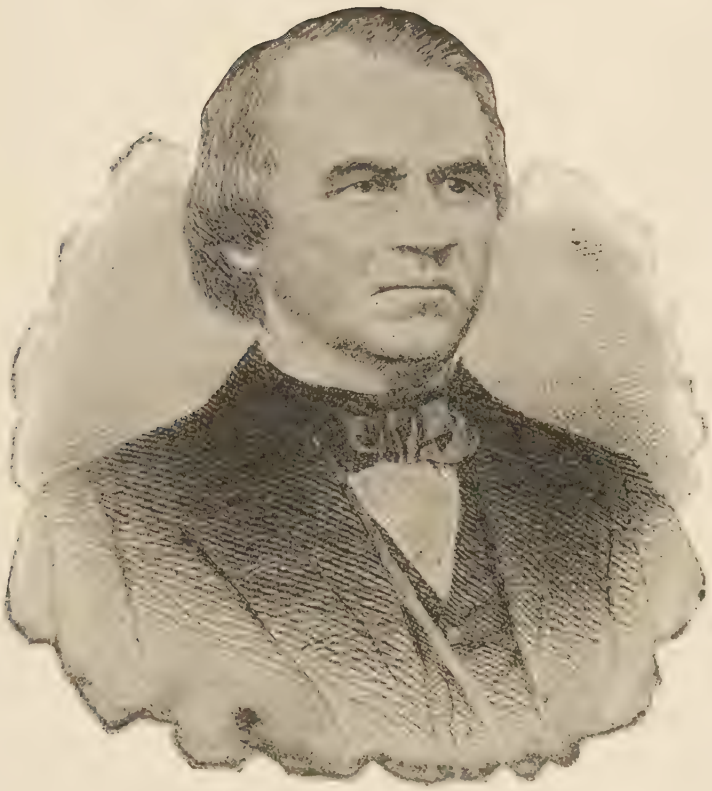
his earnings from these sources were very small. At length, because of the heavy cost of fuel, he was no longer able to carry on his experiments in his own furnace, but he bought more potsherds, broke them up as before into three or four hundred pieces, and, covering them with chemicals, carried them to a tile-work a league and a half from Saintes, there to be baked in an ordinary furnace. After the operation he went to see the pieces taken out; and, to his dismay, the whole of the experiments were failures. But, though disappointed, he was not yet defeated; for he determined on the very spot to "begin afresh."

His business as a land-measurer called him away for a brief season from the pursuit of his experiments; but he signalized his return by breaking three dozen new earthern pots, the pieces of which he covered with different materials which he had compounded, and then took them to a neighboring glass-furnace to be baked. The results gave him a glimmer of hope. The greater heat of the glass-furnace had melted some of the compounds; but though Palissy searched diligently for the white enamel he could find none. For two more years he went on experimenting without any satisfactory result, until the proceeds of his land-surveying having become nearly spent, he was again reduced to poverty. But he was resolved to make one last great effort, and began by breaking more pots than ever. Over

THREE HUNDRED PIECES OF POTTERY

covered with his compounds were sent to the glass-furnace, and thither he himself went to watch the results of the breaking. Four hours passed, during which he watched, and then the furnace opened. The material on *one* only of the three hundred pieces of potsherd had melted, and it was taken out to cool. As it hardened, it grew white—white and polished. The piece of potsherd was covered with white enamel, described by Palissy as "singularly beautiful." He ran home with it to his wife, feeling himself, as he expressed it, quite a new creature. But the prize was not yet won—far from it.

To complete the invention he built a glass furnace near his



Andrew Johnson

dwelling, carrying the bricks from the brick-yard upon his back. He was brick-layer, laborer and all. From seven to eight more months passed. At last the furnace was built and ready for use. Palissy had, in the meantime, fashioned a number of vessels of clay in readiness for the laying on of the enamel. After being subjected to a preliminary process of baking, they were covered with the enamel compound, and again placed in the furnace for the grand crucial experiment. Although his means were nearly exhausted, Palissy had been for some time accumulating a great store of fuel for the final effort, and he thought it was enough. At last the fire was lit, and the operation proceeded. All day he sat by the furnace, feeding it with fuel. He sat there watching and feeding all through the long night. But the enamel did not melt. The sun rose upon his labors. His wife brought him a portion of the scanty morning meal—for he would not stir from the furnace, into which he continued from time to time to heave more fuel. The second day passed, and still the enamel did not melt. The sun set, and another night passed. The pale, haggard, unshorn, baffled yet not beaten Palissy sat by the furnace, eagerly looking for the melting of the enamel. A third day and night passed—a fourth, a fifth, and even a sixth—yes, for

SIX LONG DAYS AND NIGHTS

did the unconquerable Palissy watch and toil, fighting against hope; and still the enamel would not melt.

It then occurred to him that there might be some defect in the materials for the enamel—perhaps something wanting in the flux; so he set to work to pound and compound fresh materials for a new experiment. Thus two or three more weeks passed. But how to buy more pots? His money was now all spent; but he could borrow. His character was still good, and a friend lent him enough to enable him to buy more fuel and more pots. These he covered with the new compound, placed in the furnace, and the fire was again lit. It was the last and most satisfactory experiment of the whole. The fire blazed up;

the heat became intense; but still the enamel did not melt. The fuel began to run short! How to keep up the fire? There were the garden palings: these would burn. So these were pulled up and cast into the furnace. They were burnt in vain! The enamel had not yet melted. Ten minutes more heat might do it. Fuel must be had at whatever cost. There remained the household furniture and shelving. A crashing noise was heard in the house; and amidst the screams of his wife and children, who now really thought Palissy's reason was giving way, the tables were seized, broken up and heaved into the furnace. The enamel had not melted yet! There remained the shelving. Another noise of the wrenching of timber was heard within the house, and the shelves were torn down and hurled after the furniture into the fire. Wife and children then rushed from the house, and went frantically through the town, calling out that

POOR PALISSY HAD GONE MAD,

and was breaking up his very furniture for firewood!

For an entire month his clothes had not been off his back, and he was utterly worn out. He was, besides, in debt, and seemed on the verge of ruin. But he had at length mastered the secret; for the last great burst of heat had melted the enamel. The common, brown household jars, when taken out of the furnace after it had become cool, were found covered with a white glaze! For this he could endure reproach, contumely and scorn, and wait patiently for the opportunity of putting his discovery into practice as better days came round. His next move was to hire a potter to make some earthern vessels after the designs which he furnished; while he himself proceeded to model some medallions in clay for the purpose of enameling them. But how to maintain himself and family until the wares were made and ready for sale? Fortunately there remained one man in Saintes who still believed in him—an inn-keeper, who agreed to feed and lodge him for six months, while he went on with his manufacture. As for the working potter whom he had hired,

Palissy soon found that he could not pay him the stipulated wages. Having already stripped his dwelling,

HE COULD BUT STRIP HIMSELF,

and he accordingly parted with some of his clothes to the potter, in part payment of the wages which he owed him.

Palissy then erected an improved furnace, but he was so unfortunate as to build part of the inside with flints. When it was heated these flints cracked and burst, and the spiculæ were scattered over the pieces of pottery, sticking to them. Though the enamel came out right, the work was irretrievably spoilt, and thus six months' more labor was lost. Persons were found willing to buy the articles at a low price, notwithstanding the injury they had sustained; but Palissy, inspired by the spirit of a true artist, would not sell them, considering that to have done so would be to "decry and abase his honor," and so he broke in pieces the entire batch. At this stage of his affairs, he became melancholy and almost hopeless, and seems to have all but broken down. He wandered gloomily about the fields near Saintes, his clothes hanging in tatters, and himself worn to a skeleton. In a curious passage in his writings he describes how the calves of his legs had disappeared, and were no longer able even with the aid of garters to hold up his stockings, which fell about his heels when he walked. The family continued to reproach him for his recklessness, and his neighbors cried shame upon him for his obstinate folly. So he returned for a time to his former calling, and after about a year's diligent labor, during which he earned bread for his household and somewhat recovered his character among his neighbors, he again resumed his darling enterprise. But though he had already searched about ten years for the enamel, it cost him about eight more years of experimental plodding before he perfected his invention. He gradually learnt dexterity and certainty of result by experience, gathering practical knowledge out of many failures.

At last, after about sixteen years' labor, Palissy took heart and called himself potter. These sixteen years had been his

Millard Fillmore

term of apprenticeship to the art, during which he had wholly to teach himself, beginning at the very beginning. He was now able to sell his wares and maintain his family in comfort. But he never rested satisfied with what he had accomplished. He proceeded from one step of improvement to another, always aiming at the greatest perfection possible. He studied natural objects for patterns, and with such success that the great French naturalist, Buffon, spoke of him as "so great a naturalist as nature only can produce." His ornamental pieces are now regarded as rare gems in cabinets of virtuosi, and sell at almost fabulous prices; a small dish twelve inches in diameter having been sold some years ago for eight hundred and ten dollars. The ornaments on them are for the most part accurate models from life, of wild animals, lizards, and plants, found in the fields about Saintes, and tastefully combined as ornaments into the texture of a plate or vase. When Palissy had reached the height of his art he styled himself, "Ouvrier de Terre et Inventeur des Rustics Figulines."

CHAPTER XII.

EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF BOTTGHER, THE INVENTOR OF HARD PORCELAIN.

WHOM, boys, do you admire the more—Vanderbilt or Palissy? the one striving for mere personal aggrandizement; the other toiling and suffering for the general good of humanity. One hundred years hence who will remember that such men as Gould and Vanderbilt and Russell Sage ever existed, while the name of Palissy will last as long as the fine art which he created? And so with the illustrious John Frederick Bottgher, the inventor of hard porcelain, whose life presents a remarkable contrast to that of Palissy, though it also contains many points of romantic interest. Bottgher was born at Schleiz, in the Voightland, in 1682, and at twelve years of age was placed apprentice with an apothecary at Berlin. He seems to have been early fascinated by chemistry, and occupied much of his leisure in making experiments. These, for the most part, tended in one direction—the art of converting common metals into gold. At the end of several years, Bottgher pretended to have discovered the universal solvent of the alchemists, and professed that he had made gold by its means. The news spread abroad that the apothecary's apprentice had discovered the grand secret, and crowds collected about the shop to get a sight of the wonderful young "gold-cook." The King himself expressed a wish to see and converse with him, and

when Frederick I. was presented with a piece of gold alleged to have been converted from copper, he was so dazzled with the prospect of securing an infinite quantity of it, that he determined to secure Bottgher and employ him to make gold for him within the strong fortress of Spandan. But the young apothecary fled across the frontier into Saxony.

A REWARD OF A THOUSAND THALERS

was offered for Bottgher's apprehension, but in vain. He arrived at Wittenberg, and appealed for protection to the Elector of Saxony, Frederick Augustus I. (King of Poland), surnamed "The Strong." Frederick being himself very much in want of money at the time, was naturally overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining gold in any quantity by the aid of the young alchemist. Bottgher was accordingly conveyed in secret to Dresden, accompanied by a royal escort. The Elector, however, must needs leave him there for a time, having to depart forthwith to Poland. But, impatient for gold, he wrote Bottgher from Warsaw, urging him to communicate the secret, so that he himself might practice the art of transmutation. The young "gold-cook," thus pressed, forwarded to Frederick a small vial containing "a reddish fluid," which it was asserted, changed all metals, when in a molten state, into gold. This important vial was taken in charge by the Prince Furst von Furstenburg, who, accompanied by a regiment of guards, hurried with it to Warsaw. Arrived there, it was determined to make immediate trial of the process. The king and the prince locked themselves up together in a secret chamber of the palace, girt themselves about with leather aprons, and, like

TRUE "GOLD-COOKS,"

set to work melting copper in a crucible, applying to it afterward the red fluid of Bottgher. But the result was unsatisfactory; for notwithstanding all that they could do, the copper obstinately remained copper. On referring to the alchemist's instructions, however, the king found that, to succeed with the process, it was necessary that the fluid should be used "in great

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

purity of heart;" and as his majesty was conscious of having spent the evening in very bad company, he attributed the failure of the experiment to that cause. A second trial was followed by no better results, and then the king became furious; for he had confessed and received absolution before beginning the experiment.

Frederick Augustus now resolved on forcing Bottgher to disclose the golden secret, as the only means of relief from his urgent pecuniary difficulties. The alchemist, hearing of the royal intention, again determined to fly. He succeeded in escaping his guard, and after three days' travel, arrived in Eus, in Austria, where he thought himself safe. The agents of the Elector were, however, at his heels. They had tracked him to the "Golden Stag," which they surrounded, and seizing him in his bed, notwithstanding his resistance and appeals to the Austrian authorities for help, they carried him by force to Dresden. From this place he was shortly after transferred to the strong fortress of Koningstein. It was communicated to him that the royal exchequer was completely empty, and that ten regiments of Poles were waiting for his gold.

THE KING HIMSELF VISITED HIM,

and told him in a severe tone that if he did not at once proceed to make gold, he would be hung.

Years passed, and still Bottgher made no gold; but he was not hanged. It was reserved for him to make a far more important discovery than the conversion of copper into gold, namely, the conversion of clay into porcelain. Some rare specimens of this ware had been brought from China by the Portuguese, which were sold for more than their weight in gold. Bottgher was first induced to turn his attention to the subject by Walter Von Tschirnhaus, a maker of optical instruments, also an alchemist. Tschirnhaus was a man of education and distinction, and was held in high esteem by Prince Furstenburg, as well as by the Elector. He very sensibly said to Bottgher, still in fear of the gallows, "if you can't make gold, try and do

something else; make porcelain." The alchemist acted on the hint, and began his experiments, working night and day. He prosecuted his investigations for a long time with great assiduity, but without success. At length some red clay, brought to him for the purpose of making his crucibles, set him on the right track. He found that this clay, when submitted to a high temperature, became vitrified and retained its shape; and that its texture resembled that of porcelain, excepting its color and opacity. He had, in fact, accidentally discovered red porcelain, and he proceeded to manufacture and sell it as porcelain.

Bottgher was, however, well aware that the white color was an essential property of true porcelain; and he therefore prosecuted his experiments in the hope of discovering the secret. Several years thus passed, but without success, until

ACCIDENT AGAIN STOOD HIS FRIEND,

and helped him to a knowledge of the art of making white porcelain. One day, in the year 1707, he found his perruque unusually heavy, and asked of his valet the reason. The answer was, that it was owing to the powder with which the wig was dressed, which consisted of a kind of earth then much used for hair powder. Bottgher's quick imagination immediately seized upon the idea. This white earthy powder might possibly be the very earth of which he was in search; at all events, the opportunity must not be let slip of ascertaining what it really was. He was rewarded for his painstaking care and watchfulness; for he found, on experiment, that the principal ingredient of the hair-powder consisted of *kaolin*, the want of which had so long formed an insuperable difficulty in the way of his inquiries.

The discovery, in Bottgher's intelligent hands, led to great results, and proved of far greater importance than the discovery of the philosopher's stone would have been. In October, 1707, he presented his first piece of porcelain to the Elector, who was greatly pleased with it; and it was resolved that

Bottgher should be furnished with the means for perfecting his invention. Having obtained a skilled workman from Delft, he began to *turn* porcelain with great success. He now entirely abandoned alchemy for pottery, and inscribed over his door a distich, which, translated, reads thus:

"Almighty God, the great Creator,
Has changed a goldmaker to a potter."

Bottgher's further experiments with his new furnaces proving very successful, and the porcelain which he manufactured being found to fetch large prices, it was next determined to establish a royal manufactory of porcelain. The manufacture of delf ware was known to have greatly enriched Holland. Why should not the manufacture of porcelain equally enrich the Elector? Accordingly, a decree went forth, dated the twenty-third of January, 1710, for the establishment of "a large manufactory of porcelain" at the Albrechtsburg in Meissen. In this decree, which was translated into Latin, French, and Dutch, and distributed by the ambassadors of the Elector at all the European courts, Frederick Augustus set forth, that to promote the welfare of Saxony, which had suffered much through the Swedish invasion, he had "directed his attention to the subterranean treasures" of the country, and, having employed some able persons in the investigation, they had succeeded in manufacturing "a sort of red vessel far superior to the Indian Terra Sigillata"; as also "colored ware and plates, which may be cut, ground and polished, and are quite equal to Indian vessels," and finally that "specimens of white porcelain" had already been obtained, and it was hoped that this quality, too, would soon be manufactured in large quantities. The royal decree concluded by inviting "foreign artists and handicraftsmen" to come to Saxony and engage as assistants in the new factory, at high wages, and under patronage of the king.

For all his great services Bottgher was wretchedly rewarded.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Two royal officials were put over his head as directors of the factory, while he himself held the position of

FOREMAN OF POTTERS ONLY,

and at the same time was detained the King's prisoner. During the erection of the factory at Meissen, while his assistance was still indispensable, he was conducted by soldiers to and from Dresden; and even after the works were finished he was locked up nightly in his room. All this preyed upon his mind, and in repeated letters to the King he sought to obtain mitigation of his fate. Some of these letters are very touching. "I will devote my whole soul to the art of making porcelain," he writes on one occasion; "I will do more than any inventor ever did before; only

GIVE ME LIBERTY, LIBERTY!"

To these appeals the King turned a deaf ear. He was ready to spend money and grant favors; but liberty he would not give. He regarded Bottgher as his slave. In this position the persecuted man kept on working for some time, till, at the end of a year or two, he grew negligent. Disgusted with the world and with himself, he took to drinking. Such is the force of example that it no sooner became known that Bottgher had betaken himself to this vice than the greater number of the workmen at the Meissen factory became drunkards too. Quarrels and fightings without end were the consequence, and ultimately the whole of them, more than three hundred, were shut up in the Albrechtsburg and treated as prisoners of state.

Bottgher at last fell seriously ill, and in May, 1713, his dissolution was hourly expected. The King, alarmed at losing so valuable a slave, now gave him permission to take carriage exercise under a guard; and having somewhat recovered, he was allowed occasionally to go to Dresden. In a letter written by the King in April, 1714, Bottgher was promised his full liberty; but the offer came too late.

BROKEN IN BODY AND MIND,

alternately working and drinking, though with occasional

gleams of nobler intention, and suffering from constant ill-health, the result of his enforced confinement, Bottgher lingered on for a few years more, until death relieved him from his sufferings on the thirteenth of March, 1719, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He was buried *at night*—as if he had been a dog—in the Johannis Cemetery at Meissen; and such was the treatment, such the unhappy end, of one of Saxony's greatest benefactors!

CHAPTER XIII.

MALIBRAN, THE GREAT SINGER—TOUCHING STORY OF HER KINDNESS.

I HAVE now told you of great merchants, bankers, inventors and what not, and thinking that perhaps you might want a little change, I propose now to tell you of a great artist who was also a great woman. Her name—perhaps some of you know it—was Marie Felicita Garcia Malibran, and she was one of the greatest singers that ever lived. She was born March 24, 1808; according to some authorities at Paris, and to others at Turin. She was the daughter of Manuel Garcia, the celebrated Spanish tenor singer, by whom she was instructed so thoroughly that at the age of seventeen she made her public *debut* in London, March 25, 1826, in Rossini's opera "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and achieved an instant triumph. She sang with success at public and private concerts in different English cities, and in the autumn of that year she came to New York as prima donna of an opera company, under the direction of her father.

The next year, on March 23d, she was married to Eugene Malibran, an elderly French merchant of New York; but in little more than a year financial difficulties brought unhappiness, and the young wife left her old husband, and on September 27, 1827, she returned to Europe. On January 14, 1828, she made her first appearance in Paris, repeating her English

Church Porch, Bruges.
1511.
House at Westminster.
Poetry
Literature
Science
Philosophy
Romance
William Caxton
Morality
History
Divinity
A. K. Wray.
Ye Knyght.
Ye Commandments.
Lord Rivers presenting his Book to Edward the fourth.
BUTTERWORTH & HEATH SC.

and American successes. In 1835 the French courts pronounced her marriage with M. Malibran to be void, and on March 29, 1836, she was married to Charles de Beriot, the celebrated violinist. This marriage was a very happy one, but, alas! of short duration. A month after the marriage she fell from her horse and was severely injured; but making light of the matter, she continued to perform in opera during the summer, and in September, contrary to the advice of her physician, she appeared in England, at the Manchester Musical Festival. A nervous fever set in which soon proved fatal, and she died on September 23, 1836. A few years ago a handsome monument was erected in the cemetery at Lacken, near Brussels, over her remains, which had been removed thither from their English resting place.

Madame Malibran's voice was a mezzo-soprano of great volume and purity, and had been brought to absolute perfection by the severe training of her father. Her private character was irreproachable.

FEW WOMEN HAVE BEEN MORE BELOVED

for their amiability, generosity and professional enthusiasm. Her intellect was of high order, and the charms of her conversation fascinated all who were admitted into the circle of her intimate friends. Her benefactions amounted to such considerable sums that her friends were frequently obliged to interfere for the purpose of regulating her finances. The following is one of the many touching stories of her kindness.

In an humble room in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a faithful French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world. The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed, both air and words—for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public. "Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed his yellow curls, and, taking from a tiny box some old, stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept; and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was waiting for me?" said the madame to her servant; "I am already worn out with company." "It's only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who said if he can just see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment." "Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children." Little Pierre went in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper.

WITH MANLINESS UNUSUAL FOR A CHILD,

he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said, "I come to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought, perhaps, that if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother." The beautiful woman arose from her seat. Very tall and stately she was. She took the little roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air. "Did you compose it?" she asked; "you, a child! And the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked. "Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother." "I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the

poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune. When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so great a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted on her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless, he waited; the band—the whole band—struck up a plaintive little melody. He knew it, and clasped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching! Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief. The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, Madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London,

ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR HIS LITTLE SONG;

and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction. The memory of that prayer made the singer more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood beside her bed and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection,

MADAME MILIBRAN, THE GREAT SINGER, VISITS LITTLE PIERRE.

was little Pierre of former days, now rich, accomplished and the most talented composer of the day.

For myself, I never did hear Malibran, though I have heard all the great singers of the last twenty years: Mario, Giuglini, Tamberlik, Reeves, Campanini, Tetjiens, Ilma de Murska, Gerster, Nilsson, Materna, Foli, the Bettinis, Kellogg, Cary, Scalchi, Brignoli, Sinico, Jenny Lind and Patti, with a host of others.

I REMEMBER AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY

when I first heard Nilsson in opera. It was at the Academy of Music, New York city; and if I remember rightly, in "Faust," and so delighted was I that, on going home, I wrote the following stanza in her praise, which the curious may find in *Scribner's Monthly* for 1872 or '73 :

TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Winter has come, the birds have fled;
Their leaves the red-lipped roses shed;
But in thy crystal throat, Christine,
Perpetual summer lurks unseen;
For sleeps therein, in shine or hail,
The perfect-throated nightingale;
While on thy lips the roses lie
That live when all their sisters die.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAMOUS LITTLE MEN—GENERAL TOM THUMB.

AND now, having spoken so much about Big Men, I think it is only fair that we devote a word or two to Little Men, and it is really remarkable how many of the world's great men have been little men. Giants in body are not usually giants in mind, and the fat man or fat woman is generally the stupidest person in the circus. On the other hand, little people are usually quick, lively, full of vitality, and talent and life. Whether there is any necessary or natural connection between littleness of body and greatness of mind, or greatness of body and, if not littleness, at any rate, slowness of mind, it is impossible to say; but this we do know, that the relations of mind and body are very intimate, and their mutual and reflex influence very strong. Had not Pope been a puny little weakling, who all through life had to be padded up with stays and attended by a nurse, we should in all probability have wanted the "Dunciad" and "Essay on Man"; and had not blindness compelled John Milton to turn his eye upon

THAT INNER WORLD OF MEMORY

and imagination, from which to create a newer and a fresher and lovelier world than any visible to the physical eye, he would hardly have written the Epic of the Anglo Saxon race. It was

the lameness of Scott and Talleyrand that made the one a poet and novelist, and the other a statesman and diplomatist; and no one can doubt that the bitterness and morbid irritability caused by Byron's club-foot drove him into verse. And so, too, history is full of examples of pygmies, who, tormented by a mortifying consciousness of their physical inferiority, have been provoked thereby to show that their lack of flesh and blood has been far more than made up to them in brains. Many a Lilliputian in body, remarks Professor William Matthews, in one of his many entertaining and instructive gossips, has proved himself a Brobdingnagian in intellect. When Lord Nelson was passing over the quay at Yarmouth to take possession of the ship to which he had been appointed, the people exclaimed, "Why, make that little fellow a captain?" The sneer of disparagement was but a "foregone conclusion" in his own mind, and he thought of it when he fought the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. Had Bonaparte been six inches higher, says Hazlitt, it is doubtful whether he would have gone on that disastrous Russian expedition, or whether he would even have been First Consul or Emperor. It was the

NICKNAME OF "LITTLE CORPORAL"

that probably first pricked the sides of his ambition, and stung him into that terrible activity, which made all Europe tremble.

Nearly all the poets, and many of the greatest prose writers of ancient and modern times, have been little men. I suppose most people are familiar with the famous impromptu retort made by Dr. Watts to a lady who had twitted him on the smallness of his stature:

"Were I as tall as reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in a span,
I must be measured by my Soul—
The MIND's the standard of the Man."

One of the great poets of Athens was so small that his friends fastened lead to his sandals to prevent his being toppled over or blown away. Aristotle was a pygmy in person, though a giant

JOHN MILTON.

in intellect; and so, though in a less degree, were Æsop, De Quincey and Moore. Of Pope, I have already spoken more than once, but so important a man will bear to be spoken of often. He was so small and crooked that some wit compared him to an interrogation point, and Hazlitt asks of him, very pertinently, "Do we owe nothing to his deformity? He doubtless soliloquized, 'Though my person be crooked, my verses shall be straight.'" It was owing, doubtless, in some degree, to the fact that he could boast of but four feet and six inches in stature, that that phenomenon of the eighteenth century, the Abbé Galiani, owed the vast and solid erudition which Grimm says he joined to a luminous and profound general knowledge. Personally, says Marmontel, the Abbe was the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but upon the shoulders of that harlequin was the head of Machiavelli. Tom Moore, the Irish poet mentioned a few lines back, was so small that George IV. once threatened to clap him into a wine-cellar.

In this connection I have reserved to the last a little man with whose name all boys and girls are familiar, and whom indeed many of them must have seen, and spoken to, and possibly shaken hands with. Of course, I allude to

GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Over forty years ago a lady from Waterford, New York, who was visiting Hartford, Connecticut, told this bit of experience to her friends there:

"When I was in Bridgeport last week," she said, "I saw the finest, funniest little fellow in the world. The friends whom I was visiting wanted me to go to a children's school to see the smallest boy that ever attended any school. I went, and the schoolmistress called up 'Charlie,' when a mite of a fellow came and stood on her held-out hand and recited his letters." This little fellow was Charles Sherwood Stratton, afterwards known as General Tom Thumb, and the story gives a good idea of his size and the impression he made on people when he first came before the public. It was in November, 1842, that Mr. Barnum,

the great showman, discovered him at his home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and a few weeks later that he made his appearance in New York. "He was not two feet high," says Mr. Barnum; "he weighed less than sixteen pounds, and was the smallest child I ever saw that could walk alone. After some coaxing he was induced to talk with me, and he told me that he was the son of Sherwood E. Stratton, and that his own name was Charles S. Stratton. After seeing him and talking with him I at once determined to secure his services from his parents, and exhibit him in public."

Hereupon, however, occurred a difficulty. The child was very small, it was true, being not much higher than a man's knee. But then he was only five years old, and if that were known people might refuse to believe that he was a dwarf. Accordingly, when he was advertised in New York, six years had been added to his age, several inches subtracted from his height, and the place of his birth changed from Bridgeport to England. Here is the announcement that appeared in the *Courier and Enquirer* of December 17, 1842: "General Tom Thumb was born in Lancashire, England, and arrived in this country in the steamer *Columbia* a short time since. He is eleven years of age, weighs fifteen pounds two ounces, and is exactly twenty-two inches high. Beyond all question he is the greatest dwarf of whom we have any account, being smaller than Sir Jeffrey Hudson, who was accidentally sewed up in a pie to the amusement of his friends, and alongside of whom Major Stevens declares himself to be a giant. Of a verity, he is the greatest curiosity we have ever seen. . . . No description can possibly enable the reader to form any idea of the diminutiveness of this little gentleman. . . . We shrewdly suspect that his cane is no more or less than

THE HANDLE OF A STEEL PEN

with a button on the larger end of it."

The General at once made a great sensation. People who are middle-aged now recollect with what delight they went to his

entertainments when children, listened to his songs, enjoyed his quick wit, and admired the presents he received. For a year he charmed the children and interested the grown people of New York, and then Mr. Barnum determined to take him to England. Here his success was even greater than at home. A house was hired in one of the fashionable neighborhoods, cards were sent out to the nobility, in a few days elegant carriages blocked the street in front of the door, while crowds of distinguished people thronged the drawing-rooms for a glimpse of the little General, and finally he was summoned to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria.

An older person might have been frightened by the importance of the occasion and the elegance of the company, but the General was only a child, and was too used to crowds by this time to show any shyness or fear. He talked to the Queen as if she were his mother, and delighted all the royal household by his bright manner and clever speech. Her Majesty presented him with a beautiful gold watch and chain, and other gifts were made to him by the different members of the family. When it became known that he had visited court the interest of the public increased. Entertaining stories were everywhere told of his cleverness and wit. On one occasion, it was related, the Duke of Wellington came into the hall while the General was representing the character of Napoleon Bonaparte. Walking up to the platform, the old Duke pleasantly inquired:

"What are you thinking of, General?"

The little fellow, who had been pacing up and down the stage, lost in thought, looked up from underneath his cocked hat and recognized the Duke.

"I was thinking," he said quickly, "of the loss of Waterloo."

One can get a good idea of the excitement that prevailed by reading what was said at the time. Haydon, an artist who was exhibiting his pictures in the same building, and to whose exhibition no one went, tells us that in one week twelve thou-

WALTER SCOTT.

sand persons paid to see Tom Thumb, while only one hundred and thirty-three and one half went to see his show. So great was the enthusiasm over the little General, that he is said to have made half a million of dollars out of his two years' European tour.

In 1863 Tom Thumb's public career reached its highest point in his marriage to Lavinia Warren Bump. This young lady, who was also a dwarf, had been discovered by Mr. Barnum the year previous at her home in Middleborough, Massachusetts, and placed on exhibition at the Museum in New York. She was then about twenty-two years old, and quite attractive in her personal appearance. Crowds flocked to the Museum to see her, and the excitement rivaled that caused by Tom Thumb twenty years before. The General himself became interested, and not unnaturally formed the idea of making her his wife. Happily Miss Warren, as she was called, listened favorably to his suit, and in a short time the little couple had become engaged. Their wedding was arranged by Mr. Barnum on a scale of great splendor, and many who are yet young remember the sensation which it caused. New York had fewer sensations then than now, and

THE MARRIAGE OF GENERAL TOM THUMB

was quite a wonderful event. On the tenth of February, 1863, the ceremony was performed at Grace Church, New York. A large and fashionable company was present, no one being admitted who had not a card of invitation; it is said, indeed, that as much as fifty dollars was bid for a ticket, of which, however, none were sold. The best man was the rival dwarf, Commodore Nutt, and the bridesmaid, Miss Minnie Warren, Lavinia's sister. After the wedding a reception was held at the Metropolitan Hotel, and the little couple went off on their bridal tour. On the fifteenth of July, 1883, Tom Thumb suddenly died. He had grown since he was first exhibited to be forty inches in height, and at the time of his death weighed about seventy pounds.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD—BE HONEST—BE AMBITIOUS—BE RESOLUTE—MASTER YOUR BUSINESS.

HAVING now told you something of men who got on well in the world, you will naturally ask, How did they get on? how can I get on? and this is precisely the question; for these two questions make practically one, which I now propose to answer. And first of all I would say, be honest, be truthful, be sincere. On this corner-stone of honesty, truthfulness or sincerity—for they mean the same thing—is built the character of a gentleman. Show me the boy who will not tell a lie, and I don't care what his faults may be, I am ready to stake my all on that boy's success in life. Charity, they say, covers a multitude of sins; but even charity does not cover a tenth part of the area of shortcomings and faults that absolute honesty does. A boy may be slow, even stupid; many of the greatest men—Scott and Goldsmith, for example—were

SLOW, AND EVEN STUPID BOYS;

and his employer will forgive him. He may be careless, flighty, too fond of play, too little inclined to work; his temper may be quick, his health bad; he may have a hundred weaknesses or faults, and yet, seeing he is but a boy, all will be overlooked by a wise parent or employer. But let him be untruthful; let him be dishonest, and what then? For, practically, untruthfulness

and dishonesty are the same thing. There is little difference in degree, and none in kind between a thief and a liar—a theft, indeed, being merely a lie in action. And how honesty is prized and respected by every one! Who would not like to be able to say with Thackeray, in the words which

HE MAKES HIS OLD GOLD PEN SAY—

the pen with which he had written much of his best work:

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

And so, in every walk of life, business, literature and art. No poem, no painting, no work of fiction, no system of philosophy, was ever known that was not based on sincerity, on honesty. "Look into thine own heart, and write!" said Sir Philip Sidney, and the greatest writers ever since, from him to our own Longfellow, have been also the most sincere. The fame of the warrior, the statesman, the inventor, the orator, the explorer—*that* is something we should all like to have; but for my own part, I can think of no nobler, no grander epitaph a man could desire to have inscribed upon his tombstone than this:

"HE NEVER TOLD A LIE."

And, though, as has been pointed out in the introduction, honesty is not *always* the best policy (from a merely worldly point of view), it generally turns out to be so in the long run, and, like virtue, is its own reward. Some years ago, the directors of the Bank of England received an anonymous letter, stating that the writer had

MEANS OF ACCESS TO THEIR BULLION ROOM,

the room in which the gold was stored. They treated the communication as a hoax, and took no notice of it. Another and more urgent and specific letter failed to rouse them. At length the writer offered to meet them in their bullion room at any hour they might please to name. This startled them. They communicated with their correspondent through the channel he had indicated, appointing the hour of midnight for the rendezvous.

Thomas A. Edison.
The Phonograph
Motograph Receiving and Transmitting Telephone.
Kinetescope and Phonograph.
Edison Laboratory at Orange N.J.
Edison's Phonoplex System of Telegraphy

A deputation of the board, lantern in hand, repaired to the place, locked themselves in, and awaited the arrival of the mysterious correspondent. Punctual to the hour a noise was heard below. Some boards in the floor were without much trouble displaced, and in a few minutes the Guy Fawkes of the bank stood in the presence of the astonished directors. His story was straightforward and simple. In the course of his labors as one of the sewer-cleaners for the city, he had discovered an old drain that ran right under the bullion room, by means of which he could have abstracted large sums of money. Inquiry was made; the facts were proven ; no money had been abstracted, and the gratified and relieved directors rewarded the poor man's honesty with

A PRESENT OF FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS,

and what, to him, must have been a handsome annuity for the rest of his life.

But not only must you be honest in what you say and do, but as to how you dress and live. Never dress, or give yourself airs above your station in life. It will impose upon no one, for although you may be successful at first, detection and shame are sure to result in the long run. If you are a jackadaw *be* a jackdaw, and

DON'T STRUT ABOUT IN BORROWED PLUMAGE.

The moment you speak your voice will betray you. One of the great curses of modern society is the desperate effort so many prople make to "keep up appearances." In this country it is not quite so bad as in European communities where the spirit of caste predominates, but even here, particularly in our large cities, much happiness and solid comfort are sacrificed to this vulgar ambition to make a brave show. It is not the clothes that makes the man; nor the money that is in the pocket; it is what is in the man himself. Yet I have known of the happiness of a household being wrecked through a seal-skin sacque, or a horse and buggy. And what is this insane keeping up of appearances but rank dishonesty ? The boy or girl, the man or woman, who

tries to appear to be other than he or she really is, is simply a sham.

There is, remarks a popular writer, a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We must be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar, outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to put us; but must needs live in some fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and to gratify the vanity of

THAT UNSUBSTANTIAL GENTEEL WORLD

of which we form a part. There is a constant pressure and struggle for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, I need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the

DESPERATE DASHES AT FORTUNE,

in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

Boys, never be ashamed of your trade. If you are a barber call yourself a barber, and not a "tonsorial artist;" if a tailor, call yourself a tailor, and not a "fashionable costumer." It was a good trait in that quaint old quaker, Isaac T. Hopper, that he was not ashamed of the shop. It is related of him, by his biographer, that one day, while he was visiting a wealthy family in Dublin, during his sojourn abroad, a note was handed to him, inviting him to dine the next day. When he read it aloud, his host remarked: "Those people are very respectable, but they are not of the first circle. They belong to our church,

but not exactly to our 'set.' Their father was a mechanic." "Well, *I'm* a mechanic myself," said Isaac; "perhaps if thou hadst known that fact thou wouldst not have invited me!" "Is it possible," responded his host, "that a man of your information and appearance can be a mechanic?" "I followed the business of a tailor for many years," rejoined his guest;

"LOOK AT MY HANDS.

Dost thou not see the mark of the shears? Some of the mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors. When I lived there, I often walked the streets with the chief justice. It never occurred to me that it was any honor, and I don't think it did to him."

But honesty of itself is not sufficient. It goes a long way, but not *all* the way, as witness the thousands and thousands of honest men who die poor, if not almost in destitution. A boy must also have ambition. It is the easiest thing in the world to be poor. Content may or may not be a virtue, and even at its best it is only a second-rate virtue after all. No really great man ever *was* contented this side heaven; and even in heaven it is difficult to think how there can be heaven without development, without progress. Therefore a wholesome ambition is

A GOOD THING TO HAVE AND CHERISH.

The higher the aim, the nobler the execution; better perish as Franklin than eke out an inglorous existence as Jones. What says the late Lord Lytton?

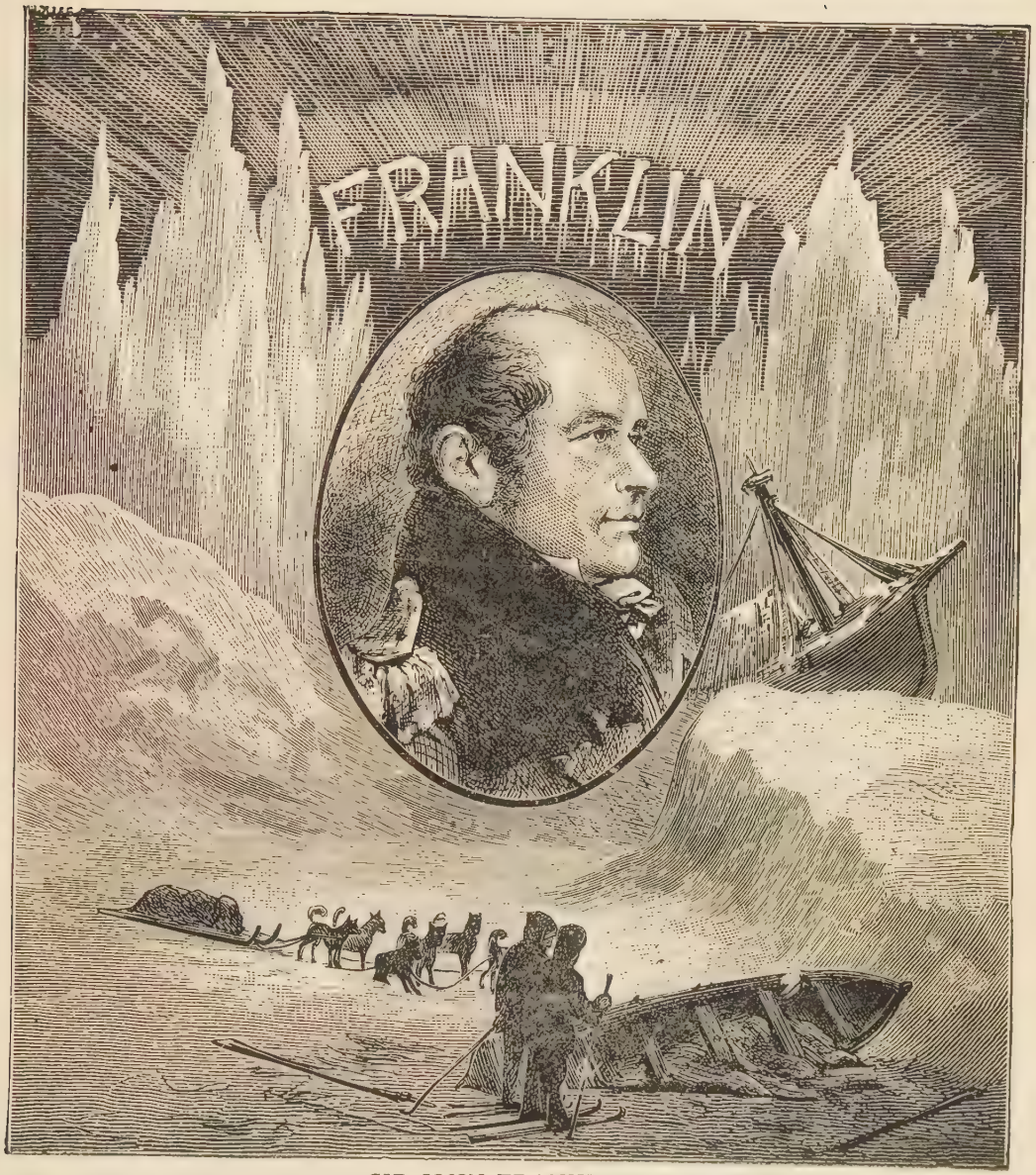
"The athlete nurtured for the Olympian Games,
Gains strength at least for life.

And so with all of us. No matter though we fail to secure all at once, or at any time, the object of our ambition. The mere attempt is an education in itself, and the exertion put forth will but strengthen us for another and perhaps triumphant effort.

But ambition will be worse than useless unless backed by will-power.

BE RESOLUTE.

Will-power, remarks a popular essayist, has many names, but the thing itself is always the same. It may be called "grit,"



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

or "pluck," or "determination," or "stubbornness," it matters not; its power is the same, and if well directed, will accomplish more than talent or even genius without it. A person of very ordinary ability is sure to achieve success if possessed of will-power enough to drive him on to overcome obstacles and surmount difficulties; while it is just as true that a mind of unusual strength, gifted with great talents or even genius, is sure to fail if it lack energy to *do* and dare. There is not a boy in the land who cannot win an honorable place in the world if he have the pluck to make up his mind that he will sacrifice everything to accomplish his purpose. Lord Beaconsfield, England's great Prime Minister, said that he started out in life determined to win that position before he died. With Jewish blood in his veins, and everything against him, he made up his mind that

ALL THE WORLD SHOULD KNOW

and honor him before he died, and he succeeded. Although his race was generally regarded with suspicion and disfavor, he never denied his kinship to it, and, keeping the one object before his mind, died Lord Beaconsfield, after having twice attained the Premiership and made his Queen an empress. When discouraged he remembered how Joseph, four thousand years before, rose from the position of slave to be the Prime Minister of the Pharaohs, and two thousand years later, another of his blood filled the same position to the King of Persia.

"What has been done, can be done again," he said. "I am not a slave, I am not a captive, and by energy I can overcome greater obstacles." The result proved how truly his words were prophetic, because prompted by the spirit within which felt its power. Let every boy resolve at once that the world shall feel his power before he dies. There never was a time when boys had so many opportunities as now. If they work all day

THEY STILL HAVE A GOOD CHANCE

to study in the evening, and soon obtain an education that will raise them above their present surroundings and open new doors to them.

One of Chicago's most prominent lawyers tells of a time when he wandered over the farm in Tennessee, a barefoot boy. Circumstances shut him in like a prison. An orphan, and poor, he looked at the mountains around as a wall over which there was no possibility of escape. The more he felt shut in, the stronger grew the longing to be a man and see the world. Every bit of paper, every book became a teacher to him, and at last came a chance to go to school. Already he dreamed of what lay beyond his native town, and after a few years he found the stepping stones by which

HE CLIMBED INTO THE GREAT WORLD.

At every step of progress he found new obstacles to be overcome, but the same spirit of determination helped him, until to-day he stands high in his profession, and an honor to our land. Was he the only Tennessee boy in that place, or at that time, who wandered barefoot among his mates, filled with indescribable longing for a sight of the great world, and dreams of what it contained? Where are the rest, and why have their dreams been unrealized? Only because they lacked will-power. Joseph was a dreamer, but he lives to-day in history because he had pluck to make the most of every circumstance and use it for wise ends; and so with Andrew Jackson, and Abraham Lincoln, and James A. Garfield, and most of the men whose careers make illustrious American history. Such dreamers are not idle visionaries. Time, money, talents, all are nothing

IF THE ENGINE IS LACKING

to drive them to execute according to their ability. Among our statesmen, our scientists and our thinkers, we find the majority that have won distinction have done so in the face of poverty, ignorance and adverse circumstances; and the reason is plain. Life is so full of hindrances and obstacles, that they only who can overcome the greater will succeed. All others fall out of the ranks and are lost to the world forever.

Will-power is to be cultivated. It can be strengthened, like the memory, by unceasing practice, and when persons find

they are weak in will, or too easily coaxed or persuaded against their conscientious resolves, they must brace themselves by learning how to say *no, firmly* but kindly. Half the battle of life is won by the person who has learned to say *No!* Occasionally we meet persons with too much of this force, and we call them disagreeable and stubborn, but once direct in right channels, we have men that move the world.

MASTER YOUR BUSINESS.

The neighbors of the Philadelphia millionaire, Stephen Girard, attributed his success largely to luck. They called him "the lucky man," and many of them thought they could do as well as he, if they only had his luck. But the great volumes of his letters and papers, preserved in a room of the Girard College, show that his success in business was not due, in any degree whatever, to good fortune. Let a money-making generation take note, that Girard principles inevitably produce Girard results. The grand,

THE FUNDAMENTAL SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS,

as of all success, was that he *understood his business—he had mastered it.* He had a personal, familiar knowledge of the ports with which he traded, the commodities in which he dealt, the vehicles in which they were carried, the dangers to which they were liable, and the various kinds of men through whom he acted. He observed everything, and forgot nothing. He had done everything himself which he had occasion to require others to do. His directions to his captains and supercargoes, full, minute, exact, peremptory, show the hand of a master. Every possible contingency was foreseen and provided for; and he demanded the most literal obedience to the maxim, "Obey orders, though you break owners." He would dismiss a captain from his service forever, if he saved the whole profits of a voyage by departing in any way from his instructions. He did so on one occasion.

Doubtless among my young readers there are some who have formed the resolution to get on in the world and become rich.

WILLIAM PENN.

I advise all such to observe how young John Jacob Astor went about it.

MARK THE SECRET.

It was not plodding merely, though no man ever labored more steadily than he. Nor was it merely his strict observance of the rules of temperance and morality, though that is essential to any worthy success. The great secret of Astor's early, rapid and uniform success in business appears to have been that he acted always upon the maxim that

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

He labored unceasingly to *learn his business*, whatever that business might be. Thus, when serving his first employer, Mr. Bowne, a fur merchant, he put his whole soul into the work of getting a knowledge of furs, fur-bearing animals, fur-dealers, fur-markets, fur-gathering Indians, fur-abounding countries. In those days a considerable number of bear skins and beaver skins were brought directly to Bowne's store by

THE INDIANS AND COUNTRYMEN

of the vicinity, who had shot or trapped the animals. These men Astor questioned, and neglected no other opportunity of procuring the information he desired. It used to be observed of Astor that he absolutely loved a fine skin. In later days he would have a superior fur hung up in his counting-room as other men hang pictures; and this, apparently, for the mere pleasure of feeling, showing, and admiring it. He would pass his hand fondly over it, extolling its charms with an approach to enthusiasm; not, however, forgetting to mention that in Canton it would bring him in five hundred dollars—so heartily did he throw himself into his business.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED. BE PUNCTUAL—BE THRIFTY—STORY OF BARNUM.

BOYS, be punctual. Punctuality is the soul of industry, as much as brevity is of wit. Over how many a wasted life and lost hereafter could not the awful words "Too Late" be written:

"Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!"

In the household, as in the larger affairs of business and out-door life, punctuality is indispensable. How many domestic misunderstandings, how many grumblings would be avoided in innumerable homes, if this virtue were only more cultivated and prized! Late breakfasts, making the anxious man of business late in reaching the counting-house, and putting him into an ill-temper for the rest of the day; late dinners—when the worn-out husband returns at the close of his day's work hungry and tired; "too late" for train, for church, for market; "cleanings" out of time, and "washings" carried on till midnight; bills put off with a

"CALL AGAIN TO-MORROW;"

engagements and promises unfulfilled—what a host of little nuisances spring to mind at thought of the unpunctual housewife! Only think of that, my girls; and you, my boys, remember how easily one loses confidence in the unpunctual man of business; and strive to cultivate a virtue which can be very easily acquired,

and once acquired, becomes a second nature, never to be lost. Punctuality, it should be remembered, is not a mere matter of courtesy; it is a point of conscience. To break an engagement or fail to keep it, is equivalent to breaking one's word. John Quincy Adams, who filled a greater number of important offices, political and civil, than has an other American, was pre-eminently punctual. He was an economist of moments, and was never known to be behind time. So great was his reputation in this respect that when in his old age he was a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and a gentleman observed that it was time to call the House to order, another replied, "No, Mr. Adams is not in his seat." The clock, it was found, was actually three minutes too fast; and, before the three minutes had elapsed, Mr. Adams was at his post.

The story goes that Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander who, in the American Revolution was routed and taken prisoner at Trenton,

LOST THE BATTLE THROUGH PROCRASTINATION.

Engrossed in a game at cards, he postponed the reading of a letter which reached him, informing him that Washington was about to cross the Delaware, and thus lost the opportunity of thwarting the design of the American general. Washington, on the other hand, was so rigidly punctual, that when Hamilton, his secretary, pleaded a slow watch as an excuse for being five minutes late, he replied: "Then, sir, either you must get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary."

Sir Walter Scott's punctuality was also proverbial. He made it a rule to answer every letter on the day of its receipt, except where inquiry or deliberation was needed. He rose every morning at five o'clock and lit his own fire. He then shaved and dressed, and by six o'clock was seated at his desk, with his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, his works of reference marshaled round him on the floor, and at least one favorite dog watching his eye, outside the line of books. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and

GEORGE WASHINGTON

ten, he had done enough—to use his own words—to break the back of a day's work.

"Punctuality," said Louis XIV., "is the politeness of kings." It is the duty of gentlemen, and the necessity of men of business. Nothing sooner begets confidence in a man than the practice of this virtue, and nothing sooner shakes confidence in him than the want of it. If a man is not up to time, we conclude that he does not respect us; and if he is careless of his time he is probably careless of his business, and, therefore, not a man to be trusted.

BE THRIFTY.—If boys and girls only realized the life-long misery which that man entails on himself who runs into debt, they would shrink from it as from the deadliest poison. Many a brilliant genius, many a promising life, has been crushed utterly out by this terrible monster.

DEBT IS LIKE THE "OLD MAN OF THE SEA"

in Sinbad's travels: once let it clutch you round the neck, and you will find it next to impossible to shake it off. And then think of how the consciousness of being in debt demoralizes the whole man; to what petty shifts it drives him: to what meannesses: to what lies! By and by he starts at every knock: he dreads the postman's call: he is ashamed to go abroad: he slinks, like poor Sawyer, down lanes and by-streets. He is degraded in others' eyes as well as in his own. He grows morose, irritable, crabbed. His wife and family suffer. Home becomes hell. He takes to drink, and after that—you can fill up the rest of the picture for yourselves.

How then, do you ask, can one keep out of debt? Live within your means. Every one can do that if he only will. You remember poor Micawber, Wilkins Micawber, Esquire, in Dickens' "David Copperfield," and the many ingenious dodges, green spectacles and other disguises included, to which he was driven to baffle his creditors? And yet poor Micawber was a philosopher in his way, a sound political economist, and knew

exactly how to keep out of debt. You remember his parting advice to little David?

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen six; result—happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six; result—misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and in short you are forever floored. As I am!"

The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood; almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course, debt following debt, as lie does lie. Haydon, the painter, dated his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money. He realized the truth of the proverb:

"Who goes a-borrowing,
Goes a-sorrowing."

The significant entry in his diary is: "Here began debt and obligation, out of which I have never been and never shall be extricated as long as I live. His autobiography shows but too painfully how embarrassment in money matters produces poignant distress of mind, utter incapacity for work, and constantly recurring humiliations. The written advice which he gave to a youth when entering the navy was as follows: "Never purchase any enjoyment if it cannot be procured without borrowing of others."

"NEVER BORROW MONEY;

it is degrading. I do not say never lend, but never lend if by lending you render yourself unable to pay what you owe; but, under any circumstances, never borrow." It was debt, incurred through the fault of others, that drove Scott to work so hard as to induce premature decay, and, besides precipitating poor Hood's end, compelled him to fritter away his magnificent genius in trivial burlesque and pun. Debt demoralized Daniel Webster, and Theodore Hook, and Sheridan, and Fox, and Pitt. The Cardinal De Retz preferred confinement in the Castle of

Vincennes to being dunned by creditors; Mirabeau's life was made wretched by duns, in order to escape whom he was glad for his father to obtain a *lettre de cachet*, and have him imprisoned; and the brilliant and witty author of "School for Scandal," the eloquent arraigner of Warren Hastings, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, died in literal destitution, in the custody of sheriffs' officers, who abstained from conveying him to prison merely because they were assured that to remove him would cause his immediate death. Indeed, if I remember rightly, one particularly importunate creditor arrested his dead body, and, but for the intervention of some noble mourners who paid the debt, the funeral would have been indefinitely delayed.

The great and wise Dr. Johnson, author of the first really good English dictionary, held that early debt is ruin. "Do not," said he, and I wish all my readers to weigh the words carefully, "accustom yourself to consider debt as only an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. . . . Let it be your first care, then, not to be in any man's debt"; to which I would add, nor any woman's, especially your wife's.

"RESOLVE NOT TO BE POOR.

Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare."

Finally, boys, bear in mind that no matter how large your income may be, let it run into the millions, you are still but a poor man, a beggar if you exceed it. And now, by way of a pleasant wind-up, let me show you what thrift can do:

In 1841, says Mr. Barnum, I purchased the American Museum in New York, without a dollar, for I was not worth a dollar in

BE THRIFTY—"THE MILL WILL NEVER GRIND WITH THE WATER THAT HAS PAST "

the world. But I was never disheartened. I always felt that I could make money fast enough, if I only set my mind to it. I remember meeting a friend in Broadway a few weeks before I came in possession of the Museum.

"Well," said I, "Mr. A., I am going to buy the American Museum."

"*Buy it!*" said he, for he knew I had no property. "What do you intend buying it with?"

"Brass," I replied, "for 'silver and gold have I none.'"

It was even so. Everybody who has any connection with theatrical, circus, or exhibition business, from Edmund Simpson, manager of the old Park Theater, or William Niblo, down to the most humble puppet-show man of the day, knew me perfectly well. Mr. Francis Olmstead, the owner of the Museum building, a noble, whole-souled man as one often meets with, having consulted my references, who all concurred in telling him that I was "a good showman, and would do as I agreed," accepted my proposition to give security for me in the purchase of the Museum collection, he appointing a money-taker at the door, and crediting me, toward the purchase, with all the money received, after paying expenses, allowing me fifty dollars per month on which to support my family, consisting of a wife and three children.

This was my own proposition, as I was determined so to live that six hundred dollars per annum should defray all the expenses of my family, until I had paid for the Museum; and

MY TREASURE OF A WIFE

(for such a wife *is* a "treasure") gladly assented to the arrangement, and expressed her willingness to cut the expenses down to four hundred dollars per annum if necessary.

One day, some six months after I had purchased the Museum, my friend, Mr. Olmstead, happened in at my ticket office, at about twelve o'clock, and found me alone, eating my dinner, which consisted of a few slices of corned beef and bread that I had brought from home in the morning.

"Is this the way you eat your dinner?" he inquired.

"I have not eaten a warm dinner since I bought the Museum, except on the sabbath," I replied, "and I intend never to eat another until I get out of debt."

"Ah! you are safe, and will pay for the Museum before the year is out," he replied, slapping me familiarly on the shoulders; and he was right, for in less than a year from that period I was in full possession of the Museum, as my own property, every cent paid out of the profits of the establishment.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD, CONTINUED—BE SELF-RELIANT—BE METHODICAL—JAY GOULD'S METHOD—BE POLITE.

YOU know the old proverb, "God helps those who help themselves"? And so he does. The man who goes through life relying on others; who, like Micawber, instead of resolutely putting his shoulder to the wheel, waits for something to "turn up," will die poor, unrespected and unwept. The fable of the labors of Hercules is the type of all human doing and success. Every youth should be made to feel that his happiness and well-doing in life must necessarily depend mainly on himself, and the exercise of his own energies, rather than upon the help and patronage of others. And this is one reason why so few boys who are born, as the common saying has it, with a silver spoon in their mouth, ever achieve greatness. Inheriting fortunes, they did nothing to acquire, they lack the severe discipline of life, out of which *men* are made. The late Lord Melbourne embodied a piece of useful advice in a letter which he wrote to Lord John Russell, in reply to an application for a provision for one of the sons of the poet Moore: "My dear John," he wrote, "I return you Moore's letter. I shall be ready to do what you like about it when we have the means. I think whatever is done should be done for Moore himself. This is more distinct, direct and intelligible. Making a small provision for

CHARLES DICKENS

young men is hardly justifiable, and it is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is, and they make no exertion. The young should never hear any language but this: 'You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.' Believe me, etc.—Melbourne." Therefore, my dear boys and girls, be self-reliant. All the great men in history were self-reliant, and perhaps the most illustrious example I can call to mind at this writing is John Milton, the blind author of "Paradise Lost."

On the occasion of a familiar interview one day, between Sir Thomas Buxton and Rothschild, the latter said: "My success has always turned upon one maxim. I said, *I* can do what *another* man can, and so I am a match for all the rest of 'em. Another advantage I had—I was always

AN OFF-HAND MAN;

I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London the East India Company had eight hundred thousand pounds in gold to sell. I went to the sale and bought the whole of it. I knew the Duke of Wellington *must* have it. I had bought a great many bills of his at a discount. The Government sent for me and said they must have it. When they had got it they didn't know how to get it to Portugal, where they wanted it. I undertook all that, and sent it through France, and that was the best business I ever did in my life.

"It requires," continued Rothschild, "a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I should listen to one half the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon.

"One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man. He tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So when I go out, I hear first, 'grunt, grunt,' then 'squeak, squeak.' But this does me no harm. I am always in good humor. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a

guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, he runs away as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes—it is very amusing."

BE METHODICAL—

methodical in everything; in your habits, life, reading, writing. I don't mean that you should carry method to the ridiculous excess recommended in such stupendously stupid books as Todd's "Student's Manual," but as methodical as is consistent with a reasonable freedom and elasticity of life. Most of you have doubtless studied, or are studyding, composition, and perhaps rhetoric; and many chapters would hardly suffice to contain the titles of all the manuals, textbooks and treatises written on the subject. Now let me give you a little bit of advice. I myself have taught rhetoric for many years, and the conviction I have arrived at after all my labors is, that textbooks and rules are next to valueless. He who would acquire the art of writing well, must have ever these four golden rules before him:

1. Write often.
2. Have all you write carefully revised by some competent person.
3. Study the best authors.
4. *Write methodically.*

Most boys and girls, when assigned some subject to write about, sit down without any preparation, and dash into ink right away. Down goes the first thought that comes into their head; *that* suggests another, and the whole thing is left to accident. The result is a poor, scattered, jejune composition, without form or aim, which makes no distinct impression on the reader. Instead of this, you should always think out your subject carefully beforehand. Jot down the various leading thoughts that suggest themselves. Then arrange them in logical and rhetorical order, beginning with the weakest and most general and advancing by degrees to the strongest and most specific, so as to insure a climax, and having done all that, then, but not till

then, sit down and write. And so with reading. Miscellaneous reading is, of course, better than none; but 'topical' reading is better than any. By 'topical' reading I mean this: select some subject in which you are particularly interested, and make that the basis of your reading, so that while for variety's sake you occasionally wander into other fields of thought, the staple of your studies day after day is this one particular subject. In this way you will acquire definite, fixed principles and exact, suggestive knowledge; whereas, if, butterfly-like, you roam from magazine to magazine, history to art, science to fiction, and so on, your ideas will be nebulous and your knowledge unsatisfactory and inexact. Further, scattered habits of reading necessarily lead to scattered habits of thought, and in the long run make continuous mental exertion next to impossible. And so in actual life

METHOD IS ALL-ESSENTIAL.

Look at Jay Gould; the enormous amount of business which he has to get through every day. What is the secret of its successful accomplishment? Method. Here is what a reliable correspondent says of the great railway king's manner of getting through business:

"No man has more enemies on Wall street than Jay Gould, and there is no telling what shape their enmity may assume. Scores, and even hundreds, of ruined speculators ascribe their misfortunes to him, and many of these are only waiting a suitable opportunity of revenge. Gould seems to be conscious of this, and therefore keeps concealed as much as possible. He is, indeed, the hidden power of Wall street. He rarely leaves his office, and no one can obtain admittance until a series of statements has been made. A card is placed in the visitor's hands, on which is printed as follows: 'State name,' 'State residence,' 'State business.' These being printed one above the other, with broad blanks to be filled out, have a rather forbidding appearance, and many who wish to see Gould are deterred at the very outset. When the card is sent in, the

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

chances are much against an interview. There are not more than a score of persons whom Gould wants to see. Gould reaches his office with a perfected scheme of operation. He is not obliged to look at the morning papers for stock reports, as these have been read from the 'ticker' as they take place, and if he should be at his house they are sent up by telegraph. Before he goes to bed, Gould has a complete idea of all that has been done in Wall street, and he awakens in the morning with a clear and decisive system for the day's work. It is this anticipation of the future which gives him such advantage over other operators. As soon as he is seated at his desk, Morosini brings in the telegrams, and also all newspaper articles that have a financial importance. This is all Gould wants to know. He cares nothing for politics, or other public matters, except as they may bear upon his interests. It will take from one to two hours to reply to dispatches and to telegraph orders, and as Gould controls nearly

FIVE THOUSAND MILES OF RAILROAD TRACK,

this is no small task. While sitting in his office, he may be conferring with men in St. Louis, Chicago and San Francisco, almost at the same time. Then the stock exchange 'ticker' begins its reports, and a half dozen brokers are kept under telegraphic orders. By this time business calls are made. Each man whose card is approved has a brief space given him. In this manner Gould does a tremendous amount of business in a short time. He seems always self-possessed, and generally holds the vantage ground, but even when cornered he concedes in a handsome manner what might be demanded under a legal process. No man can be in Gould's presence five minutes without feeling his power. His eyes have a penetration which seems to reach the hidden depths of thought. Those eyes, indeed, are a curiosity—so black, so piercing, and so sullen. They at once proclaim the selfish power of a relentless autocrat, whose motto has invariably been, 'rule or ruin.'"

"Method," said the Rev. Richard Cecil, "is like packing

things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Cecil's despatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time"; and he never left a thing undone with a view to recurring to it at a period of more leisure. When business pressed, he rather chose to encroach on his hours of meal and rest than omit any part of his work. DeWitt's maxim was like Cecil's:

"ONE THING AT A TIME."

"If," said he, "I have any necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else till they are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself wholly up to them till they are set in order."

There is no fallacy more untrue, I had almost said pernicious, than the common one which associates genius and want of method. Without going back to Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, Scott, Moore and Southey, take recent and contemporary authors. Half the great success acquired in many different departments by the late Lord Lytton was due to his inflexibly methodical habits. Dickens was as precise in his methods of writing and editing as the most rigid official martinet; and so were Trollope, and Bryant, and Longfellow, and Emerson, and George Eliot, and Charles Reade; and so are Mr. William Black, and Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, and Mr. R. H. Stoddard, and Mr. Prescott, and Mr. Bancroft. Finally,

BE POLITE.

Our life, as I have already reminded you, is made up of little things. This being so, let us not despise little acts of kindness, the preference of others to ourselves, and the seeking to make others happy. In these more than in outward acts of ceremony does true politeness consist. Sir Philip Sydney showed us this, when, as he lay dying on the battle-field, he sent away the cup of water untasted to a soldier lying near, with the words, "This man's necessity is greater than mine." Sometimes one sees a boy who seems to fancy that to be polite is beneath him; that manners

may be all very well for girls, but are not meant for his noble self. But let all such remember that politeness is necessary to

TRUE MANLINESS

and nobility of character. Sometimes, too, one sees young people who behave with great propriety in company, but are sadly rude and overbearing at home. Now good manners are of little use if only exhibited on show day. There is no truth in them then. They are shams. Those who so behave play the hypocrite. Do let us be genuine and thorough. After all, a mere surface goodness rarely deceives. True politeness pays. So said an officer who during a hot engagement bowed his thanks to a friend, and so escaped death from a cannon-ball, which decapitated the man behind him.

J. Q. Adams

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD, CONTINUED—MIND DETAILS—BE HOPEFUL—NEVER BE TOO SURE.

BE attentive to details. Of this I have incidentally treated when speaking of little things, and need not say much more about it. The great Duke of Wellington owed much of his success to his extraordinary mastery of the minutest details; and Mr. Gladstone, England's Prime Minister, and of all her many Chancellors of the Exchequer, the greatest, would never have achieved his present position and name but for his extraordinary powers of application and faculty of mastering details. Washington was as particular as Wellington in matters of detail, and it is a remarkable fact that he did not disdain to scrutinize the smallest outgoings of his household—determined as he was to live honestly within his means—even when holding the high office of President of the American Union. So, too, with Napoleon. Though many of his days were occupied by inspections of his troops—in the course of which he sometimes rode from thirty to forty leagues a day—and by reviews, receptions and affairs of state, leaving but little time for business matters, he neglected nothing on that account, but devoted the greater part of his nights, when necessary, to examining budgets, dictating dispatches, and attending to the thousand and one matters of detail in the organization

and working of the imperial government, the machinery of which was, for the most part, concentrated in his own head.

An eminent English millionaire, who rose, as most of that class have, from obscurity, says that the first money he recollects possessing was gained in the following manner: "I went," he says, "to school a distance of three miles. One day, on my way, I picked up a horse-shoe, carried it about three miles, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny.

THAT WAS THE FIRST PENNY I RECOLLECT POSSESSING,

and I kept it for some time. A few weeks after, the same man called my attention to a boy who was carrying off some dirt opposite his door, and offered, if I would beat the boy, who was somewhat bigger than myself, to give me a penny. I did so. He made a mark upon the penny, and promised that if I would bring it to him that day fortnight, he would give me another. I took it to him at the appointed time, when he at once fulfilled his promise, and I thus became possessed of three pence, since which I have never been without money, except when I gave it all away." It is hard to tell what point involves the most difficulty, the art of first obtaining a little "nest egg," or the use and management of it when once possessed. Even after his head was white with the frosts of nearly four-score years, Girard gave the minutest attention to the most trivial thing that could affect his fortune.

BE HOPEFUL.

Nothing, remarks Mr. Smiles, can compensate for the loss of hope in a man; it entirely changes the character. "How can I work, how can I be happy," said a great but miserable thinker, "when I have lost all hope?" One of the most cheerful and courageous, because one of the most hopeful, of workers was Carey, the missionary, of whom I told you in Chapters XXVI and XXVII. When in India, it was no uncommon thing for him to weary out in one day, three pundits who officiated as his clerks, he himself taking rest only in change of employment. Carey, as you will remember, was supported in his labors by

Ward, the son of a carpenter, and Marshman, the son of a weaver, and by their labors a magnificent college was erected at Serampore, sixteen flourishing stations were established, the Bible was translated into sixteen languages, and the seeds were sown of a beneficent moral revolution in British India.

AN EMINENTLY CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE

has been told of Carey's perseverance as a boy. When climbing a tree, one day, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg by the fall. He was confined to his bed for weeks, but when he recovered, and was able to walk without support, the very first thing he did was to go and climb that tree. Carey had need of this sort of dauntless courage for the great missionary work of his life, and nobly and resolutely he did it. It is not ease, but effort; not facility, but difficulty, that makes men. There is, perhaps, no station in life in which difficulties have not to be overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved. These difficulties are, however, our best instructors, as our mistakes often form our best experience. Charles James Fox was accustomed to say that he hoped more from a man who failed, and yet went on in spite of his failure, than from the buoyant career of the successful. "It is all very well," said he, "to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has *not* succeeded at first, and nevertheless has gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial."

We learn wisdom from failure much more than we do from success. The early savans, in their futile search for the philosopher's stone, stumbled on many all-important facts; facts which have been made the basis of modern chemistry. We often discover what *will* do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery. It was the failure in the attempt to make a sucking-pump act, when the working-bucket was more than thirty-three feet above the

JAMES WATT
W. CAVE THOMAS.

surface of the water to be raised, that led observant men to study the law of atmospheric pressure, and opened a new field of research to the genius of Galileo, Torrecelli and Boyle. John Hunter used to remark that the art of surgery would not advance until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as successes. Watt, the engineer, said, of all things most wanted in mechanical engineering, was a history of failures. "We want," he said,

"A BOOK OF BLOTS."

When Sir Humphrey Davy was once shown a dexterously manipulated experiment, he said: "I thank God I was not made a dexterous manipulator, for the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failures." Another distinguished investigator in physical science has left it on record that, whenever, in the course of his researches, he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he generally found himself on the brink of some discovery. The very greatest things—great thoughts, discoveries, inventions—have usually been nurtured in hardship, often pondered over in sorrow, and at length established with difficulty. Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had in him the stuff to have made a good musician, if he had only, when a boy, been well flogged; but that he had been spoilt by the facility with which he produced. Men who feel their strength within them need not fear to encounter adverse opinions; they have far greater reason to fear undue praise and too friendly criticism. When Mendelssohn was about to enter the orchestra at Birmingham, on the first performance of his "Elijah," he said laughingly to one of his friends and critics, "Stick your claws into me! Don't tell me what you like, but what you don't like." It has been said, and truly, that it is the defeat that tries the general more than the victory.

WASHINGTON LOST MORE BATTLES THAN HE GAINED;

but he succeeded in the end; and the Romans, in their most victorious campaigns, almost invariably began with defeat.

The accidental destruction of Sir Isaac Newton's papers, by

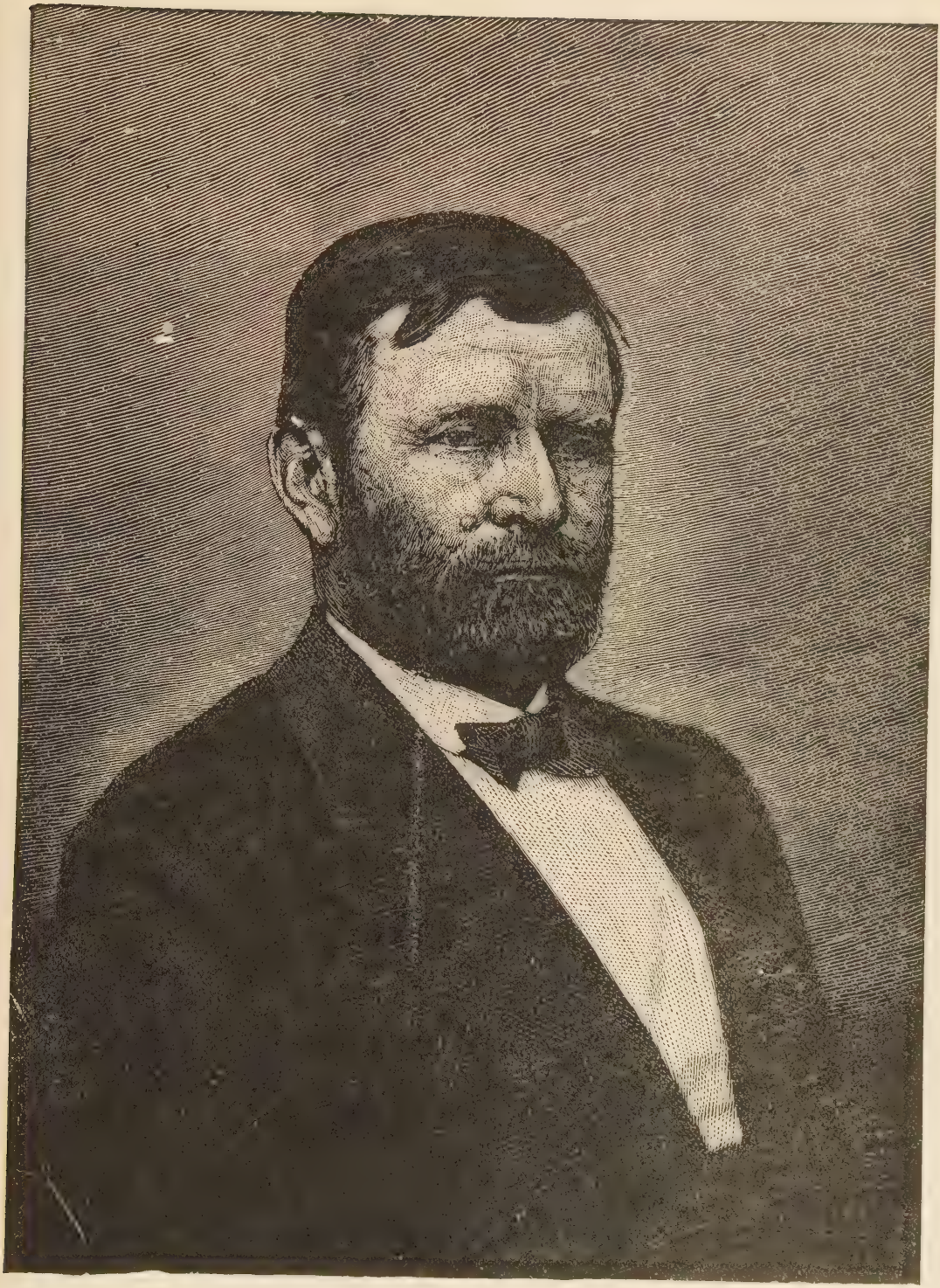
his little dog "Diamond" upsetting a lighted taper upon his desk, by which the elaborate calculations of many years were in a moment destroyed, is a well known anecdote and need not be repeated. It is said the loss caused the philosopher such profound grief that it seriously injured his health and impaired his understanding. An accident of a somewhat similar kind happened to the manuscript of the first volume of the late Mr. Carlyle's "French Revolution." He had lent the manuscript to a literary neighbor to peruse. By some mischance, it had been left lying upon the parlor floor, and became forgotten. Weeks ran on, and the historian sent for his work, the printers being loud for "copy." Inquiries were made, and it was found that the maid-of-all-work, finding what she conceived to be a bundle of waste paper on the floor, had used it to light the kitchen and parlor fires with! Such was the answer returned to Mr. Carlyle, and his feelings may be imagined. There was, however, no help for him but to set resolutely to work to re-write the book, and he turned to and did it. He had no draft, and was compelled to rake up from his memory, facts, ideas and expressions which had long since been dismissed. The composition of the book in the first instance had been a work of pleasure; the re-writing of it a second time was one of pain and anguish almost beyond belief. That he persevered and finished the volume under such circumstances, affords an instance of determination of purpose which has seldom been surpassed.

Lastly,

NEVER BE TOO SURE OF ANYTHING.

When contradicted, bear it modestly. However sure you may be, there is always a possibility of your being wrong. Apropos of this, I remember a little Chinese story told me many years ago. Here it is: There were two short-sighted men, Ching and Chang, who were always quarreling as to which of them could see best. As they had heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighboring temple, they determined that they would visit it together, on a given day, and put their

powers of eyesight to the test. But, each desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went by stealth to the temple, and looking quite close to the tablet, he saw an inscription, with the word, "To the great man of the past and future." Chang also went; prying yet closer, and in addition to the inscription, "To the great man of the past and future," he read, in smaller characters, "This tablet is erected by the family of Ling in honor of the great man." On the day appointed, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed, "The inscription is 'To the great man of the past and the future.'" "True," said Chang, "but you have left out a part of the inscription, which I can read, but you cannot, and which is written in small letters, 'Erected by the family of Ling in honor of the great man.'" "There is no such inscription," said Ching. "There is!" said Chang. So they waxed wroth, and after abusing one another, they agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple. He heard their story, and quietly said, "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday.



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD, CONTINUED—LEARN SOME TRADE—BE ABSTINENT—THREE GOLDEN RULES—ROTHSCHILD'S ADVICE.

BOYS, always have a trade to fall back on. No matter what your circumstances may be, it can never harm you to learn some respectable trade, and in a life so full of ups-and-downs as this, it may at any hour be of the utmost advantage to you. In a new country like ours, a skillful, sober tradesman is perhaps the most independent of all men. Millionaires are not independent: far from it. They do not possess the wealth, so much as the wealth possesses them. Do you think Vanderbilt or Gould enjoys life more, is freer or more his own master, than honest John Smith, the mason, or Johnson, the bricklayer? Not a bit of it. These enormously rich men are the slaves of their wealth. Night and day, they are kept in a fever of excitement by every change of weather, or fresh move in politics, or fresh manipulation of stocks. The boy who has mastered a trade has done better than to merely insure his life. The benefit of *that* will go to others, but in learning a trade he acquires a fortune of which no power on earth can ever deprive him. Banks may burst, insurance companies collapse, and ruin stare the merely rich man in the face at any moment; but the man who has mas-

tered a trade need never be at a loss to secure a comfortable livelihood.

Mr. Girard, the Philadelphia banker of whom I have told you in a previous chapter, had a favorite clerk, and he always said "he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear the governor say something of his future prospects, and perhaps

LEND A HELPING HAND

in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage. "I suppose I am free, sir," said he "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course; what do you think I should better do?" "Yes, yes, I know you are," said the old millionaire; "and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade." This application of ice nearly froze Ben out, but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so. "I am in earnest;" and Ben sought the best cooper in Spring Garden. became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the rest. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his very best, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting-room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben, "is now as low as I can live by." "Cheap enough—make out your Bill." The bill was made out, and "Old Steve" settled it with a check for twenty-thousand dollars, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story: "There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

Strive to acquire good habits while you are young; when you grow up the task will be infinitely harder. As the boy is, the man is, or, as Wordsworth puts it, "the child is father of the man." "Like the flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the

earth," says Jeremy Bentham, "the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant, and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue."

BE ABSTINENT—NEVER DRINK,

on any consideration, and never smoke—at any rate, don't smoke until you are twenty years old. So long as you are growing, smoking is extremely hurtful and dangerous; reducing the vitality, stunting the growth, deranging the nervous system; and if you don't smoke until you are twenty,—why, the chances are you will never smoke at all. To his abstinence from liquor and tobacco, Amos Lawrence attributed much of his success in life. In his youth, he was accustomed, with his companions, every forenoon to make a drink compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmegs, etc., with biscuit—all palatable to eat and drink. After being in the store four weeks, he found himself admonished by his appetite of the approach of the hour of indulgence. Thinking the habit might make trouble if allowed to grow stronger, without further apology to his seniors, he declined partaking with them. His first resolution was to abstain for a week, and when the week was out, for a month, and then for a year. Finally, he resolved to abstain for the rest of his apprenticeship, which was for five years longer. During the whole period, he never drank a spoonful, though he mixed gallons daily for his old master and customers. It must have been a difficult thing for young Lawrence, when but a clerk, thus to form and adhere to such a resolution—for the contempt now so frequently bestowed upon the drinker was then the portion of him who would *not* drink. At the same time, though

MICHAEL FARADAY.

not indifferent to the fascinations of the weed, he resolved not to use tobacco in any form. He loved its odor in youth, and in advanced life he kept a fine Havana cigar in his drawer to smell of. He confessed to a weakness for the "scented rappee," with which those of former times were accustomed to cram their nostrils; yet, he never used an ounce of snuff. He chewed but one "quid," and that before he was fifteen.

What was one of the chief secrets of the marvelous success of Commodore Vanderbilt? Not only was he the best boatman in New York harbor; not only did he attend to business more regularly and strictly than any other; but

HE HAD NO VICES.

His comrades spent at night much of what they earned by day, and when the winter suspended their business, instead of living on the last summer's savings, they were obliged to lay up debts for the next summer's gains to discharge. In the three years of willing service to his parents, Cornelius Vanderbilt added to the family's common stock of wealth, and gained for himself three things—a perfect knowledge of his business, habits of industry and self-control, and the best boat in the harbor.

So, too, in the case of James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the *New York Herald*, this same thing is to be specially noted as one of the chief and indispensable causes of his success. *He had no vices.* He never drank to excess, or gormandized, or gambled, or even smoked, or in any other way wasted the vitality needed for a long and tough grapple with adverse fortune. What he once wrote of himself in an early *Herald* was strictly true: "I eat and drink to live—not live to eat and drink. Social glasses of wine are my aversion; public dinners are my abomination; all species of gormandizing my utter scorn and contempt—when I am hungry, I eat; when thirsty, drink. Wine or viands taken for society, or to stimulate conversation, tend only to dissipation, indolence, poverty, contempt, and death." This was an immense advantage, which he had in common with several of the most mischievous men of

modern times; with Calhoun, Charles XII., George III., and others. Correct bodily habits are of themselves such a source of power, that the man who has them will be extremely likely to gain the day over competitors of ten times his general worth who have them not. Dr. Franklin used to say, that if Jack Wilkes had been as exemplary in this particular as George III., he would have turned the King out of his dominions. In several of the higher kinds of labor, such as law, physic, journalism, authorship, art, when the competition is close and keen, and many able men are near the summit, the question, who shall finally stand upon it, often resolves itself into one of physical endurance. This man Bennett would have lived and died a hireling scribe, if he had had even one of the common vices. Everything was against his rising, except alone an enormous capacity for labor, sustained by strictly correct habits. And so, too, with Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor,—*they had no vices.*

On this matter of abstinence I could speak for hours. The matter of drinking or not drinking is, to the youth, all important. It may seem a manly thing to be able to toss off a glass of beer, and by no means harmful. My dear boys, in three cases out of four, it is the first step that leads to a long succession of misfortunes, sorrows, heart-breakings, shame, and, it may be, despair, ruin and death. There are some men, I know, who can drink—as the common saying is—and let it alone; but they are the merest handful compared with the thousands upon thousands who *cannot* drink and leave it alone. The great Dr. Johnson, surely a man of exceptional force of character and will-power, when asked why he did not drink, replied,

"I DARE NOT.

I like wine, but I fear it. I *cannot* drink and let alone; therefore I do not drink at all." How many a man of talent and genius would, if he spoke earnestly, be compelled to say, "I can attribute every serious misfortune and sorrow and difficulty I have encountered in life to drink." Total abstinence is a safe-

guard against a thousand evils. The mere ability to say *No*, *every time* when tempted to drink is a fortune—a fortune which a prudent man if at all inclined to be intemperate, would not exchange for all the wealth of a Rothschild.

Apropos of this advice, listen to

A WATER-DRINKER'S EXPERIENCE.

I've worked in the heat, and I've worked in the cold,
I've worked with the young, and I've worked with the old,
I've worked very late, and I've worked very soon,
I've worked by the sun, and I've worked by the moon;
But I'm sure I can tell you without any fear,
I can work very well without any beer.

I've worked far from home, and I've worked rather nigh,
I've worked in the wet, and I've worked in the dry,
I've worked amongst corn, and I've worked amongst hay,
I've worked by the piece, and I've worked by the day;
And I'm sure I can tell you without any fear,
I can work very well without any beer.

I've worked amongst lime, and I've worked amongst chalk,
I've worked amongst still folks, and those that could talk,
I've worked amongst iron, and worked amongst wood,
I've worked amongst bad, and I've worked amongst good;
But wherever I go there's nothing to fear
So much as the foolish, made foolish by beer.

I've written and read, I've summed and I've talked,
I've been out on pleasure with friends, and I've walked,
But never, no never, good use could I see,
In taking strong drink, so hurtful to me;
Thus, I'm sure I can tell you, without any fear,
These things can be managed without any beer.

Finally, let me repeat to you the advice given by three of the world's most successful men of business. David Ricards, the English Jew broker, accumulated an immense property. He had what he called his three golden rules in business, the observance of which he always pressed upon his private friends. These where: Never to refuse an option when you can get it; cut short your losses; let your profits run on. By cutting short

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

one's losses, Mr. Ricards meant that when a broker had made a purchase of stock, and prices were falling, he ought to resell immediately. And by letting one's profits run on he meant that when a dealer possessed stock and the prices were rising, he ought not to sell until prices had reached their highest, and were beginning again to fall.

Sir Thomas F. Buxton, in a letter to his daughter, says: We yesterday dined at Ham House, to meet the Rothschilds, and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. "There was not," he said, "room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself; he was quite

THE GREAT MAN,

and did us a favor if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday. I said to my father, I will go to England. I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started. The nearer I got to England the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money, things were so cheap, and I made good profit."

"I hope," said ——, "that your children are not too fond of money and business to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that."

"I am sure I would wish that," said Rothschild; "I am sure I would wish that. *I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy.* Stick to one business, young man," said Rothschild addressing Edward; "stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. But be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the *Gazette.*"

Commodore Vanderbilt being asked one day what he considered to be the secret of success in business, replied:

"Secret? There is no secret about it. All you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead."

Commenting on which, a friendly biographer says: "With all deference to so eminent an authority, we must be allowed to think that that is not the whole of the matter—three things seem essential to success in business: 1. To *know* your business. 2. To attend to it. 3. To keep down expenses until your fortune is safe from business perils."

CHAPTER XX.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD, CONTINUED—FINAL ADVICE—DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

THERE still remain one or two things I should like to say, before leaving this subject of how to get on, and one of these is DON'T BE IN A HURRY. One of our great faults as a nation is this fatal spirit of impatience, which is so dominant in every department of life, society, commerce, literature and art. The boy, while still in short clothes, longs to be doing for himself, and chafes at what he considers the unprofitable confinement of school or college. "What," he asks, "is the use of Latin and Greek, of philosophy and learning, of science and art? Two-thirds of our most successful men have been ignorant, or only half educated. Did Flood know Latin? Has Mackey ever even heard of Thucydides? What did the first Astor, and Vanderbilt, and Girard, and Sage know of higher mathematics, or logic, or mental and moral philosophy? And if, with a bare knowledge of the three 'Rs,' these men acquired enormous fortunes, why should a boy be compelled to spend from five to eight years at school and college?" Now, I am not going to enter into any detailed argument on the many points suggested by this specious but only too common style of argument; but I would direct the attention of my readers to one or two thoughts which they might do worse than think over at their leisure. What, let me ask you, is the ideal of success that the vast majority of American

SIR THOMAS MOORE.

youth place before themselves? Success is a relative term, and may mean

ANY ONE OF A THOUSAND THINGS.

Mr. Gould is a successful man; so was Blondin, of Niagara tight-rope notoriety; so is Mr. Spurgeon; so is Colonel Ingersoll; so is Sullivan, the slugger; and Rowell, the pedestrian; and Slosson, the billiard expert; and Catch-'em-out, the great base-ball player; so are Mr. Gladstone and General Butler; and so were the philanthropist Howard; the discoverers of the circulation of the blood and of vaccination, Doctors Harvey and Jenner; Napoleon, Alexander the Great—and so on. What is it you mean by success? And if you, my young reader, answer frankly, you will say: The acquisition of wealth; I would be a millionaire. This, I say, is the goal which the average educated American youth would win; nor can he help cherishing such ambitions. Whose names occur most frequently in the newspapers; are oftenest on the lips of men in the household, in the street-car, in the store? Is it those of men and women eminent for their piety, their learning, their high character, their philanthropy? No. It is the names of gigantic speculators, grasping railway and telegraph monopolists, the Napoleons of the stock exchange and the Bourse; and inevitably our youth are impressed—deeply and fatally impressed—with this fictitious greatness, and consciously or unconsciously they adopt these men for their models. Now, could anything be more pernicious, more demoralizing than this? And what is the remedy? Simply a reform—a revolution of public sentiment. And how is that reform, that revolution, to be brought about? By education. Let every boy and girl spend as much time as they can possibly spare at school or college; let their teachers hold up to them noble ideas of life and action; let them feel that glorious inspiration that results from the study of great, grand, unselfish lives nobly sublime; and while they will, as it is only right they should, desire to acquire a fortune, they will desire it in quite a different spirit, and

acquiring it, possess it in quite a different way from him whose only example has been a Vanderbilt or a Gould.

But, again, why is it that so many retired millionaires either drop into premature graves, or feel impelled to return to active life? Simply because, outside their particular profession or business, they have cultivated no intellectual pursuit or pleasure; and when their business has been given up, and the novelty of idleness has passed, they are left absolutely without resources. How different would be their case if, from boyhood upwards, they had cultivated literature, and sweetened the asperities of life with the

BEAUTIES OF PHILOSOPHY AND SONG!

No man, let him be ever so engrossed in business, can become narrow and cramped in sympathies and thought, who keeps his mind constantly open to the refining and liberalizing influences of literature. Retired from business, and, it may be, the world, he has resources at command, compared with which those of unlettered Pharaohs sink into insignificance; resources which no despot can take from him, and no reverse of fortune destroy.

You would be a great millionaire like John Jacob Astor, would you? and in your eagerness to clutch your first thousand dollars, you would forego the advantages of a sound, classical education? Let me draw you a picture of that modern Crœsus as he was in his old age, at the height of his prosperity, the possessor of countless millions. Never having acquired a taste for reading, or a love of science or art, he could think of nothing but business; could talk of nothing else; dream of nothing else. Here is his picture as drawn by a friendly pencil:

When all else had died within him, when he was at last nourished like an infant at a woman's breast, and when, being no longer able to ride in a carriage, he was daily tossed in a blanket for exercise, he still retained a strong interest in the care and *increase* of his property. His agent called daily upon him to render a report of moneys received. One morning this gentleman chanced to enter his room while he was enjoying his

blanket exercise. The old man cried out from the middle of his blanket,—

"Has Mrs. —— paid that rent yet?"

"No," replied the agent?

"Well, she must pay it," said the poor old man.

"Mr. Astor," rejoined the agent, "she can't pay it now; she has had misfortunes, and we must give her time."

"No, no," said Astor; "I tell you she can pay it, and she will pay it. You don't go the right way to work with her."

The agent took leave, and mentioned the anxiety of the old gentleman with regard to this unpaid rent to his son, who counted out the requisite sum, and told the agent to give it to the old man as if he had received it from the tenant.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Astor when he received the money, "I told you she would pay it if you went the right way to work with her."

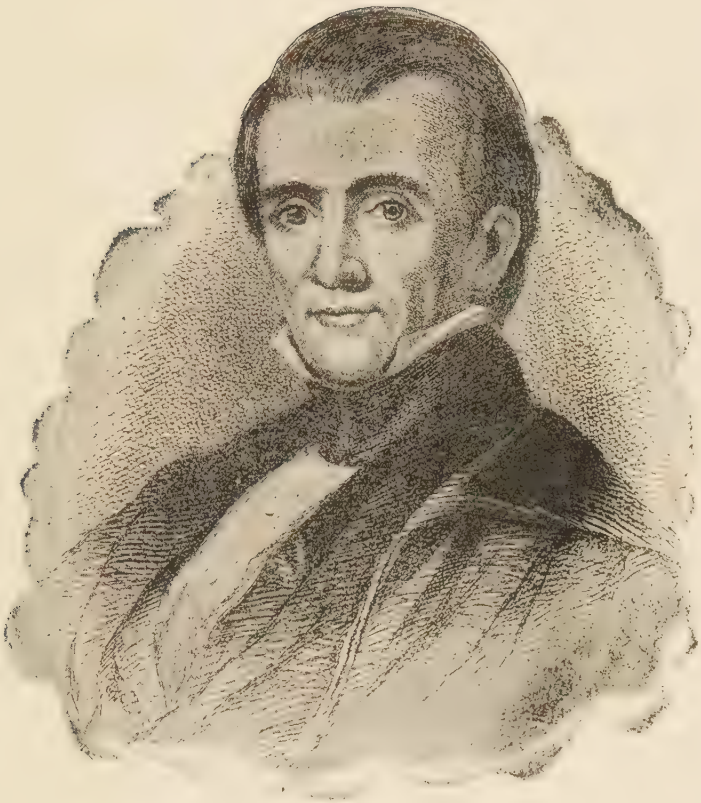
Who would have twenty millions at such a price?

Or take this other sketch, from the same pen, of another rich man—

"SUCCESSFUL," AS THE WORLD CALLS IT—

of whom I have already spoken more than once—Stephen Girard. Up to the moment of his death he could think only of business. and when he came to die, all his immense wealth could not procure him a single real friend—one genuine expression of love. Friendless, in the best sense of the word friendless, loveless, alone, he had gone through life, and now, with neither son nor daughter to mourn or to inherit, he died; and what followed? Let Mr Parton answer:

"Death having dissolved the powerful spell of a presence which few men had been able to resist, it was to be seen how far his will would be obeyed, now that he was no longer able personally to enforce it. The old man lay dead in his house in Water street. While the public out of doors were curious enough to learn what he had done with his money, there was a smaller number within the house—the kindred of the deceased—in



James K. Polk

whom this curiosity raged like a mania. They invaded the cellars of the house, and, bringing up bottles of the old man's choice wine, kept up a continual carouse. Surrounding Mr. Duane his lawyer, who had been present at Mr. Girard's death, and remained to direct his funeral, they demanded to know if there was a will. To silence their indecent clamor, he told them there was, and that he was one of the executors. On hearing this, their desire to learn its contents rose to fury. In vain the executors reminded them that decency required that the will should not be opened until after the funeral. They even threatened legal proceedings if the will were not immediately produced; and at length to avoid a public scandal, the executors consented to have it read. These affectionate relatives being assembled in a parlor of the house in which the body of their benefactor lay, the will was taken from the iron safe by Mr. Duane.

"When he had opened it, and was about to begin to read, he chanced to look over the top of the document at the company seated before him. No artist that ever held a brush could depict the passion of curiosty, the frenzy of expectation as expressed in that group of pallid faces. Every individual among them expected to leave the apartment

THE CONSCIOUS POSSESSOR OF MILLIONS,

for no one had dreamed of the probability of his leaving the bulk of his estate to the public. If they had ever heard of his saying that no one should be a gentleman on *his* money, they had forgotten or disbelieved it. The opening paragraphs of the will all tended to confirm their hopes, since the bequests to existing institutions were of small amount. But the reader soon reached the part of the will which assigned to ladies and gentlemen present such trifling sums as five thousand dollars, ten thousand, twenty thousand, and he arrived ere long at the sections which disposed of millions for the benefit of great cities and poor children. Some of them made not the slightest attempt to conceal their disappointment and disgust. Men

were there who had married with a view to share the wealth of Girard, and had been waiting years for his death. Women were there who had looked to that event as the beginning of their enjoyment of life. The imagination of the reader must supply the details of a scene which we might think dishonored human nature, if we could believe that human nature was meant to be subjected to such a strain."

Do you see now why, while deferring perhaps too much to the mercantilism of these times, I have narrated the careers of successful merchants and bankers, I have not stopped there; but have also held up the infinitely higher patterns of the devoted physician, the unselfish and indefatigable inventor, the dauntless large-hearted

CHRIST-LIKE MISSIONARY?

In an age when competition is so keen, other things being equal, that man who is best equipped will be sure to win. Knowledge when rightly applied is always power, and there is no business, occupation or trade, from banking to shoe-blacking, in which knowledge will not tell. Even on so simple a matter as letter-writing, how much may not one's success or failure depend; and yet how few boys can write a good business letter!

CHAPTER XXI.

HORSES AND DOGS—SOME CURIOUS ANECDOTES.

PERHAPS the two animals boys like most are the horse and dog. To ride a horse and own a dog were among my own earliest ambitions; and was I not proud, and did not I think myself a man, that morning—well do I mind it—when first I was allowed to mount the doctor's horse, bareback, and ride him to the well, there to water him and let him drink! Many things have happened to me since then; some of them of a kind to stamp themselves forever on the mind, and whiten the hairs, and add to the wrinkles on forehead and cheek. But those morning rides—I am not going to tell you how many summers ago that was, for the little black rat by my side mightn't like it, wishing her husband to be thought ever so young or more so—rise much more vividly before the mind than other events that formed actual crises in life. The freshness and glory of

THE ARGYLESHIRE HILLS,

with the morning sunlight tinting their heathery slopes, and touching with fingers of gold the tops of fir and birch and oak; the great Atlantic, moaning uneasily far below as it broke in gentle swells of melodious silver on the white and pebbly beach; the fishing skiffs returning from their night's task, their sails of white and russet and orange conspicuous on the blue expanse of

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

Lochfyne; the farm wagons passing, heavily laden with sweet-smelling hay; the farm-girl with her steaming pail of odorous milk tripping lightly along; the birds carolling from bush and bank and brake; and all the lovely sights and sounds, the freshness and the glory, that make more beautiful than ought on earth I have ever seen or heard in nature, an autumn morning in the heart of the Argyleshire hills! Yes, they all come back to me now, and as I write these lines amid the roar and rush of the great western metropolis of this new world, I seem to smell the keen salt odors of the sea—to drink in the splendid freshness and gladness of the morning air—as I did in those earlier and happier days, gone—with their freshness and their beauty and their unquestioning delight in nature and God and man—never to return. But meanwhile our horses are impatiently pawing, and if we ever finish this chapter we had better

BEGIN IN EARNEST.

I have said how popular are horses and dogs, and yet, though the former is now so universally domesticated, and in spite of much research, and much contest, its wild and original state is unknown. I quote the most recent and sober opinions, divested of all views of the present nature, in saying that this animal is nowhere wild at this day, except where it appears to have escaped from the domestic state. Was it ever so, any more than the camel? It is more widely necessary to man, and equally adapted to his wants. I know not why it should not have been created with and for him; essentially domestic, his appointed servant. Its back is that which man would have made for his own use, had he constructed it; the mouth is almost the only one which bears the bit without suffering; it has the only foot (if its congeners be excepted) which will endure an additional weight under rapid motion; it is the only wild animal, of similar power, which is tamed in a few hours; and nothing but an appointed instinct could have thus taught it to submit, and even to rejoice in its rider. How easily it is attached to man, and to human society, I need not say. But the proofs must not be sought for

in our own country, where men are not satisfied unless they gain, by severity and force, that which would be voluntarily and cheerfully given to kindness. I may also add that the horse, like other domestic animals, is capable of having his faculties improved by the skill of man, an adaptation doubtless intended for a benevolent purpose, although not always worthily employed. Is swiftness the object? An animal is produced that rivals the wind; race-horses have been known to run a mile a minute. Is it strength we require? Look at the English dray-horse whose powers are excelled by the elephant only. On Surrey Iron Railway, we are told, a horse dragged fifty-five tons, walking at the rate of four miles an hour. Do we ask for endurance of fatigue? The Toorkomans will furnish an example in their cavalry, which are trained to advance and retreat at the rate of

ONE HUNDRED MILES A DAY.

"When I was in Persia, in 1800," writes Sir John Malcolm, "a horseman, mounted on a Toorkoman horse, brought a packet of letters from Shiraz to Zeherary, which is a distance of five hundred miles, within six days." The size, the quality, the docility, is suited to every locality and occasion which man may find necessary for his use, from the Shetland and Canada pony to the race-horse and courser. Well might Job exclaim: "The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him: the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, 'Ha! ha!' and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Finally, though not naturally inclined to swim, the horse, when put to it, will sometimes make remarkable efforts in this way. A few years ago, a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Dumfries, Scotland, in riding at night along the shore

from Skinburness to Boness, on the Cumberland coast, mistook his way in passing a creek, being deceived by a light on the Scotch side. His horse carried him directly across the Solway Firth, and he landed at Newby, not far from Annam. The distance is fully two miles, but the horse did not, perhaps, swim more than a third part of that way, the tide being low A much more remarkable feat is described by M. de Pages in his

"TRAVELS ROUND THE WORLD,"

and confirmed by Sparman, of a horse which saved some seamen ready to perish in a wreck off the Cape of Good Hope. "The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile, a planter determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. He alighted and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, and again seating himself in the saddle he instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both disappeared, but it was not long before they floated to the surface, and swam up to the wreck; when, taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. This perilous expedition he repeated no fewer than seven times, and saved fourteen lives; but on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to land, but his gallant rider was no more."

OLD FIDELITY.

Old Fidelity is the name of what is probably the most widely known of any dog in America, and the only living thing that went through the great Chicago fire of 1871. He was found in an unfinished safety deposit vault in the basement of Fidelity building, October 11, 1871, the Tuesday following the fire. Mr. Thomas B. Bryan, who owned the building and the business at that time, says the dog was owned by a watchman in the International Bank, next door to him. The dog probably went into the open vault from fear or possibly for shelter from the

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

flames. He was badly burned, his feet were blistered, and he had inhaled the hot air to that extent that it was only with very careful nursing that his life was saved. Mr. Bryan gave him the name of Old Fidelity, but he was better known as Fido for short. Hundreds of people flocked to see Fido as a relic from the great fire; in this way he gained great notoriety. He was friendly with every one, and would give his paw to shake hands when asked. He was very dignified and never allowed familiarity from strangers. He was aristocratic in his bearing, and seemed to feel the importance of his position as guardian of the vaults. He was several years on exhibition at the Exposition building, at the request of the managers. After he became the property of the Bank and Safety Deposit Company he was twice stolen from them, probably to secure the rewards, as they offered very liberal amounts for his return, giving two hundred dollars at one time. James Clancy was the name of the watchman who took care of Fido after the fire, and until his death, and grieved over him as though he had been a child. He died in 1878, and was supposed to be about fifteen years old, having achieved many honors, made hosts of friends, and I believe has gone where all good doggies go.

But it is the shepherd's dog which, at present, claims our particular attention. This variety is, indeed, one of the most remarkable of the whole tribe for its

FIDELITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

He is easily trained to know the nature and extent of his sphere of duty; he perfectly understands all the ordinary commands of his master, and with admirable sagacity, united to the most unwearied industry and perseverance, he executes them. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has recorded some instances of the peculiar faculties and habits of the shepherd's dog, in which he unites the advantage of experience with happy powers of description; and I cannot better illustrate the extraordinary adaptation of this interesting animal to the service of man, than by selecting one or two of his examples. "My dog, Sirrah," he writes,

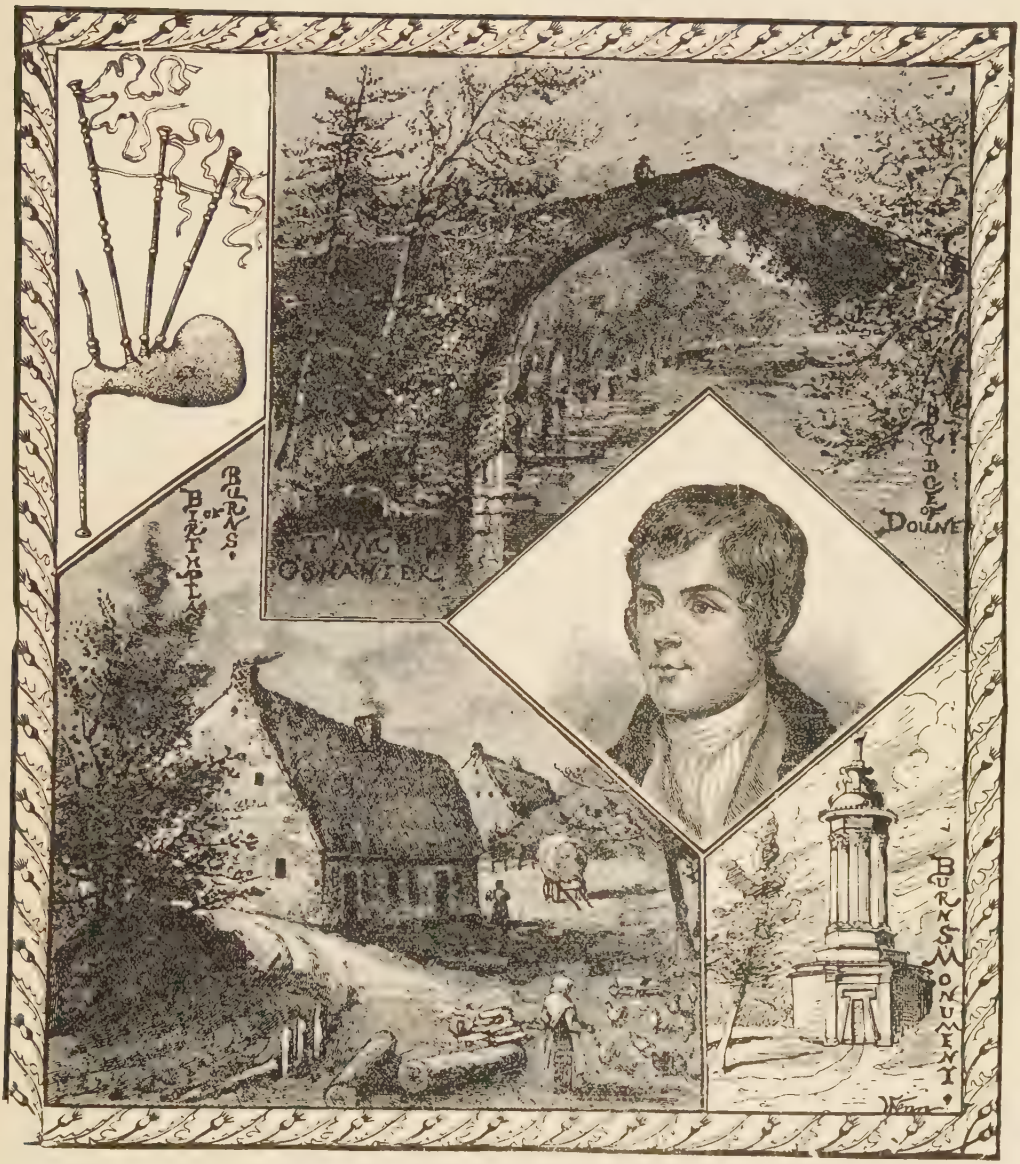
"was, beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly and unsocial temper; disdaining all flattery, he refused to be caressed, but his attention to my commands and interests will never again, perhaps, be equaled by any of the canine race. When I first saw him, a drover was leading him by a rope. He was both lean and hungry, and far from being a beautiful animal. He was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned a sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his several evolutions. He would try every way deliberately, till he found out what I wanted him to do; and when I once made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he often astonished me; for, when hard-pressed in accomplishing the task he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty." One of Mr. Hogg's anecdotes of this favorite dog's exploits, I may shortly state: About seven hundred lambs which Mr. Hogg had under his care at weaning time, broke off at midnight, in three divisions, to the neighboring hills. The night was dark, but the faithful Sirrah, though unseen, was at hand, and, hearing his master lamenting the disaster, set silently off in search of the recreant flock. Mr. Hogg and a companion searched all night for the runaways, but in vain; and in the morning were under the necessity of returning to relate the disaster to their owner. On their way home, however, they discovered a lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking round for assistance.

"WHAT WAS OUR ASTONISHMENT,"

says he, "when we discovered that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight to the rising sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him,

they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature under the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

In another part of his work Mr. Hogg relates an anecdote of a dog belonging to a butcher, in the town of Peebles, of the name of Steel, which indicates a degree of fidelity and attachment to his master's interests, remarkable above anything I have seen elsewhere recorded, of this animal, exhibiting these qualities as even superior to bodily pain, and the most pressing calls of the strongest of the natural instincts. Mr. Steel was accustomed to commit droves which he purchased to the charge of this dog, which happened to be a female, and he had a pride in trusting to her prowess and sagacity in driving them unaided to his home. One day, he chanced to place a drove under the conduct of his dog at a place called Willenslee, which is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills where there is no regularly-defined path. The poor dog had a litter of pups on the road, and thus was detained some time later than was expected. Steel, on returning home in the evening, and finding she had not made her appearance, was on the point of setting out in search of her and her charge, "but, on his going out to the street, there was she, coming with the drove, not one missing, and marvellous to relate, she was carrying a pup in her mouth! How the poor beast had contrived to manage the drove in her state of suffering is beyond human calculation, for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected, but she was nothing daunted, and having deposited her young one in a place of safety, she again set out at full speed to the hills and brought another, and another, until she removed her whole litter, one by one, but the last one was dead. It would be endless to relate all the instances of extraordinary sagacity in the shepherd's dog which have been recorded. The following is an anecdote related by Captain Brown, which indicates a degree of reasoning and disinterested kindness, not certainly superior to what have already mentioned, yet of a different and not



ROBERT BURNS.

less interesting kind: "A shepherd on the Grampian mountains, having left his child at the foot of a hill, was soon enveloped in mist, and unable to return to the precise place, he could not discover the child. In vain he searched for it in the midst of the mist, not knowing whither he went; and when at length the moon shone clearly, he found himself at his cottage and far from the hill

HE SEARCHED IN VAIN,

next day, with a band of shepherds. On returning to the cottage, he found that his dog, on receiving a piece of oat-cake, had instantly gone off. He renewed the search, in vain, next day, and again found, on his return, that the dog had disappeared during the interval, taking with it a piece of cake. Struck with this circumstance, he resolved to watch the motions of his dog, and, when it again came for its piece of cake, he followed it. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the place where the shepherd had left the child. The banks of the waterfall almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presenting that abrupt appearance which so often astonishes and appals the traveler amidst the Grampian mountains. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared in a cave, the mouth of which was almost on a level with the torrent. The shepherd, with difficulty, followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when

HE BEHELD HIS INFANT

eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence. From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and either fallen or scrambled down, till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards

prevented him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child, except when he went for its food, and then he was seen running at full speed to and from the cottage."

THE KINDNESS OF DOGS.

A lady friend of mine has a pug-dog, also a cat, of which the dog was always very jealous, chasing it about whenever it saw it. Not many weeks since the pug astonished its mistress by coming up to her, sitting up and begging, then barking, and running a little distance from her, till it became evident that it wished to persuade her to come with it. It continued to beg and to run on in the same manner till it led her out into the garden, to the foot of an apple tree, against which the dog raised itself on his hind legs and barked loudly. On looking up the lady saw the cat with a trap on its foot, evidently in great pain. She got it down and relieved it of the trap. The dog showed the greatest joy, and on the cat being placed on the ground, the dog, which before had never done anything but hunt and worry it, licked it all over and over, and ever since they have been the best of friends. Another dog had a kennel in the yard of a house which was overlooked from one of the windows. A lady saw this dog hiding some of its dinner in a corner behind the kennel, and this performance, she noticed, was repeated for a day or two. On the third day the dog was missing some little time from the yard, but before long it was seen to return, followed by a small

HALF-STARVED FRIEND,

which it took up to the store of hidden food, and stood by, wagging its tail with evident pleasure, while the strange dog consumed it.

CHAPTER XXII.

EDUCATING ANIMALS—MISSING LINKS—HORSE-TRAINING—ELEPHANTS, ETC.

I AM sure some of you boys and girls who read this must some time or another have tried or helped to educate a dog or lamb or canary, or even a cat. A younger brother of mine, now a grave and learned doctor, used to be a great expert in training animals, and I remember particularly of a preternaturally loquacious jackdaw he trained to follow him about like a dog wherever he went, its usual resting place being his shoulder. There are, of course, some animals, but very few, which *cannot* be tamed or educated. The great majority, however, are teachable, if only treated with kindness, and none, perhaps, more so than the elephant, horse, dog, and monkey. Perhaps, in view of the "learned pig," I ought to add Mr. Grumphy, and I have a vivid recollection of the wonder and delight afforded me when a child by the sight of

SOME PERFORMING FLEAS,

that drew a little carriage, and went through a variety of tricks. Unfortunately, these came to an untimely end. "*Drat them,*" cried an old woman from the country, who had evidently been bothered by members of the flea family. "I've got ye at last," and down came her heavy hand on them, crushing the life out of the poor little things.

Not long ago, a gentleman having a reputation as a scientist and observer expressed the opinion that animals are not so much below the human standard as is generally believed, and

FAST FRIENDS.

that it is only because of utter lack of education that they do not show greater advancement. Among his experiments were many that produced surprising results, such as

TEACHING VARIOUS ANIMALS TO COUNT,

to distinguish colors, and to utter certain sounds to express certain emotions or desires. The results were extremely satisfactory, and he claims that if a race of animals were not allowed to degenerate mentally, but were educated from father to son for years, as are human beings, they would make a much better showing than at present. In point of fact, this has been done, but there are few animals to-day that exhibit any remarkable human attributes. The education of animals is one of the oldest arts, if it can be so called, and from old records and manuscripts it is evident that, surprising as are some of the feats of trained animals of to-day, they do not surpass the animal performances of other days. Such education in early times was always most successful in England, the people being particularly fond of strange performances, a taste which Shakspeare has satirized in "The Tempest," where *Stephano*, finding *Caliban*, cries: "Were I in England now, as I once was, and had this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give me a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

MISSING LINKS.

In early times monkeys were often passed off upon the guileless public as human inhabitants of some strange land. In the *Spectator* of April 3, 1711, the following letter appears, addressed to a prominent gentleman of the day. The animal and the brother from Holland were afterwards exhibited as hairy men:

"HONORED SIR: Having heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey, but swings upon a rope, takes

a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the quality; and if they will make a subscription for him, I will send for a brother of his out of Holland, that is a very good tumbler; and also for another of the same family whom I design for my Merryandrew, as being

AN EXCELLENT MIMIC,

and the greatest droll in the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in readiness for the next winter, and doubt not but that it will please more than the opera or the puppet show. I will not say that a monkey is a better man than some of the opera heroes; but certainly he is a better representative of a man than any artificial composition of wood and wire." In ancient manuscripts especially, accounts are preserved of animals that imitated men in their various vocations. In one, of the tenth century, is an engraving showing a bear performing for the benefit of its master In a book of prayers, in the collection of the Harleian Library, dated the thirteenth century, another bear is represented bound by a massive chain, and keeping time to the music of a curious drum held by the master. A second cut shows a large bear standing on its head, a feat certainly not seen nowadays, while few have the courage to attempt the education of the savage brute. Still another cut shows a bear harnessed and driven by

A MONKEY ASTRIDE ITS SHAGGY BACK.

The attractiveness of entertainments having as a feature trained animals in the olden time is shown by Thomas Cartwright in his admonition to Parliament against using the Common Prayer, dated 1572, in which he says: "If there be a bear or a bull to be baited in the afternoon, or a jackanapes to ride on horseback, the minister hurries the service over in a shameful manner, in order to be present at the show."

Nor were the French far behind in their love of the theatrical, as St. Foix writes in his history of Paris:

"Our kings, at their coronations, their marriages, and at

the baptism of their children, or at the creation of noblemen and knights, kept open court, and the palace was crowded on such occasions with cheats, buffoons, rope-dancers, tale-tellers, jugglers, and pantomimical performers. They call those jugglers who play upon the vielle, and teach apes and bears to dance." Monkeys, as now, always formed

AN IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION,

and in the Bodleian Library an engraving can be seen showing an ape standing upon its hands, its legs high in air, while the master with a whip is administering, let us trust, gentle persuasion to greater endeavor. Ben Jonson refers to the tricks of apes in the prologue of one of his comedies. In a miscellaneous collection in the Harleian Library there is an account of a hairy man (a monkey) who danced upon the tight rope "with a balance, true to the music"; he also "walked upon the slack rope" while it was swinging, and drank a glass of ale; he "pulled off his hat, and paid his respects to the company," and "smoked tobacco," according to the bill, "as well as any Christian." But all these facts were afterwards outdone by a brother monkey, mentioned before, who performed many wonderful tricks at the Haymarket Theater, London, both as a rope-dancer and an equilibrist.

EQUINE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

At the present day horses have been taught to obey signs of their masters that are undetected by the audience, and thus to find articles concealed, to seemingly count, to waltz and dance to music, balance themselves upon the see-saw, and leap through hoops of fire; but we have yet to hear of the horse of to-day, like one of the thirteenth century, that was actually trained to walk a tight rope. The trained horses of Sybaris, a city of Calabria, were famous, and were taught to dance to music. It is said that the Crotomans, their enemies, finding this out, brought on to the field of battle a vast band of pipers, and the Sybarian horses, hearing familiar notes, commenced dancing, and in the confusion their riders were defeated with great loss. This account is

GERMAN SCHOOLS—FIVE MINUTES LATE.

also mentioned by Aristotle, and finds a ludicrous parallel in the company of cavalrymen who once visited Washington, and were obliged to hire horses wherever they could get them. It happened when the parade commenced that the troop was made up mainly of horse-car animals that were off duty. This fact coming to the ears of the local gamins, they secured a number of bells, by the adroit use of which they created a continual halting and starting in the ranks, much to the chagrin of the warriors. In the thirteenth century horses were trained to carry small

OXEN UPON THEIR BACKS,

the latter holding each a trumpet to its mouth and appearing to blow it after the approved fashion of knights-errant. One very old manuscript shows a horse standing upon its hind legs after the fashion of the redoubtable Barnum's, only retaining the position and dancing about to the music of a pipe and tabor played by a dancing attendant. In a manuscript of the fourteenth century in the Bodleian Library is described a steed trained to engage in combat with a single warrior. The soldier advances with a staff and shield, which the horse strikes with his hoofs. In another, the horse stands upon his hind legs and plays upon a drum or tabor held by its master; while a third cut shows the same animal playing upon the same instrument with its hind legs. This latter, to say the least, is taking advantage of a very natural line of operations, which it is safe to say has not been willingly attempted by trainers of to-day. The drawings of these performances are

AT LEAST FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD.

The dancing horses, so justly admired in the circus of the present day, are no novelty, if we may believe the old records; and as early as 1612, at a great festival, according to Menestrier, M. Phroniel, the riding master of Louis XIII., of France, with three gentlemen and six squires, went through a most complete ballet dance upon trained steeds; the animals dancing, however, only upon their hind feet. That the ordinary performances of

the trick-horse of the present were well known before our day is evident from the following show bill of the time of Queen Anne, copied from a paper in the Harleian Library:

"To be seen at the Ship upon Great Tower Hill, the finest taught horse in the world. He fetches and carries like a spaniel dog. If you hide a glove, a handkerchief, a door key, a pewter basin, or so small a thing as a silver two-pence, he will seek about the room until he has found it; and then he will bring it to his master. He will also tell the number of spots on a card, and leap through a hoop; with a variety of other curious performances."

The common bare-back performances, riding three, four, or even six horses, is a modern practice, introduced early in the present century by a man named Price.

THE ART OF THE HORSE TRAINER.

A writer in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1828 draws attention to James Sullivan, the Whisperer, a horse-breaker at Cork, "an ignorant, awkward rustic of the lowest class." It was claimed for him that he possessed the art of controlling, by some secret influence, any horse that was notoriously vicious. He practiced in private, and would not reveal his method. When employed to tame an outrageous animal, he directed the stable in which he and the object of the experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a certain signal was given. After a *tete-a-tete* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made, and upon opening the door the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to any discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Sullivan could not be persuaded to practice his art abroad.

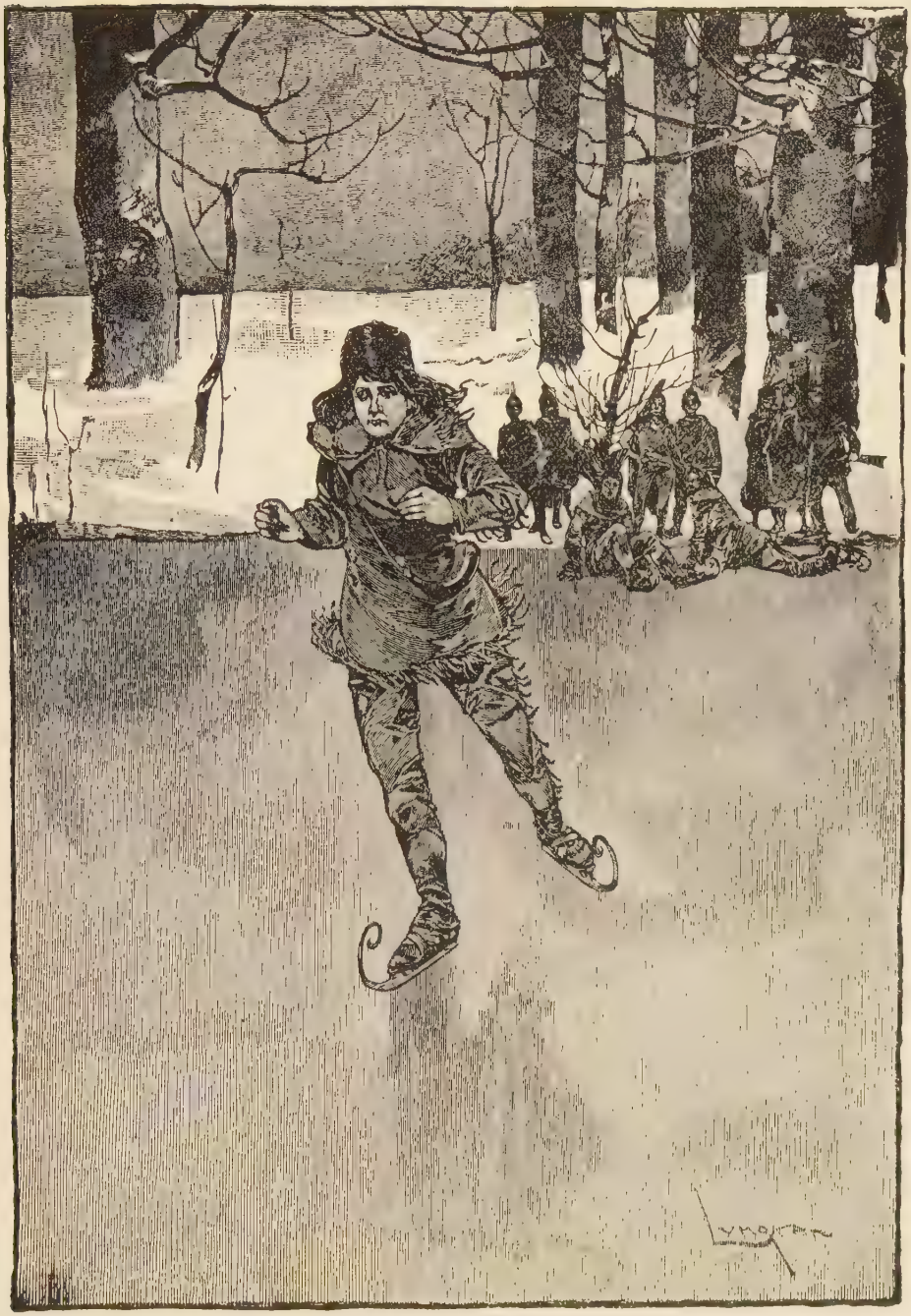
HE WAS WEDDED TO LOCALITY,

and so his triumphs were witnessed by only a small circle. It is safe to affirm that he did not control horses by talking to them

in whispers and by a magnetic touch. His practice was different from his pretensions. When Rarey, a son of an inn-keeper in central Ohio, went to England in 1858, he claimed to have psychological power over horses, and after he had brought Cruiser under control, his praises were sung by two continents. The truth of the matter is that Rarey, like those before him and those who came after him, obtained obedience through force. He practiced the leg-tying-up system, which he had learned at Georgetown, Ky., from Denton Offutt. Make the vicious horse feel that you are his master, and then soothe him with soft caresses and gentle words, and you will accomplish all that Whisperer Sullivan accomplished. Mr. Magner, in his interesting book, gives the full history of the Cruiser case. The facts were furnished by Mr. Goodenough, who took Rarey to England. Cruiser was owned by Lord Dorchester, and had been vicious from a colt. He was stabled at Morrell Green, forty-one miles from London. A watering-bridle was kept on him continually. To it were attached two chains, each about twelve inches long, with a buckle at the end. The door of his stable divided in the center, and when it was desired to lead him out for use the lower half was opened and a bucket of water put in. When the horse

PLUNGED HIS NOSE IN THE WATER

to drink, a strap twenty feet long was quickly fastened to each bit of chain. In this way two men could lead the animal without getting in range of his teeth and feet. Cruiser never wore the big iron muzzle which Rarey exhibited with the horse. That was a little advertising trick. Cruiser was not subdued by ordinary methods. As a last resort his fore legs were tied up, a collar put on and his hind legs drawn up and tied to it. In this utterly helpless condition he was left all night in a solitary stable. In the morning he was watered, caressed, fed and groomed. Then he was led behind a dog cart to London, and tied down again the following night. His spirit was broken, and after this Rarey could handle him with comparative ease. In London and New York wondering crowds flocked to see the



vicious animal, which the magic touch of the horse tamer had made as gentle as a lamb. After Rarey's death Cruiser was treated inhumanly, and he again grew sullen and vicious. He was confined in a small paddock at Groveport, near Columbus, Ohio; his feet seldom trimmed, never carefully groomed, and his food pitched at him. He had no love for man, and the face of every prying intruder threw him into a rage. He was a horse of fine grain, with well proportioned head and rather wide between the eyes. The successful horse tamer must have firmness, excellent judgment and good control over his temper. Intuitively, and after much experience, he will learn to read the character of an animal, and know what steps to take to render him submissive. Mere lip and hand mummery is a waste of time.

A BULL AND HORSE RACE.

Some forty years ago the managers of a race-course, near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published a notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one hundred dollars, "free for anything with four legs and hair on." A man in the neighborhood, named Hays, had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him round the track a number of times on several moonlight nights, until the bull had the "hang" of the ground pretty well, and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs, which the bull considered disagreeable, so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides. The morning of the race Hays came upon the ground on horseback—on his bull; this being two bulls in one—a Yankee bull and an Irish one. Instead of a saddle he had dried an ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump.

HE CARRIED A SHORT TIN HORN

in his hand. He rode to the judges' stand and offered to enter his bull for the race, but the owners of the horses that were entered objected. Hays appealed to the terms of the notice,

insisting that his bull had "four legs and hair on," and that, therefore, he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of debating, the judges declared themselves to be compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run, and he was entered accordingly.

When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places. The horse racers were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought it would be over as soon as the horses started. When the signal was given they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sank his spurs into the sides of the bull, who bounded on with a terrible bellow, at no trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flapping up and down and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race-course before. The horses all flew from the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country, and not one of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays.

A general row ensued, but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horsemen contended that they were swindled out of their purse, and that if it had not been for

HAYS' HORN AND OX-HIDE,

which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did. Upon this, Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses anyhow, and if they would put up one hundred dollars against the purse he would take off the ox-hide and leave his tin horn and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and the money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave his bull another touch with his spur, and the bull gave a tremendous bellow. The horses remembered the dreadful sound, and thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again, in spite of all the

exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track and won the money.

TURKS AND THEIR HORSES.

The Turkish horse is the gentlest creature in the world, and also the most capable of attachment to its master or groom. These qualities are the results of the kind treatment they receive from the Turks during their early training. With what care do the peasants of Bithynia attend to the foals while they are still quite young and tender; how they pet them, how they bring them into their rooms and almost to their tables, and how they handle them and stroke them! They seem to regard them almost as their children. The grooms in whose care they are placed treat them with equal kindness, making them fond of them by continuously stroking them, and never beating them with a stick unless they are absolutely compelled to do so. Being thus used, they become extremely attached to men, and yet you will not find one which this treatment has made a kicker or a biter, or refractory. Such vices are seldom met with in Turkey. But how different our system is from theirs! According to our method, grooms generally think it essential to use the roughest words and loudest tones in talking to their horses, and to be forever thrashing them. The consequence is that the horses quiver all over with terror on their entering the stable, and regard them with hatred and fear. The Turks like to have them trained to kneel down at command, and so take up their rider, and to pick up from the ground in their teeth a stick, a mace, or a sword, and to give it to their master in the saddle. When they have learned to do these things, as an honor and a mark of their proficiency, they fit silver rings in their nostrils, to show that they have been thoroughly trained. I saw a horse who, when his master was thrown from the saddle, would stand by him without moving a step, and others who would go round their groom, as he stood at a distance, and halt at his bidding.

CHINESE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

The Chinese never punish their animals; hence a mule that in

YOUNG PATRIOTS.

the hands of a foreigner would be not only useless but dangerous to every one about it, becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as quiet as a lamb and as tractable as a dog. One never beholds a runaway, a jibbing or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment; but always the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads, by means of a tur-r or cluck-k, the beast turning to the right or left and stopping with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into their service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed, without the aid either of a yelping cur or a cruel goad. Cattle, pigs and birds are equally cared for.

EDUCATION OF THE ELEPHANT.

The most striking feature in the education of an elephant is the suddenness of his transition from a wild and lawless denizen of the forest to the quiet, plodding, good-tempered and cheerful beast of draught or burden. There takes place in the keddah or pen of capture a mighty struggle between the giant strength of the captive and the ingenuity of man, ably seconded by a few powerful, tame elephants. When he finds his strength utterly overcome by man's intelligence, he yields to the inevitable, and accepts the situation philosophically. Sanderson once had a narrow escape from death while on the back of a tame elephant inside a keddah, attempting to secure a wild female. She fought his elephant long and viciously, with the strength and courage of despair, but was finally overcome by superior numbers. Although her attack on Sanderson in the keddah was of the most murderous description, he states that her conduct after her defeat was most exemplary, and she never afterwards showed any sign of ill-temper. Mr. Sanderson and an elephant-driver once mounted a full-grown female elephant on the sixth day after her capture, without even the presence of a tame animal. Sir Emerson Tennent records an instance wherein

an elephant was fed from the hand on the first night of its capture, and in a very few days evinced pleasure at being patted on the head. Such instances as the above can be multiplied indefinitely. To what else shall they be attributed than philosophic REASONING ON THE PART OF THE ELEPHANT?

The orang-outang, so often put forward as his intellectual superior, when captured alive at any other period of life than that of helpless infancy, is vicious, aggressive and intractable for weeks and months, if not during the remainder of its life. This animal captured adult, exhibits the most tiger-like ferocity, and is wholly intractable.

If dogs are naturally superior to elephants in general intellect, it should be as easy to tame and educate newly-caught wild dogs or wolves of mature age as newly-caught elephants. But, so far from this being the case, it is safe to assert that it would be *impossible* to train the most intelligent company of pointers, setters or collies ever got together to perform the feats accomplished with such promptness and accuracy by all regularly trained circus elephants. The successful training of all elephants up to the required working point is so fully conceded in India, that the market value of an animal depends wholly upon its age, sex, build, and the presence or absence of good tusks. The animal's education is either sufficient for the buyer, or, if not, he knows it can be made so.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MORE STORIES OF ANIMALS—THE ELEPHANT DIDN'T SEE THE JOKE—MONKEYS IN INDIA.

IN India, where the monkeys live among men, and are the playmates of their children, the Hindoos have grown so fond of them that the four-handed folk participate in all their simple household rites. In the early morning, when the peasant goes out to yoke his plow, and the crow wakes up, and the dog stretches himself and shakes off the dust in which he has slept all night, the old monkey creeps down from the peepul tree, only half awake, and yawns and looks about him, puts a straw in his mouth, and scratches himself contemplatively. Then, one by one, the whole family come slipping down the tree trunk, and they all yawn and look about and scratch. But they are sleepy and peevish, and the youngsters get cuffed for nothing, and begin to think life dull. Yet the toilet has to be performed, and, whether they like it or not, the young ones are sternly pulled up one by one to their mother to undergo the process. The scene, though regularly repeated every morning, loses nothing of its delightful comicality, and the monkey brats never tire of the joke of "taking in mamma." But mamma was young herself not very long ago, and treats each ludicrous affectation of suffering with profoundest unconcern, and, as she dismisses the "cleaned" youngster with a cuff, stretches out her hand for the next one's tail or leg in the most business-like and serious manner possible.

TRAVELING IN LAPLAND.

The youngsters know their turns quite well, and as each one sees the moment arriving it throws itself on its stomach, as if overwhelmed with apprehension, the others meanwhile stifling their laughter at the capital way so-and-so is doing it, and the instant the maternal paw is extended to grasp its tail the subject of the next experiment utters a wail, and, throwing its arms forward in the dust, allows itself to be dragged along, a limp and helpless carcass, winking all the time, no doubt, at its brothers and sisters, at the way it is imposing on the old lady.

But the old lady will stand no nonsense, and, turning the child right side up, proceeds to put it to rights; takes the kinks out of its tail and the knots out of its fur; pokes its fingers into its ears, and looks at each of its toes, the brat all the time wearing on its face an absurd expression of hopeless and incurable grief. Those who have been already cleaned look on with delight at the screaming farce, while those who are waiting wear a becoming aspect of enormous gravity. The old lady, however, has her joke, too, which is to cuff every youngster before she lets it go; and, nimble as her offspring are, she generally, to her credit be it said, manages to give each of them a box on the ears before it is out of reach. The father, meanwhile, sits gravely with his back to all these domestic matters, waiting for breakfast. The monkeys, by this time, have come closer to the preparations for food, and sit solemnly, household by household, watching every movement. Hindoos do not hurry themselves in anything they do, but the monkey has lots of time to spare and plenty of patience, and in the end, after the crow has stolen a little, and the dog has had its morsel, and the children are all satisfied, the poor fragments of the meal are thrown out on the ground for the "bhunder-logue" (the monkey-people), and it is soon discovered, the mother feeding the baby before she eats herself.

THE ELEPHANT DID NOT SEE THE JOKE.

The Rev. Mr. Watson gives a very curious story in illustration of this animal's wonderfully long memory of a wrong suffered.

One of those pests of society, "a practical joker," visited a caravan in a west of England fair and tried his stupid tricks upon an elephant there. He first doled out to it, one by one, some gingerbread nuts, and when the grateful animal was thrown off its guard he suddenly proffered it a large parcel wrapped in paper. The unsuspicious creature accepted and swallowed the lump, but immediately began to exhibit signs of intense suffering, and snatching up a bucket handed it to the keeper for water. This being given to it, it eagerly swallowed quantities of the fluid. "Ha!" cried the delighted joker; "I guess those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow." "You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper, "unless you wish the bucket at your head." The fool took the hint only just in time, for the enraged animal, having finished the sixth bucketful, hurled the bucket after its tormentor with such force that had he lingered a moment longer his life might have been forfeited. This, however, was by no means the last of it. The following year the show revisited the same town, and

THE FOOLISH JOKER,

like men of his genus, unable to profit by experience, thought to repeat his stupid trick on the elephant. He took two lots of nuts into the show with him—sweet nuts in one pocket and hot in the other. The elephant had not forgotten the jest played upon him, and therefore accepted the cakes very cautiously. At last the joker proffered a hot one, but no sooner had the injured creature discovered its pungency than it seized hold of its persecutor by the coat tails, hoisted him up by them, and held him until they gave way, when he fell to the ground. The elephant now inspected the severed coat tails which, after he had discovered and eaten all the sweet nuts, he tore to rags and flung after their discomfited owner.

A TOUCHING STORY.

We frequently read stories of animal devotion to their offspring, and also to their masters and mistresses, but the little incident published below is one of the most touching I have

read for some time. It is by no means new, but it will be interesting reading for generations yet to come:

The best little shepherd dogs are worth two hundred dollars, or even more. One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring ranch, showed us a very pretty one, that he said he would not sell for five hundred dollars. She had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild, vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were examining them, the assistant herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them; Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must suckle her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called, and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed very loth to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low-spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted wearily off toward the forest. I said: "This is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora had found the strays. While we were speaking, the sheep were returning, driven by a little dog, who did not raise her head or wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them, offering the little empty breasts. She had been out all night, and, while her hungry babies were tugging away, fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I was concerned, "there was not a dry eye in the house." How often that scene comes back to me—the vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature, with the sore foot and

her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild caverns and through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep.

HORSE SENSE.

Some people believe that a horse has more than ordinary intelligence as compared with other members of the animal family. Frequent cases have been reported of horses, when sick, going to the veterinary surgeon's where they had previously been treated; but the following is the first authenticated case, having been reported by L. A. Grenier, veterinary surgeon, of Indianapolis, Indiana. The fact of the horse calling the second time, a year later, is worthy of note: "In October, 1881," he writes, "a black horse, owned by Ferdinand Winter, a baker, living on Washington street, in this city, subject to colic, was treated several times by me. He took colic about two o'clock one morning, and the fastening of the stable not being very secure, got out and came direct to my office, pawing on the sidewalk and trying to get in at my door. He woke me up out of my sleep, and on looking out I found it was the baker's horse. I took him in and gave him some medicine. Next morning, the horse being cured, I sent him home to the baker, who was very thankful for the cure, and paid the expense of the same. A short time afterwards the baker sold or traded the horse to some party who lived about one mile south of Indianapolis; of which sale I did not know. About November, 1881 (this being over a year since I saw the horse last), when I came to open my office in the morning I found a horse lying in the mill lot across from my office. He was covered all over with mud, and terribly swollen, body cool as ice, and unable to stand on his legs. I took pity on the poor brute, and as the police station is only a half square from my office, I went and inquired what should be done for the poor animal, when the officer on duty at the time, named Osborne, instructed me to take the horse in and cure him, and he would see that I got my pay for it. I got my boys, scraped the mud off the horse, applied some stimulating lini-

ment to his body and limbs, gave him a good drink, and soon had the horse on his feet again, and dragged him into my infirmary, where we worked at him till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the horse was out of danger. As soon as the horse was cleaned I recognized the baker's horse.

ANIMAL REVENGE.

The active existence of a feeling like that of revenge, and the possession of powers of memory of considerable definiteness and endurance in animals, are well known, as the following anecdotes may show. Vixen and Viper were two dogs sent to hunt an otter. Only Vixen was able to attack the animal, and she was killed by him. Viper, who mourned for her intensely, went out in the night to hunt the otter; and the two were found next day clinched in death, with all the evidence of a desperate struggle around them.—A Newfoundland dog was enraged by a traveler who, passing on horseback through the village, struck at him with his whip. A year afterwards the traveler was passing through the same village, when the dog recognized him and bit him through the leg.—A friend of the owner of a dog, Tiger, set a stout bulldog on him, and Tiger got the worst of the fight. He remembered the event, and watched faithfully at the neighbor's door for his opportunity. It came; the dog seized the man and avenged his wrong. Afterwards he tried to make friends with him, and to restore the relations as they had been before the offense was given.—A servant maid was accustomed to throw water on a dog chained up during the hot weather, and for the best of motives—to cool him off. The dog, however, took the proceeding as an insult, and the first time he found himself loose he sprang upon the girl and killed her.—It was the duty of two dogs to take their turns at a turnspit. One of them shirked his task, slinked away and hid; the other, when called upon to take his companion's turn as well as his own, led the people to where the truant was hid and killed him on the spot.—A Newfoundland dog in Cork was annoyed by a cur. He took the animal, threw it over the dock, then plunged

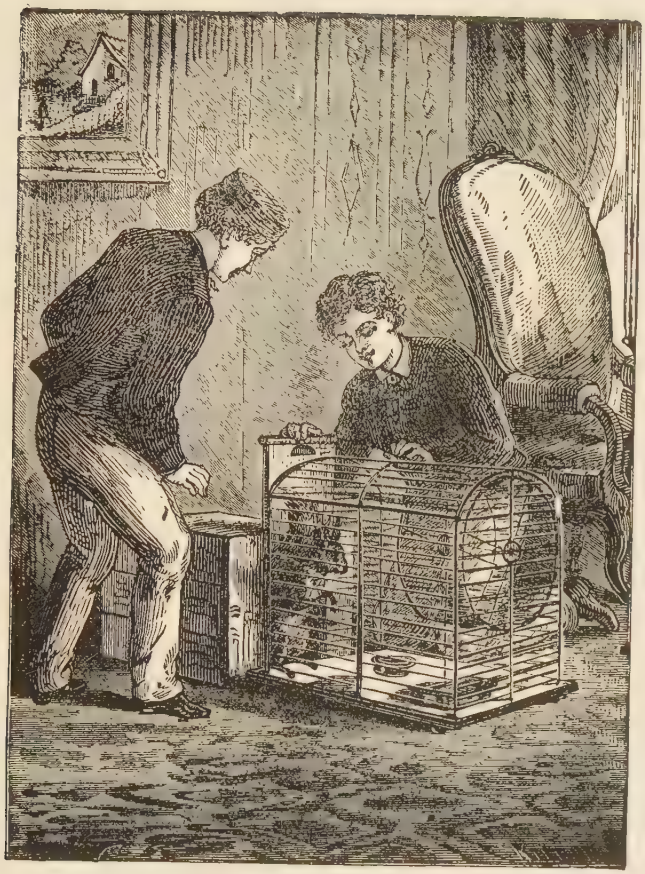
in himself and saved its life.—Another Newfoundland dog was sent back by its master with a key which was needed at the house. On its way it was attacked by a butcher's dog, but went on about its business, paying no attention to the interruption. The key delivered, it stopped, on its way back to its master, till the dog came out, then attacked it and killed it.—The story has become an old one of the elephant that cracked a cocoa-nut on the head of a man who had cracked one on its skull, and killed him.—Of another elephant—and he was called "the fool"—it is said that a quartermaster threw a tent-pin at him. A few days later, the animal came upon the quartermaster, lifted him up on his trunk, and put him in a large tree, to get down as best he could.—The last story is of a monkey, which, having been caught stealing a friar's grapes, had to wear a weight on his tail. Afterwards, while the friar was performing mass at the church, the monkey climbed to the roof of his cell and with the weight on its tail broke all the tiles.

THE MIDGET SHEEP.

The very smallest of all kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton. It is too small to be very profitable to raise; for, of course, it cannot have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man could almost eat a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised. But if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—

A GIANT GIRL, INDEED—

who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the name of pug. One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends,



DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE SQUIRREL.

when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes a great deal is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness, while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it evident distress.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST PLEA.

When Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were boys on their father's farm in New Hampshire, they were greatly annoyed one year by the ravages of the squirrels, and traps were set to catch them. Ezekiel brought the first capture to the house in triumph, and was, boy-like, eager to kill him at once, as a punishment for his misdeeds, or to make him a prisoner for life in a cage; but Daniel would consent to neither sentence; he wanted to set the poor, frightened little creature free. The dispute waxed warm, and the boys appealed to their father. He proposed to hold court, and have the squirrel tried; Ezekiel appearing for the prosecution, Daniel for the defense. This was a grand idea; the court was organized in the family sitting-room, with the father on the bench. Ezekiel did his very best; he enlarged upon the iniquities of the squirrel, and the necessity for punishment, and supposed he had covered the whole ground. But Daniel rose, his young face lighted with enthusiasm, and his young heart full of pity for the helpless creature whose life he was to plead for; boy as he was, he poured out such a flood of eloquent speech on the beauty and worth of life, even to a squirrel; on the great wrong of imprisonment for an unconscious offense; and on the charm of freedom, that when he sat down his hearers wiped the tears from their eyes. The prosecutor was the first to deliver the bright-eyed little prisoner, and Daniel and Ezekiel set no more traps. Daniel, as all the world knows, became one of our leading American statesmen!

CHAPTER XXIV.

BIRDS—THEIR RELATIVE POSITION—THE BILL—STORIES OF BIRDS.

AS we descend in the scale of being, new wonders strike our view, which furnish us with additional illustrations of the Divine perfections. From quadrupeds, the transition to birds is a great and sudden step, and we are introduced at once into a new system, in which the contrasts are not less numerous and remarkable than the analogies, but in which the intention of all the differences is obvious, and the adaptation to new functions and conditions is beautiful and complete. When we examine the structure of birds, we find that it is less complicated than that of the animals we have already been contemplating, and that the mental powers with which they are endowed are intermediate between quadrupeds and reptiles; but, if we regard the functions they are destined to perform, we shall discover in that which is their distinctive property a superiority, not merely over the order of quadrupeds, but over man himself. The power of moving through the air is a very remarkable endowment, which, though it be shared with insects, may be considered, among vertebrated animals, as peculiar to birds. It is, indeed, true that there is scarcely any power, however peculiar, belonging to a great order of organized beings, to which we do not find approaches in species of another order; and this

holds true of flying—as witness, among the finny tribes, the flying-fish; among reptiles, the flying lizzard, and among quadrupeds, the bat and the vampire. Another instance of the approximation of two distinct and even distant orders to each other, is that of the humming-bird to the insect tribe. These interesting little creatures, while, like the bee, they emit that peculiar sound in flying, from which they take their name, flutter

FROM FLOWER TO FLOWER,

and suck nectar like the butterfly, for which, on a casual glance, they might easily be mistaken.

The bill of a bird, again, is very peculiar in its conformation, and has obviously been formed with reference to the structure and functions of the animal in other respects. It was intended to cleave the air in flying, and therefore it was of importance that it should be sharp and pointed, and should project from a small head; and it was designed to act as an instrument of defense, and as a hand by which to seize its food, and, in birds of prey, to tear it. Had a mechanic been called upon to construct a mouth for such an animal, he would certainly, with all his ingenuity, have failed to invent so perfect an instrument as a bill. But it is not merely in the general type; it is also in the variations for particular purposes that the skill of the Creator is exhibited. Take the bill of the domestic fowl as the general basis of the contrivance, and we have an instrument simply but admirably fitted to act at once as a mouth and a hand, having nothing to do but to pick up food, to arrange its nest and to plume its feathers, or to defend itself when attacked. If we compare it with the bills of other species of the tribe called *rasores*, to which the domestic fowl belongs, we shall find numerous variations even in this simplest form. But take other orders, and the variation becomes still more marked. There are tribes which feed on worms and larvæ residing deep in the earth, and requiring to be reached by an elongated instrument. Such an instrument has been bestowed on them. The lengthened bills of the curlew, the woodcock and the plover are of

this description. The mechanical contrivance is here simple and obvious. But more skill was required to form a forceps of horn capable of distinguishing a soft worm among the equally soft mud in which it was imbedded: in the woodcock, and feeders of this kind, the end of the bill is not horny, but is provided with nerves, so that it becomes a finger to feel, as well as a hand to hold, and a mouth to eat. "It is doubtful," says Dr. Macculloch, "if the most delicate human finger could feel the food of a woodcock where it lies. But there is even more of contrivance, if I mistake not, in this provision. The nerves are large beyond all apparent necessity; utterly disproportioned to a nerve of touch in any other animal body. It was necessary that the point of the bill should be tough and firm; and the magnitude of the nerves forms a compensation for this."

The duck and other flat-billed birds form another variety, whose instruments are intended for a purpose somewhat similar. They have to obtain their food in mud below the water. Here

THE TEETH FORM A STRAINER,

like the same engine in the whale, while a highly sensitive bill and tongue aid each other in separating what is wanted, and rejecting what is superfluous. The birds of prey exhibit a conformation adapted to their purpose, not less effectual than it is simple. It consists in giving to the upper mandible a crooked form, which affords the animal much power in holding and tearing the flesh of its prey. It would be easy to follow out this enumeration, by other cases of remarkable adaptation, such as that of the swallow and the night-hawk, which feed on insects while on the wing, and have therefore a wide mouth, into which their prey may be said to fly; the crossbill, whose instrument is so admirably adapted for opening the cones of the fir; and the spoonbill, which is literally furnished with

A PAIR OF TONGS,

for catching frogs.

Foremost among birds for daring and strength are the flesh-eaters—birds of prey. Some of these are great sanitary agents,

such as the vulture, which consumes putrid flesh, and, especially in tropical climates, often in this way prevents disease and plague. Then there are condors and falcons, the latter of which in olden times were used by the nobility for hunting other birds, and, noblest, strongest, most daring of all,

THE EAGLE.

Such is the strength of the eagle that it carries off fawns, lambs, pigs and even, in some rare cases, children. Martin, in his description of the Hebrides of Scotland, relates how, when an infant, one Neil was left by his mother in a field on the north side of Loch Portree, and was carried off by an eagle, and laid on the ground on the south side of the loch. Some shepherds, seeing the bird, and hearing the infant cry, ran to the rescue, and fortunately in good time. In Tartary the royal or imperial eagle is trained to catch foxes, antelopes and even wolves. In an eyrie, or eagle's nest in Germany, the skeletons of three hundred ducks, and forty hares were found; and these, be it remembered, were only those animals which could be carried to the nest, and not the larger kinds, which the eagles must prey upon where they are killed. I have spoken of the vulture as a great sanitarian; another bird, first found in South Africa and known as the secretary bird, is also a great blessing to man, as it destroys a vast quantity of noxious insects and reptiles. They were first called "secretaries" by the Dutch, because of the loose feathers, at the back of their head, which look like a pen stuck behind the ear. They have spurs on their wings, with which to strike their prey, which they then finish by splitting open the skull with their feet. Then there is

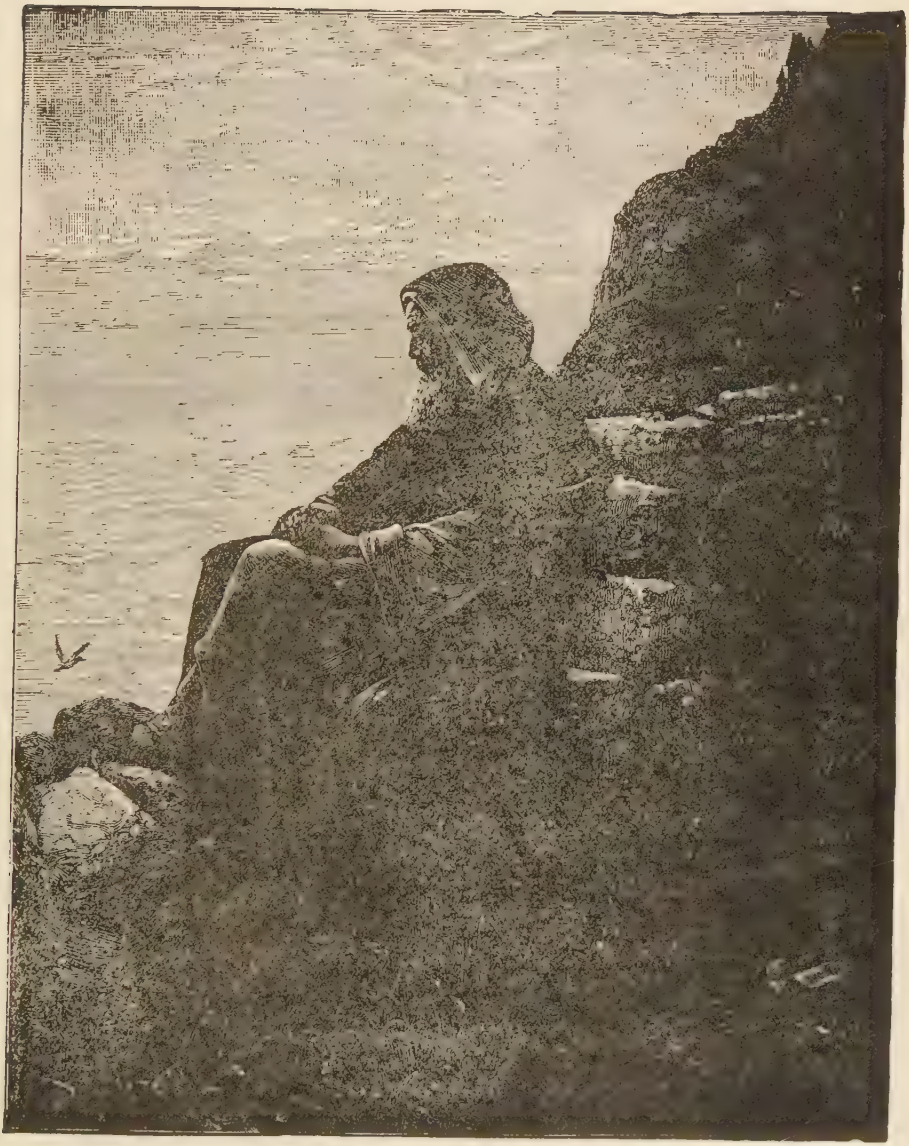
THE AMERICAN CONDOR.

These gigantic birds, which are in length between three and four feet, and from nine to ten in expanse of their wings, are by no means formidable; they are not ferocious, and their talons, not being intended to seize living prey, are too feeble to lacerate. The natives do not fear them, and are accustomed, with their children, to sleep near their resort, exposed to attack, were this

ever to be apprehended. Of the strength of the condor, and its tenacity of life, we have many authentic accounts. Captain Head relates an attempt of one of his Cornish miners to overcome one of these animals gorged with food, when, after a severe struggle of an hour, the man was obliged to leave his victory incomplete. Humboldt mentions the particulars of a cruel experiment made by some Indians in his presence, to show the strength of the condor's vital powers. It was hung by the neck on a tree for several minutes, and pulled forcibly by the feet, yet, when released, it rose and walked about as if nothing had occurred to affect it. It was then shot at with a pistol within four paces, and it was not till the fourth ball struck its thigh, that it was brought to the ground; nor did it die of its wounds till after an interval of half an hour. While sailing at ease in the air, the condor exhibits a noble spectacle of grace and majesty, which cannot be regarded without admiration. To see him, with expanded wings, wheeling round the topmost summits of the Andes, or sweeping down in a series of gyrations from the upper sky, each circle contracting as the earth is neared, is represented by travelers as a sublime and imposing sight.

THE VULTURE.

To the vulture I have already alluded. It is found in most parts of Europe, where it pursues its useful office of destroying dead carcasses; but it is chiefly numerous in the warmer regions of the earth, where decomposition goes on rapidly, and the noxious effluvia arising from decaying animal substances might, but for the interference of this bird, be both annoying and destructive. In Egypt, the vulture is of singular service. There are great flocks of them in the neighborhood of Grand Cairo, which no person is permitted to destroy. The service which they render the inhabitants, is, the devouring all the carrion and filth of that great city. "They are commonly seen," says Goldsmith, "in company with the wild dogs of the country, tearing a carcass very deliberately together. This odd association produces no quarrels; the birds and quadrupeds seem



A JESUIT MISSIONARY.

to live amicably, and nothing but harmony subsists between them. The wonder is still the greater, as both are extremely rapacious, and both lean and bony to a very great degree; probably having no great plenty, even of the wretched food on which they subsist." For its office of scavenger the vulture is admirably fitted by nature. Its far-seeing eye, its powerful wing, its rapacious appetite, its decided preference for carrion, all mark it out, as appointed to this special office, which it fulfills with wonderful efficiency. Of one species,

THE GRIFFON,

which is widely diffused, it is said, by a celebrated naturalist, that "when once it has made a lodgment on its prey, it rarely quits the banquet while a morsel of flesh remains, so that it is not uncommon to see it perched upon a putrefying corpse for several successive days." Of another, which inhabits the south of Africa, Kolben says, "I have been often a spectator of the manner in which they have anatomized a dead body; I say anatomized, for no artist in the world could have done it more cleanly. They have a wonderful method of separating the flesh from the bones, and yet leaving the skin quite entire." Of all the different kinds, it may be said, in general, that nature has bestowed upon them a most voracious and almost insatiable desire to devour, under different habits suited to their respective localities.

And now we come to the eagle, the king of birds, as the lion is of beasts, and from this numerous and diversified class, suppose we select the

WHITE-HEADED EAGLE

of our own country, which is emblazoned on the national standard of the United States, and is spread over the whole northern division of the new world. Apart from patriotic reasons, I do this because, not only is it one of the most powerful of the eagle family, and furnishes, in itself, an example of a bird which feeds on prey, both from the land and waters, but because it affords an opportunity of introducing the graphic and spirited

description of it by one of the most eminent and eloquent of naturalists, who brings, as it were, before our very eyes, this tyrant and scourge of the inferior creation. Here is what the great Audubon says of the royal bird's manner of capturing

THE WILD SWAN.

To give you some idea of the nature of this bird, permit me to place you on the Mississippi, on which you may float gently along, while approaching winter brings millions of water-fowl, on whistling wings, from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season. The eagle is seen, perched in an erect attitude, on the highest summit of the tallest tree, by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening, but stern eye, looks over the vast expanse; he listens attentively to every sound which comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing now and then on the earth beneath, lest even the light tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite side, and, should all be tranquil and silent, warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call, the male partly opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac.

The next moment, he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species, the teal, the widgeon, the mallard and others, are seen passing with great rapidity, and following the course of the current, but the eagle heeds them not. They are at that time beneath his attention. The next moment, however, the wild, trumpet-like sound of a yet distant, but approaching swan, is heard.

A SHRIEK FROM THE FEMALE EAGLE

comes across the stream; for, kind reader, she is fully as alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his cuticular muscles, arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of

her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her very legs are spread behind her tail to aid her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has

MARKED HER FOR HIS PREY.

As the swan is passing the dreaded pair, the male bird starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, with an awful scream, that, to the swan's ear, brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun. Now is the moment to witness the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star; and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now in agony and despair, seeks by various manœuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. She mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream were she not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces her to remain in the air by attempting to strike her with his talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. She has already become much weakened, and her strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of her antagonist. Her last gasp is about to escape; when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under side of her wing, and with resistless power, forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore. It is then, reader, that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race, whilst exulting over his prey, he for the first time breathes at ease. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deeper than ever into the heart of

THE DYING SWAN.

He shrieks with delight, as he feels the last convulsions of his prey, which has now sunk under his unceasing efforts to render death as painfully felt as it can possibly be. The female has watched every movement of her mate, and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was not from want of will, but merely because she felt full assurance that the power and courage of her lord were quite sufficient for the deed. She now

THE EAGLE AND ITS PREY.

sails to the spot where he eagerly awaits her, and when she has arrived, they together turn the breast of the luckless swan upwards, and gorge themselves with gore.

STORY OF A ROBIN.

Of the little robin, or red-breast, one of the few birds that confide implicitly in the friendship of man, how many stories could I tell! But one must suffice. There was a gardener once who used to encourage a certain robin, and one day was greatly surprised to find that his little friend would insist on hovering round him, even perching on his shoulders; then going a short way off, and appearing to wait for him, returning when he did not follow. At last it struck him that

THE ROBIN WANTED ASSISTANCE,

and he walked in the direction apparently indicated by the bird. At last, the robin stopped at a flower-pot, in which it had built its nest, and uttered a cry. The gardener then perceived that a snake had coiled itself round the pot, though as yet it had not injured the young birds. He, of course, destroyed the intruder, and received the most grateful flutterings and song in return.

CHAPTER XXV.

MORE STORIES OF BIRDS—HOW TO STUFF A BIRD IN FIVE MINUTES—THE SPARROW AND THE MONKEYS.

IF all the hanging nests the most curious is made by the little baya sparrow of India. I dare say you wonder why any birds build hanging nests; you may be quite sure that they have a reason, and this reason is, I believe, that they think them the safest. In the country where the baya sparrow lives there are snakes and opossums and troops of monkeys, all of whom delight to regale themselves on bird's eggs. Now the monkeys are more to be feared than all the other egg-eaters, because they can climb so well. From an ordinary nest, open at the top, a monkey can easily take the eggs with his long slender fingers. The baya sparrow knows this, so she takes care to hang her nest on the very tips of light branches that will not bear a monkey's weight, and to inclose it on all sides, and to enter it from underneath through a long neck—longer than the monkey's fingers. When the monkeys found that

SHE HAD THUS OUTWITTED THEM,

they laid their heads together. Eggs they liked, and eggs they must have, and those of the baya sparrow were especially tempting. At last they thought of a novel plan how to get them. One monkey climbed to a high, strong branch above that from

which the nest was hung, and let himself down from it, holding on with both hands; then another monkey crawled down, holding on by the heels of the first, and another below him, and so on until they could reach the nest of the poor little sparrow, which they plundered. This was too bad. Nevertheless the sparrow did not sit down and cry because the monkeys were so clever, and all her eggs were gone. She knew there is nothing a monkey hates so much as to get his sleek coat wet; he would rather go without eggs than do this. So she hung her nest on the extremity of a branch stretching over the water, and so low that the entrance of the nest was close to the surface. The monkey thieves did not dare to make any chain of themselves long enough to touch that nest, for fear the bough should bend and let the lowest monkey go souse into the water. Clever little sparrow!

THE GRATEFUL ROBINS.

The following interesting details are vouched for by Mr. John Barwick, of Blue Island, Cook county, Illinois, and can be relied upon as strictly truthful: "In the early springtime of this year, 1883, a robin with his mate built a nest in the corner of the lath fence of our chicken yard. It seemed strange they should select this frequented spot for their little home; and they commenced just a few days before the fearful rain which delayed us in our garden and almost washed out our crop of carrots, peas, onions, beets, beans and other vegetables which we had planted. Willie had been very industrious over his little garden, and so had Minnie and Johnnie and Edith; but the rushing waters made a bad wreck of almost the entire garden.

OUR LITTLE FRIENDS,

the robins, also suffered, and they at that time nearly lost their nest also, as they had built it of clay and hay mixed together with some string and other things they picked up round the yard. As soon as the storm was over they went to work to repair the nest. Early to work and most industrious, they

soon had things in shape. Mrs. Robin laid three pretty eggs, and then commenced her days of setting. At first she was nervous, as the children and all the family passed the corner many times a day, but she soon became accustomed to this, and quietly looked out with her little black eyes as much as to say, "You won't hurt me, will you?" A few days and the nest contained three little birds all naked and red—no feathers, and always hungry. How they worked to feed their little ones! Then came the cold, bad weather; it was a northwest wind and some snow fell, but they took turns in keeping the little ones warm with their wings and feathers.

ONE NIGHT—IT WAS LATE—

I went to the garden, and Mr. Robin came down where he saw me poking round with a stick. I thought the little fellow wanted some worms that cold evening, and so I just went to work and dug some worms and took them up to the old bird. She was so glad to get them, and came and took them as I handed them to her, just like a sensible person. I was delighted to find that I could help them in their trying time. She took the worms from my hand. Our five little children were delighted to help the birds, and one and all volunteered to dig worms and feed their little bird friends. So they went on with their care of them; the young birds grew so fast, plenty to eat, and the old ones so pleased with their little friends. Minnie, our oldest, was particularly attentive to the little ones, and the old hen bird came one day and sat on her hand while she fed worms to the little ones. They have now flown off to

THEIR WOODS, GLENS AND FIELDS,

and the nest remains where they built it, but forsaken and empty. I am a man of forty-five years, but in all my experience I never witnessed anything more touching than this confidence shown by these little wild birds in us who had tried to help them in their day of want and trial. God, the great "I am," cares for all His creatures, and doubtless used us to be His servants in this matter. It has been a blessed lesson, and

will always be sweet to memory with us all—my wife, my dear children and myself."

And now I wish to tell you how to skin,

STUFF AND MOUNT A BIRD

in five minutes. The process which I am about to describe briefly is a rough-and-ready one, to preserve and display to advantage the full plumage of the bird, and may be practiced by those who have not the time or the materials, or, shall I suggest, the patience?—necessary for the more artistic operation. I have found it very useful in tropical countries to retain a souvenir of brilliant-hued pets that came to an untimely end, in a climate where the bodies went too rapidly to decay to permit of skinning properly with a view to subsequent setting up. Many birds, also, which are considered too commonplace for regular mounting, well repay the small amount of trouble necessary to display them in this manner. You need not go and shoot or trap them for the purpose. Let your subject be some pet or other bird that has died a natural death. Again, you will find that, unfortunately, the dealers in live birds have always a number of

THEIR POOR LITTLE BODIES

to sell for next to nothing or to throw away. The apparatus required is simple in the extreme. A pair of lady's sharp-pointed scissors, a little cotton-wool which may be just flavored with a drop of spirits of camphor, turpentine, carbolic acid, or a light sprinkling of pepper to discourage any possible insects, and a few ordinary pins; nothing more. And the whole operation may be performed, with a little practice, on a small bird, in the short space of time above mentioned. Trace the tail feathers down to their root, under the short feathers of the back. You will find that the tail works on a hinge or joint, and can be detached clean and entire by a snip of the scissors severing this joint. A small bit of bone comes away with it. Lay the tail aside. Carefully dividing the body feathers, cut the skin around, commencing *in front* of the legs below, but sloping a

little backwards above, and proceed skinning forward, turning it inside out as you go. Very little cunning is necessary. The skin separates readily, only requiring a fibre to be clipped here and there. When you arrive at the wings, peel the skin off down to the first joint (still turning the whole inside out), and there nip it through with the scissors, thus leaving the first bone of the wing, covered with thick flesh, attached to the body. At the neck a little more caution and delicacy of treatment will be called for, as the skin is thin here, and may be torn by rough handling or dragging. The wind-pipe, gullet and slender bone do not give firm ground to work upon either, but shift about and require to be "rubbed loose" from their covering with the finger and thumb. Peel away until you have exposed the back of

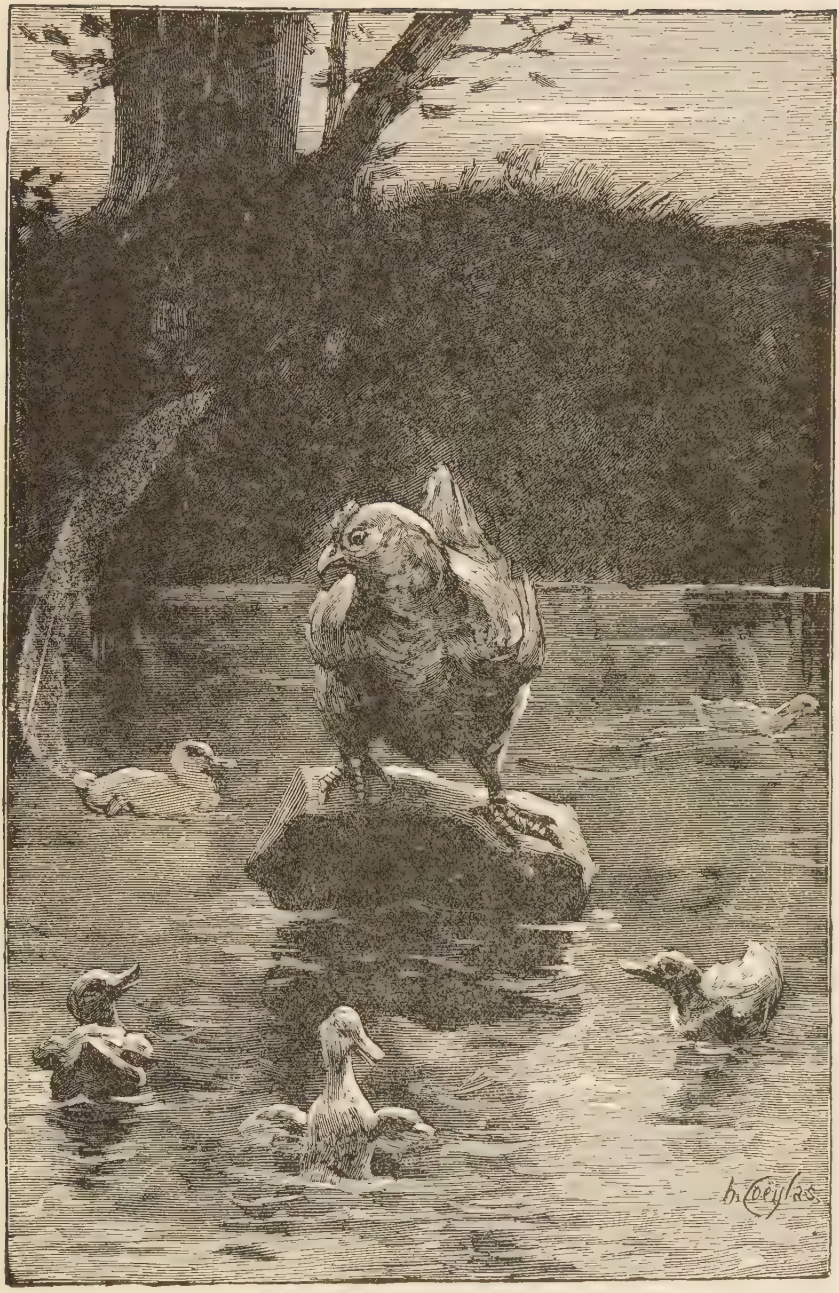
THE WHITE GLISTENING SKULL

as far as the top of the head, or the broadest part, where cut it through. The scissors will divide it like thin card-board. Scoop out the brains, break through the little plates of bone which partition off the eye-balls, and withdraw them from the inside, and cleanse and dry the cavity of the skull with a small piece of wool. Remove the tongue from the mouth in front, and cram in some cotton-wool in its place, but not enough to prevent the beak from closing.

Now stuff the inside of the head and the neck firmly, bringing back the skin to its proper position by degrees as you fill it, and fastening it with the pins. Use small pinches of wool, and take care that the neck is evenly but not unduly distended. The pouches at the wings will be filled in the same way. When it is completely full, lay it in position on a board and

RUN A PIN THROUGH AT THE BACK

of the neck, which will cause the head to stand up and display the breast in a very elegant manner. The wings must now be distended, the two or four pins required for that purpose not piercing them, but so inserted into the board as to prevent their shutting up again. The feathers are plumed out and straight-



POLLY WAS PROUD OF THEM.

ened, another pin or two put in, if need be, at any part which seems imperfectly fixed, and the job is done. It will be dry in a few days. I have found it the least trouble and safest to pin the birds against a wall or inside a cupboard door, twisting a cone of paper over each to keep off the dust. When it is dry and set, the pins are withdrawn, and the edge of the skin is fastened with a little gum to whatever the bird is destined to adorn, the tail being placed in position behind, with its bony knob concealed under the feathers of the body. Thus it gives by no means a bad idea of a bird in full flight. The different ways in which the birds may be disposed of are of course innumerable. I have seen one sewn on as

A CROWNING DECORATION

to a highly ornamental pen-wiper, another placed in a lady's hat, others very prettily arranged in the center of plates to hang against the wall, with scenery painted around them, so that they appeared to be flying amidst palm-trees or over rivers. A young friend of mine, being of a mechanical turn, has fixed one to the middle of a wooden disk, which he has got his sister to paint for him. A strong wire is inserted securely into the wood, passing through the body and coming out at the beak. When he has set up another in like manner he is going to present them to his uncle, to hang one on each side of the chimney-piece, supporting a pair of light wire letter racks. If you think of making a similar contrivance I should advise you to pass the wire through as soon as the bird is skinned, and stuff around it, as the compressed wool is very hard to pierce. It would look better, too, to mask the wire issuing from the beak with a berry or twig, and it might be arranged so as to carry a paper-balance, taper-stand, pen-rest, or even a candle.

INTELLIGENCE IN BIRDS.

The central prison at Agra is the roosting place of great numbers of the common blue pigeon; they fly out to the neighboring country for food every morning, and return in the evening, when they drink at a tank just outside the prison walls. In

this tank are a great number of fresh-water turtles, which lie in wait for the pigeons, just under the surface of the water, and at the edge of it. Any bird alighting to drink near one of these turtles has a good chance of having

ITS HEAD BITTEN OFF

and eaten; and the headless bodies of pigeons have been picked up near the water, showing the fate which has sometimes befallen the birds. The pigeons, however, are aware of the danger, and have hit on the following plan to escape it: A pigeon comes in from its long flight, and, as it nears the tank, instead of flying down at once to the water's edge, will cross the tank at about twenty feet above its surface, and then fly back to the side from which it came, apparently selecting for alighting a safe spot, which it had remarked as it flew over the bank; but even when such a spot has been selected, the bird will not alight at the edge of the water, but on the bank, about a yard from the water, and will then run down quickly to the water, take two or three hurried gulps of it, and then fly off to repeat the same process at another part of the tank, till its thirst is satisfied. I had often watched the birds doing this, and could not account for their strange mode of drinking, till told by my friend, the superintendent of the prison, of the turtles which lay in ambush for the pigeons.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INSECTS—THE BUILDING SPIDER—THE WATER-SPIDER.

LASTLY, in the scale of animal creation we come to insects, about which, particularly the bee, I should like to tell you a great deal, but my space is rapidly becoming very limited, and I have so much yet to treat of before we complete our "Golden Cycle," that I shall have to be very brief. Besides, every one knows something about bees, but not every one knows much about the subject of this chapter. So I shall confine myself to this one species of insect,

THE TRAP-DOOR,

or building spider, it being quite the most interesting of all the spider tribe. Some species of this insect are gifted with a particular talent for building. They hollow out dens; they bore galleries; they elevate vaults; they build, as it were, subterranean bridges; they construct, also, entrances to their habitations, and adapt doors to them, which want nothing but bolts; for, without any exaggeration, they work upon a hinge, and are fitted to a frame. The interior of their habitation, too, is extremely neat and water-tight, while the walls are covered with tapestry of silk, lustrous as satin and dazzlingly white. These habitations are usually found in a clayey kind of red earth, in which they bore tubes about three inches in depth, and ten lines in width. The walls of these tubes are not left

THE WATER SPIDER.

just as they are bored, but they are covered with a kind of mortar, sufficiently solid to be easily separated from the mass which surrounds it. If the tube is divided longitudinally, besides this rough-cast, it appears to be covered with a coat of fine mortar, which is as smooth and regular as if a trowel had been passed over it. This coat is very thin and soft to the touch. But, before the adroit laborer lays it, she covers the coarser earthy plaster-work with some coarse web, upon which she glues

HER SILKEN TAPESTRY.

But the door that closes her apartment is still more remarkable in its structure. If her well were always left open, she would be subject to the intrusion of guests that would not, at all times, be welcome or safe. Providence, therefore, has instructed her to fabricate a very secure trap-door, which closes the mouth of it. To judge of this door by its outward appearance, we should think it was formed of a mass of earth coarsely worked, and covered internally by a solid web, which would appear sufficiently wonderful for an animal that seems to have no special organ for constructing it; but, if it is divided vertically, it will be found to be a much more complicated fabric than its outward aspect indicates, for it is formed of more than thirty layers of earth and web, emboxed, as it were, in each other, like a set of weights for small scales. If these layers of web are examined, it will be seen that they all terminate in the hinge, so that the greater the volume of the door, the more powerful is the hinge. The frame in which the tube terminates above, and to which the door is adapted, is thick, and its thickness arises from the number of layers of which it consists, and which seem to correspond with those of the door; hence the formation of the door, the hinge and the frame, seems to be a simultaneous operation, except that, in fabricating the first, the animal has to knead the earth, as well as to spin the layers of web. By this admirable arrangement these parts always correspond to each other, and the strength of the hinge, and the

thickness of the frame, will always be proportioned to the weight of the door.

The more carefully we study the arrangement of these parts, the more perfect does the work appear. If we examine the circular margin of the door, we shall find that it slopes inwards, so that it is not a transverse section of a cylinder, but of a cone; and on the other side, that the frame slopes outwards, so that the door exactly applies to it. By this structure, when the door is closed, the tube is not distinguishable from the rest of the soil, and it is doubtless for the purpose of effecting this concealment that the door is formed of earth. Besides, by this structure, also, the animal can more readily open and shut the door. By its conical shape, it is much lighter than it would have been if cylindrical, and so more easily opened; and, by its external inequalities and mixture of web, the spider can more easily lay hold of it with its claws. Whether she enter her tube, or go out,

THE DOOR WILL SHUT OF ITSELF.

This was proved by experiment; for though resistance, more or less, was experienced when it was opened, when left to itself it always fell down, and closed the aperture. The advantage of this structure to the spider is evident; for whether it darts out upon its prey, or retreats from an enemy, it is not delayed by having to shut its door. The principal instruments by which this little animal performs her various operations, are her mandibles and her spinners. The former, besides the two rows of tubercles, between which, when unemployed, her claw or sting is folded, has, at the apex, or their inner side, a number of strong spines.

And now would you like to know how the spider manufactures his net or web? Well, I'll tell you. Immediately below the end of the body, planted in a roundish, depressed state, are six jointed teat-like organs. Four of these are pierced with holes, so numerous and fine, that in some species there are over one thousand in each of the divisions, a space itself not

bigger than a pin's head. From every one of these holes, a thread proceeds, so that the very finest part of the web, which we can scarcely see, is not a single thread, but a cord, composed of no fewer than four thousand strands—to use the technical language of the ropemaker. The line spun by the smallest spider, itself no bigger than a grain of sand, is so fine, that

FOUR MILLIONS OF THEM,

put together, would not exceed the thickness of a human hair, only think of that!

Now, there is an obvious intention in the extreme minuteness of the original strands. Not only is the viscous matter, of which the web is composed, by being exposed to the air in these exceedingly fine filaments, instantly dried, which seems necessary to its tenacity, but the line takes firmer hold at the places where it is attached to some solid object, when its

THOUSANDS OF ENDS

are pressed upon it, than if this were done with a single end; and, what seems to be the chief intention, the line is much stronger in proportion to its thickness, by being formed of so many separate threads. There are various ways, in which the spider applies to her own use the threads she spins, some of them exceedingly artificial. One species employs them to enable it to mount into the air, another to cross streams, and another still, as we have seen, to form itself a comfortable home; but the principal use to which this curious art is applied, is, for the capture of their prey. There is great variety in the manner in which the snares are constructed. That of the *geometrician* is the most beautiful and symmetrical, being formed of lines diverging from a common center, and crossed at minute intervals by other lines, drawn in spiral circumvolutions. This spider frequents shrubs and hedges where she spreads her net. The house spider, on the other hand, weaves her web like a piece of gauze or fine muslin, with threads attached to the edges of the web, joining and crossing in various directions, and carried up often to the height of several

HOW SHALL I GET HIM OFF?

feet. These lines intercept the insects flying across them, by which they become entangled, and, in struggling to get free, generally fall into the bosom of the net, spread beneath to receive them. That she may keep quite out of sight, and not frighten away her victims, the spider often adds a little silken apartment below, or at one side of the web; and in order to know when any one is caught, she spins several threads from the edge of the net to that of her hole. These by moving give notice of what has happened, and serve as a bridge, by which she may run in a moment to any quarter where her prey is entangled.

Among all the remarkable instincts of this tribe, there is, perhaps none so extraordinary as that of the species which build their nests under water. This creature is called

THE WATER SPIDER.

She spins some loose threads, which she fastens to the leaves of water plants growing in a still pool. Among these threads she weaves for herself a cocoon, rendered impervious to water by being covered with the gummy substance contained in her body. This apartment is about half the size of a pigeon's egg, and is formed with an opening below. Having covered her own body partly over with this gum, thus, in some mysterious manner, forming for herself an air-bag, she comes to the surface of the water, and draws in as much air as the bag will hold, which she conveys to her cell. This operation she repeats many times, till the cell is filled and expanded with air, the water being expelled; and during the operation, she usually swims upon her back, the air-bag, which is fixed to her abdomen appearing like

A BUBBLE OF QUICKSILVER.

In this diving bell the spider lives, keeping herself quite dry, and having sufficient means of respiration, although under water. Thither, too, she carries the prey which she captures, diving below the water, and entering her habitation by the aperture underneath.

The whole operations of these insects are exceedingly curious, and there is yet one other circumstance which I have to mention. They are gifted with the faculty of walking, in opposition to gravity, even upon the glass, with their bodies inverted. According to the observations of Mr. Blackwall, this is not effected by producing atmospheric pressure by the adhesion of suckers, as is the case with flies, and some other creatures, but by a brush, formed of "slender bristles, fringed on each side with exceedingly fine hairs, gradually diminishing in length as they approach its extremity, where they occur in such profusion as to form a thick brush on its superior surface:" These brushes he first discovered on a living specimen of the largest species of this insect, called

THE BIRD SPIDER;

and the same structure, as far as his researches were carried, he found in those species which can walk in counteraction of gravity upon glass. Solomon mentions the spider among "the things that are little upon the earth, yet exceeding wise;" and one proof which he gives of her wisdom is that "she taketh hold with her hands."

CHAPTER XXVII.

REPRODUCTION OF INSECTS—THE MOTH—THE BURYING BEETLE—THE ANT.

IN this chapter I propose to give a detailed account of some other instances of peculiar instincts among the insect tribes, relating to the continuance of the species. Among the many enemies, besides man that prey on bees, there is none more formidable than certain species of moth. Night is the time when the latter fly about, and, as bees do not see distinctly except in a strong light, the moths frequently elude their vigilance, gliding in between the guards stationed at the mouth of the hive, which these creatures take special care not to disturb. If however, the approach of the enemy is discovered, the daring attempt proves fatal; for the watchers immediately utter

A LOUD HUM OF ALARM,

which brings many to their assistance, armed with their deadly stings, and the intruder is dispatched without mercy. When, however, the wily moth succeeds in gaining admittance, she then, by the rapidity of her motions, generally escapes her pursuers, even when some of the watching bees become aware of her intrusion. Having accomplished this, and ensconced herself in a secure corner of the hive, she lays her eggs, which was the only object that induced her to incur the danger; for neither

STANLEY BERKELEY

the bees, nor any part of their stores, can afford the means of subsistence to herself, although the wax is the proper food of the young grubs, which are to proceed from the eggs. As soon as they are hatched, each grub forms a winding tube in the wax, sometimes eighteen inches long. These tubes are lined with silk, which the bees are unable to pierce, and thus the grubs remain secure amidst the poisoned weapons of their enemies. They bore through the wax in every direction,—no part is safe from their ravages, and the bees are frequently compelled to yield all the fruits of their industry to these formidable spoilers, and to leave them in entire possession of the hive.

And now a word as to the extraordinary habits of another insect, the burying-beetle. It may seem strange, to those who reflect on the mortality which takes place among all the races of animated nature, that so few dead bodies meet our sight in our rural walks, and so few of those nauseous and pestilential smells, which arise from animal substances in a state of decay, assail

OUR OLFACTORY NERVES.

One obvious and very extensive cause of this is, doubtless, that natural law by which one animal is made to prey upon the dead carcass of another, or to seize and devour it while yet alive; but there are also some species of insects, and of animals, both of a higher and lower grade than insects, which have been appropriately called nature's *scavengers*. Of these, one very remarkable family is that whose habits we are now to consider. The burying-beetle

LAYS ITS EGGS IN THE PUTRESCENT FLESH

of reptiles, birds, or beasts; and, when the larvæ are developed in the form of maggots, they find this appropriate food provided for them by the instinctive foresight of their parents. But were the carcasses, so used, to remain above ground, exposed to the free action of the atmosphere, their decomposition would be carried on too hastily, or they might be devoured by those animals which feed on carrion, or many other accidents might

befall them. The instinct of these beetles leads them, therefore, to serve a double purpose, by burying the bodies underground; thus preparing a fit receptacle for their eggs, and, at the same time, removing a common nuisance. The manner in which they accomplish this useful office, is sufficiently curious, as the following experiment will show. It had been observed that dead moles, when laid upon the ground, generally disappeared in two or three days, and sometimes within twelve hours. In order to discover how this happened, a mole was laid in the garden and the place marked. At the end of three days it was gone; and upon

DIGGING WHERE IT HAD BEEN PLACED,

it was found buried three inches deep, and under it were four beetles. To be quite sure that these creatures were the cause of its disappearance, four of the same kind were put into a large glass vessel, half filled with earth, and covered over, so that they could not get out. Two dead frogs were laid on the surface of this earth; and two of the beetles immediately commenced their labors on one of these bodies, with such vigor, that, in the course of twelve hours, it was completely buried. The other two were idle during this operation; but

AT LAST THEIR TURN CAME,

and the remaining frog was buried. A dead linnet was then put in. They began by pushing out the earth from under it, so as to form a hole for its reception, and then dragged at its feathers from below, to pull it into the grave. One of them at length seemed to quarrel with the other, and driving it off, carried on the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it about, and, from time to time, coming out of the hole, climbed upon it, making apparently an effort to tread it down; and, when he had effected everything that could be accomplished in this way, he again commenced his work beneath the surface. Being at last exhausted with so many hours of hard and incessant labor, he came out of his hole, and lay down on the ground, without moving, for more

than an hour. Again he commenced his work; and, next morning, the linnet was found to be sunk an inch and a half under the surface, with a trench all round it. In the evening, it had sunk an inch lower; and, in another day, it was quite covered up. Other small dead animals were afterward put into the glass case, until, in fifty days, those four little beetles had buried no fewer than twelve bodies.

The last insect, whose operations in propagating and rearing its offspring, I shall notice, is the ant, that little creature whose instincts bear, in some respects, a strong resemblance to those of the honey-bee, and, in some other respects, appear to be even still more remarkable. The

ANT-HILLS ARE WONDERFUL STRUCTURES,

raised with great skill, out of crude and unpromising materials, being composed of earth, moistened with rain or dew, kneaded with their teeth, and beat with their feet. So far as my subject leads me at present to describe them, I have to observe, that there is a central apartment, or royal cell, to which all the streets and lanes of their city converge, and in which are confined, for life, as in a state prison, their king and queen, two very portly personages, whose size, superior to that of all their subjects, prevents them from escaping by the door though which the other

DENIZENS OF THE COMMUNITY

find easy ingress and egress. There are various kinds of this insect, each of them remarkable for some peculiarities, but I speak at present of the white ant, one of the most active and singular of the species. Round the royal apartment are erected a number of nurseries for the young, as well as storehouses for the provisions. The storehouses are built, like the greater part of the nest, of earth, but the nurseries are formed of small grains of wood glued together. A pathway, half an inch wide, is often made, winding gradually upwards, within this high building, that it may be easier to climb, with their loads, from one part to another; and even a staircase, or kind of bridge, resting on one vast arch,

18 CLIMBING FISH.

is sometimes carried, for the same purpose, from the top to the bottom of this wonderful dwelling.

TUNNELS ARE BORED BY THESE LITTLE CREATURES

all round their nest, to the distance sometimes of several hundred feet, and of enormous size, compared with that of the building, measuring occasionally nearly a foot across. Here, as among bees, the important function of producing the future progeny devolves entirely upon the solitary queen, who is said to lay the enormous quantity of twenty thousand eggs, in the course of twenty-four hours. Like the queen bee, too, she is exempted, as well she may be, from all the cares of nursing. These duties devolve on a particular class of the community, who show the utmost tenderness for their precious charge, and extreme solicitude for their welfare, carrying them from place to place in their mouths, as occasion requires, and even, where their nest is laid open, exhibiting much more anxiety to place the larvæ out of danger than to attend to their own personal safety. Among some species of ants,

THE NURSING DEPARTMENT IS VERY LABORIOUS.

As soon as the sun's first rays begin to shine upon the nest, the ants that are at the top go down in great haste to wake their companions; and all the young brood are then carried and laid in the sun for a quarter of an hour. After this, they require to be placed in other apartments, where they may be warm without being scorched; and every evening, an hour before sunset, they must all be carried down into the lower cells, to be safe from the cold. They are to be hatched, in short, and kept warm by the genial heat of the sun, and the nursing ants must constantly attend to the state of the weather, and regulate their motions accordingly. In all these instances, how astonishing is the power of instinct, which is accommodated, with such admirable discrimination, to the circumstances of each tribe, and is so full of new and most unexpected resources!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FISH—SOME "QUEER" FISH—HUNTING-FISH—SHOOTING-FISH, ETC.

PROBABLY there is no group of animals—certainly no group of vertebrates—that exhibits more strange and even monstrous forms than fishes. The typical fish, we may well believe, is some such form as the salmon, or the cod, or the bass, or an average of these and their numerous allies. In a word, the ordinary fishes of the ocean, lakes and streams, give us essentially the true idea of the typical fish. But what remarkable departures from these ordinary forms do we find when we take a survey of the whole vast group of animals that are called fishes! If we look at the *rays*, we see "fishes" whose width is so great in proportion to their length, that in giving their dimensions it would seem to be quite the natural thing to put down

THE WIDTH AS THE PROMINENT MEASUREMENT

instead of the length, as is the custom in the case of ordinary fishes. And I may here remark that the great relative breadth of these animals is connected with the kind of movements which they exhibit in progression. Instead of ordinary swimming, these animals effect locomotion by a sort of flight through the waters, and hence are often called "sea-eagles," "sea-vampires," etc. They all belong to the sea. Some of the *rays* are of wonderful dimensions, although the ordinary kinds are only about two or three feet wide. One was taken near Messina

which weighed half a ton; one near Barbadoes, so large that it required seven yoke of oxen to draw it. Levaillant tells us of one which was thirty feet wide, and twenty-five long; and Dekay states that one of these monsters has been known to seize the cable of a small vessel at anchor, and draw it several miles with great speed.

A still more extraordinary form of ray is that known as the torpedo, being so constructed as to form a powerful galvanic battery. These have the space between the pectoral fins, the head, and the gills, on each side, filled with membranous tubes which are divided by horizontal partitions into small cells filled with a sort of mucous and traversed by nerves; and by means of this apparatus

THEY GIVE VIOLENT SHOCKS

to animals with which they come in contact. Hardly less strange than the rays are those animal structures which remind us somewhat of the rays on the one hand, and of the sharks on the other, but which differ from both in several important respects, but especially in having a very long, depressed and bony snout, armed on each side with spines implanted like teeth, the whole constituting a most formidable weapon. These are the sawfishes, which attain a length of fifteen feet or more.

Then, there is the chimæra, most appropriately so named, or king of the herring, whose general appearance, it is true, is a little shark-like, but which, if possible, is more strange and monstrous than any of the sharks or rays.

THIS CURIOUS ARCTIC FISH,

which attains the length of four feet, is not only remarkable for its general appearance, but very specially remarkable in its structure, having no upper jaw; the four upper teeth being supported on the front of the skull; having only two teeth in the lower jaw, and having no backbone, this important part being represented by the most rudimentary structure only, such as exists in the ordinary embryonic vertebrate.

And what shall we say of the "sea horses" or hippocamps,

A SEA MONSTER

with a head just like a horse's? And of the pipe-fish, whose body is nearly all length, and whose mouth is at the very extremity of a long snout; and which has this strange habit, that the males receive the eggs into a pouch, in which they carry them till they are hatched? Other "queer fishes" are the spine-covered puffers, who inflate themselves by swallowing air; the sun-fish, all head and no tail; the trunk-fish, with an inflexible shield of bony plates, so that the mouth, tail and fins are the only movable parts;

THE FISHING-FROG, OR ANGLER.

whose enormous mouth enables it to swallow animals nearly as large as itself, and whose anterior dorsal rays bear fleshy filaments, which it uses as a bait to decoy other fishes; not to talk of the toad-fish, the sea-wolf or wolf-fish, the lump-fish, the sword-fish, the sea-raven, the sea-robin, the sea-swallow, the star-gazer and the remora.

But this by no means so much as begins to exhaust our list of "queer fish." What do you say to fishes that prefer dirty mud to the limpid water of the lake or brook? Yet of these mud-loving species there are at least nine to be found in the Delaware and its tributaries, at and near Trenton, New Jersey. They are the spotted sun-fish, the mud sun-fish, the mud minnow, mud pike, mullet, black-sucker, mud cat-fish, the eel and the lamprey. The spotted sun-fish, in particular, is so fond of mud that they are often to be found in water so shallow, that in swimming they mark the mud with their pectoral fins. All these mud-lovers are nocturnal in their habits;

PARTICULARLY THE BLACK SUCKER.

which comes to the surface about sunset, and raising its nostril above the water, makes a low, sibilant sound. When attacked, as they often are by the turtle, they grunt, just as the chub does when drawn from the water.

I have mentioned sword-fish, and dare say you are all familiar with it, but I am pretty sure not many of you have ever heard of the shooting-fish. The Macoushee Indian shoots with his

blow-tube, puffing small arrows and balls through it with unerring aim; and just so does the chotodon, a native of eastern seas from Ceylon to Japan. His nose is really a kind of "beak," through which he has the power of propelling a small drop of water with some force and accuracy of aim; and this reminds me of the fishing-frog, to which I have already referred, but not in detail. The beast is sometimes five or six feet long, with an enormous head in proportion to the rest of the body, and with huge sacks like bag-nets attached to its gill-covers, in which it stows its victims; and what a cavernous mouth! Surely, you say, a fish so repulsive, and with a capacity so vast, and apparently omniverous, would frighten all other fish from its neighborhood, and would, if its speed were in proportion to its size, be the terror of the seas to smaller fish? But Providence knows how to temper its gifts, and the fishing-frog is but an indifferent swimmer, and is too clumsy to support a thieving existence by the fleetness of its motions. How, then, is this huge capacity satisfied?

MARK THESE TWO ELONGATED TENTACLES

which spring from the creature's nose, and how they taper away like veritable fishing-rods. To the end of them is attached by a line, or a slender thread, a small, glittering morsel of membrane. This is the bait. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman down below. But how is the animal to induce the fish to venture within reach of those formidable hooks? Now mark this perfect feat of angling. Knowing that in clear water the fish will detect the trick, what does he do but stir up the mud with his fins and tail! This serves not only to hide him, but to attract the fish. Then he plies his rod, and the glittering bait waves to and fro like a living insect glancing through the turbid water. The foolish little fish rush toward it. "Beware! beware!" But when did foolish little fish attend to warning yet? Suddenly, up rises the cavernous Nemesis from the cloud below, and snap! the victims are entombed in the bag-net, thence to be transferred to the monster's stomach,

when there are enough of them collected to form a satisfactory mouthful.

But we have still other sportsmen fish; we have fish that hunt their prey singly, or in pairs, or even in packs, like hounds. Of this last kind quite the fiercest, most savage, and resolute is the pirai, of South America. So savage are these little pirates, when their size and apparent capability are taken into consideration, that their feats of destructiveness are little short of the marvelous. Although called the "Black, Saw-bellied Salmon," it does not resemble that kingly fish in any way. It is, indeed, somewhat aldermanic, and like the bream in figure, with a fighting-looking kind of nose, and a wondrously expressive eye; cold, cruel and insatiable, and like that of an old Jew bill-discounter, when scrutinizing doubtful paper. There is

SEVENTY OR EIGHTY "PER SHENT"

in that eye at the very least, and ruin to widows and orphans unnumbered if they come in its way. If it were a human eye, the owner would be bound sooner or later to figure at execution dock. The jaw is square, powerful and locked into the head, which is very large for the size of the fish; and that is a fat, plump head, too, but radiated over with strong bone and gristle. The teeth, ah! they would condemn him anywhere, for here is a fish sixteen inches long, with the teeth almost of a shark. He is found in all the rivers in Guiana, and is dreaded by every inhabitant or visitant of the river.

HIS JAWS ARE SO STRONG

that they are able to bite off a man's finger or toe. He attacks fish ten times his own weight, and devours all but the head. Indeed, there is scarcely any animal he will not attack, man not excepted. Large alligators which have been wounded on the tail afford a fair chance of satisfying his hunger, and even the toes of this formidable animal are not safe from his attacks. The feet of ducks and geese, where ducks and geese are kept, are almost invariably cut off, and young ones devoured altogether.

CHAPTER XXIX.

STORIES OF THE RAT, THE TIGER, THE BEAVER, THE REINDEER, THE ELEPHANT.

A GENT .EMAN traveling, some time ago, through Mechleaburgh, was witness to a very singular circumstance respecting one of these animals, in the post-house at New Hargarel. After dinner the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room a mastiff, an Angora cat, an old raven and a large rat with a bell about its neck. They all four went to the dish, and without disturbing one another, fed together; after which the dog, cat and rat lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity which existed between these animals, informed his guest that the rat was the most useful of the four, for that the noise he made had completely freed the house from the rats and mice with which it had been infested.

THE TIGER.

As every one knows, the tiger is a very formidable neighbor; so much so, that the natives of the countries which he inhabits not only hunt him for the excitement of the thing, but have recourse to various modes of killing him. In Persia a large and strong wooden cage is often fastened firmly down to the ground,

in the vicinity of the tiger's haunts, and in this a man, accompanied by a dog or goat, to warn him of the approach of the tiger, takes up his quarters at night. He is provided with a few strong spears, and when the tiger comes, and in endeavoring to reach the enclosed prey rears himself against the cage, the man takes the opportunity of stabbing him in some mortal part. In Oude, the peasants sometimes strew leaves smeared with birdlime

IN THE TIGER'S PATH,

in order that as the animal walks on them they may adhere to his feet. In his efforts to disengage himself from these encumbrances he usually smears his face and eyes with the sticky material, or rolls himself among the treacherous leaves, until finally, becoming blinded and very uncomfortable, he gives vent to his dissatisfaction in the most dismal howlings, which speedily bring his enemies about him; when, taking advantage of his helpless condition, they dispatch him without difficulty. The destruction of tigers is handsomely rewarded by the Indian government, and many of the people make a regular business of hunting them.

THE BEAVER.

The beaver is about the size of the badger; his head short, his ears round and small, his fore teeth long, sharp and strong, and well calculated for the part which nature has allotted him; the tail is of an oval form, and covered with a scaly skin. Beavers are natives of North America, and more particularly the north of Canada. A great many stories have long been believed respecting the beaver, on the authority of a French gentleman who resided a long time in North America; but it is now known that the greater part of them is false. The house of the beaver is not divided into rooms, but consists of one apartment only; and the animals do not use their tails as a trowel or a sledge, but only as an assistance in swimming. Some years ago a beaver was sent from this country to England, that had been completely tamed by the sailors, and was called "Bunny."

When he arrived in England, he was made quite a pet of, and used to lie on the hearth-rug in his master's library. One day he found out the housemaid's closet, and his building propensities began immediately to display themselves. He seized a large sweeping brush and dragged it along with his teeth to a room, the door of which he found open; afterwards seizing a warming-pan in the same manner; and having laid the handles across, he filled up the walls of the angle made by the brushes with the wall, with hand-brushes, baskets, boots, books, towels, and anything he could lay hold of. As his walls grew high, he would often sit

PROPPED UP BY HIS TAIL,

with which he supported himself admirably, to look at what he had done; and if the disposition of any of his building materials did not satisfy him, he would pull part of his work down and lay it again more evenly. It was astonishing how well he managed to arrange the incongruous materials he had chosen, and how cleverly he contrived to remove them, sometimes carrying them between his right fore paw and his chin; sometimes dragging them with his teeth, and sometimes pushing them along with his chin. When he had built his walls, he made himself a nest in the center, and sat up in it, combing his hair with the nails of his hind feet.

THE REINDEER.

Captain Franklin gives the following interesting account of the mode practiced by the Dog-rib Indians, to kill these animals. "The hunters go in pairs, the foremost man carrying in one hand the horns and part of the skin of the head of a deer, and in the other a small bundle of twigs, against which, from time to time, he rubs the horns, imitating the gestures peculiar to the animal. His comrade follows, treading exactly in his footsteps, and holding the guns of both in a horizontal position, so that the muzzles project under the arms of him who carries the head. Both hunters have a fillet of white skin round their foreheads,

THE BEAVER AT WORK.

and the foremost has a strip of the same round his wrists. They approach the herd by degrees, raising their legs very slowly, but setting them down somewhat suddenly, after the manner of a deer, and always taking care to lift their right or left feet simultaneously. If any of the herd leave off feeding to gaze on this extraordinary phenomenon, it instantly stops, and the head begins to play its part, by licking its shoulders, and performing other necessary movements. In this way the hunters contrive to reach the very center of the herd without exciting suspicion, and have leisure to single out the fattest. The hindmost man then pushes forward his comrade's gun, the head is dropped, and they both fire nearly at the same instant.

THE DEER SCAMPER OFF,

the hunters trot after them; in a short time the poor animals halt, to ascertain the cause of their terror; their foes stop at the same moment, and having loaded as they ran, greet the gazers with a second fatal discharge. The consternation of the deer increases; they run to and fro in the utmost confusion; and sometimes a great part of the herd is destroyed within the space of a few hundred yards."

THE ELEPHANT.

Of the elephant, only two species at present exist, the Asiatic and African; but the remains of several extinct species are met with in almost every part of the world, particularly in Asiatic Russia. Elephants hold undisputed sway in the mighty forests which they inhabit; their immense size, united strength and great swiftness enabling them to dislodge all intruders on their abode. The lion and tiger avoid such formidable assailants, and leave them in undisputed possession of their forest. Seemingly sensible of the large supply of food which they require, they will allow no animal, however peaceable, to browse in their territories, of which they hold exclusive possession; and they can exist only in those extensive woody ranges or immense plains where vegetation abounds in all its wild luxuri-

ance. The strength of the elephant, conjoined with its sagacity, renders it

A MOST EFFICIENT SERVANT,

where extraordinary animal force is required, as in dragging ships, heavy stores and ordnance. Captain Williamson observes, that many most arduous military operations have been greatly indebted for their success to the sagacity, patience and exertion of the elephant; and states, in particular, that "when cannon require to be extricated from sloughs, the elephant, placing his forehead on the muzzle, which, when limbered, is the rear of the piece, will urge it with an energy scarcely to be conceived, through a bog, from which hundreds of oxen or horses could not drag it. At other times, lapping his trunk round the cannon, he will lift while the cattle and men pull forwards."

The quickness of comprehension displayed by this noble animal, has justly procured for him the appellation of the "half-reasoning elephant." "I have, myself," says an officer who served in India, "seen the wife of a *mohaut*, for the followers often take their families with them to the camp, give a babe in charge to an elephant, while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse." In corroboration of this statement, I may notice the curious fact mentioned in the "Philosophical Transactions," of the attachment of an elephant to an infant. He was said never to have been happy except when the infant was near him. The nurse, therefore, frequently took the child in its cradle, and placed the latter between his feet. He at last refused his meat when the infant was absent. When it was asleep, he watched it with much solicitude, and drove off the flies with its trunk as they approached. If it awoke and cried,

HE WOULD ROCK THE CRADLE,

till it again fell asleep. A thousand well-authenticated accounts of the sagacity, the docility, the quick sense of injury, and the affectionate disposition of the elephant are stated, from which I shall only select one well-known example, that is at once char-

acteristic of almost all these qualities. "Some years ago, an elephant at Deccan, from a motive of revenge, killed its conductor. The wife of the unfortunate man was witness to the dreadful scene; and, in the frenzy of her mental agony, took her two children, and threw them at the feet of the elephant, saying, 'Take my life also, and that of my children!' The elephant, becoming instantly calm, seemed to relent; and, as if stung with remorse, took up the eldest boy with his trunk, placed him on his neck, adopted him for his *cornac*, and never afterwards allowed another to occupy that seat."